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MASTERWORKS OF History

DIGESTS OF 11 GREAT CLASSICS

Edited by

Joseph Reither

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J.R.

PREFACE BY THE EDITORS

THIS VOLUME is one of a series of books which will make available to the modern reader the key classics in each of the principal fields of knowledge.

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MASTERWORKS OF HISTORY

INTRODUCTION

REPRESENTED in this volume are eleven acknowledged masterworks of history. The earliest was written twenty-four centuries ago, the latest barely twenty-four years ago. Except, of course, for the writings of our own day, all of these works have survived the test of time and have held the interest of successive generations of readers; and without any exception all have helped countless readers to know and understand the past, and through that knowledge have made possible a fuller comprehension of the complex events of their own time.

Perhaps the factor which contributes most obviously to the greatness of a historical work is the subject matter itself. In each of these eleven masterworks the reader confronts a great act in the human drama. Implicit is the conviction on the part of the author that the human drama itself is ultimately the most fascinating subject for contemplation and reflection by humankind. Although Caesar had an ulterior purpose in describing his conquests for Roman readers, there can be no doubt that he justly appraised his own genius and considered his achievements worthy of record for future study. And although Tacitus often reveals his distaste for the scenes he depicted in the *Annals,* he was clearly moved by the greatness of the tragedy which the corruption of Roman manners, morals, and public spirit represented.

The mere chronicler notes down the incidents of history in much the way in which they present themselves to us in our daily lives. He is content to record events from day to day. The flow of cause and effect, the significance of trends and their long-run consequences are not his concern except in so far as their diurnal sequence renders such connections obvious. A good chronicler will be concerned with literal accuracy in reporting, but matters which come to his notice may or may not prove to be of consequence. Or he may overlook some event, the significance of which was not apparent immediately—on the day the Bastille fell Louis XVI noted in his diary at Versailles: "Today, nothing of importance." By contrast, the historian directs his notice to something more than the immediate event. He probes beneath the superficial pattern of daily occurrences in order to descry the invisible forces motivating and shaping the course of events.

He then organizes his narrative in such a way that the reader may share the insights which are the fruits of his study.

Of course a good writer, even a historian, must know how to tell a story. He must know where to begin, how to keep the account moving, how to build to a climax or a series of climaxes and, equally important, when to stop. Any large historical event comprises more than a single narrative; usually it is made up of a number of interwoven and interrelated narratives. So is a novel. The great historian is one who, in some degree, has mastered the art of the novelist.

When the writer of fiction seeks to depict the conflict of the invisible forces motivating human conduct, a conflict which is the essence of the drama of existence, he contrives a pattern of imaginary occurrences that can be arranged to fulfill his purpose. But the historian is constrained to stick to the facts as they are revealed and defined by his sources. If the drama proves to be other than as he first conceived it, he must modify his interpretation to fit the facts. Inevitably, then, careful research into all possible sources of accurate information is a necessary preparation for the writing of history.

However, the careful accumulation and verification of all the data that might be useful in presenting an accurate picture of the Roman Empire in the first century would consume more than a long lifetime. How, then, does a historian decide what matter is apposite? That depends upon what the historian considers it interesting and instructive to know about the past. And his judgment, as well as the clarity of his insights in such matters, is likely to reflect the intellectual atmosphere in which he has his being. Nearly all the masterworks represented in this collection enjoyed immediate popularity. That immediate acceptance was due, in a considerable measure, to the fact that the author—sometimes unconsciously—drew from the experience of history lessons which were of interest to his readers. In these works the reader will be able to observe repeatedly that the past is illumined in the light of the author's day and situation, and he will note, too, how the present is given sharper definition and meaning by reason of comparison with the past.

It may be useful, as a means of facilitating the reader's appreciation and enjoyment of the pages which follow, to attempt to analyze the relationship which these masterworks established between, on the one hand, the author and the public to which he addressed himself and which in a sense he represented and, on the other hand, the historical event of which he wrote. The works comprising this volume present a series of important chapters in a history of Western civilization spanning twenty-four centuries. Ancient Greece is represented by accounts of the two most important crises in Hellenic history prior to the conquests of Alexander the Great. Our two Roman historians deal with events immediately preceding and following the overthrow of the Republic and the establishment of the imperial regime. Gibbon treats of the long decline which preceded the Middle Ages, which in turn are represented, unfortunately, by but one

historian. Our historian of the Renaissance, Symonds, introduces the modern era. In this field two European historians describe two revolutions which advanced Europe's progress toward constitutional government and democracy. Two American historians depict the two conflicts which provide the principal focus for the events of the history of the United States prior to the present century.

Before the Persian wars the Greeks manifested small interest in the complicated politics and the military exploits of the Orient. But the Persian wars revealed to the Greeks how deceptive had been the security they had seemed to enjoy, how ominous for them was the power of Persia. However, in the brief years that had passed since the close of the conflict the event itself was becoming confused in their memories. It was to preserve an accurate account of that struggle that Herodotus first undertook to write its history. But as he progressed in his labor he realized that the incidents of the war did not explain the conflict of two worlds, of East and West. In order to uncover the hidden forces which had operated to bring about the violent clash of two civilizations, he was compelled to examine the history and civilization of each of the principal components of the great Persian Empire and to trace the events which heralded the final clash between the Greek and Oriental worlds. His is history in the broadest sense, therefore, for it includes social and cultural factors as well as political and military.

Thucydides, by contrast, wrote the history of a contemporary event. He noted the alignment of states in preparation for the inevitable conflict and realized that sooner or later the entire Greek world would become involved. In advance of the event he decided to write its history. He realized that the Peloponnesian War would be long drawn out and waged in many theaters of conflict. He also knew that few men in his time would be able to maintain a comprehensive view of the complicated progress of the struggle. Fully appreciating the tragic consequences which the war would have for Greek civilization, he contrived to bring out in the course of his narrative the political philosophies and social organizations that were in conflict through his descriptions of the Athenian democracy and the military state of Sparta. But it was unnecessary for him to describe to the Greeks of his day the tangible evidences of the civilization which lay before their eyes. His narrative, stressing political and military events which might be confused or obscure to his readers, gained force and clarity as a consequence.

Julius Caesar wrote the history of the Gallic Wars partly to acquaint the Romans with his achievements and to prepare a public opinion that would sanction his future political actions. In the course of doing so he provided future generations with a clear account which helps us to understand the success of Roman arms and the success of Roman diplomacy and administration. Here a master of military and political strategy and tactics disclosed in specific detail the way in which his Roman genius successfully resolved complicated problems of conquest and dominion. To a

degree it renders the whole history of Roman imperialism more comprehensible than it would be without Caesar's story.

There were many Romans of Tacitus' generation who regretted the passing of the Republic and the decline in public spirit to which the event gave testimony. The completeness of the transition to despotism that had taken place was not fully appreciated even in Tacitus' day, for, instructed by the assassination of Julius Caesar, Augustus disguised his autocracy by the retention of republican forms and the careful observation of a specious deference to the Senate. Thus popular suspicion was quieted while propaganda maintained a delusion of imperial omniscience as well as omnipotence. In detailing the history of the four reigns which followed that of Augustus—two of them among the most corrupt in Roman history—Tacitus sought to dispel the illusion of imperial beneficence and to awaken the public conscience with a brutal description of the decline in public morality which the enfeebled spirit of the age had brought to pass. He sought to write objectively and was careful in the verification of his facts. However, his moral judgments often caused him to do less than justice to the abilities of Tiberius and Claudius. Despite that fact, the fragments of his history which remain present an unforgettable picture of the early years of the great *imperium*.

The eighteenth-century Gibbon was a product of the intellectual atmosphere or attitude known as the "Enlightenment." The physics of Newton had established a concept of a world of nature governed by law which seemed to eliminate the factor of divine intervention in mundane affairs that had characterized much of the thinking of earlier times. Thus the Deity came to be thought of as a kind of constitutional monarch who reigned but did not rule. This concept of the physical world seemed to implicate the existence of a similar realm of natural law governing human behavior although in Gibbon's day it had not yet been assumed that a law of progress shaped the course of human history. The helplessness of the individual to affect the inexorability of natural law—his role of puppet—may account for Gibbon's attitude of somewhat cynical detachment. It may also explain why the great figures of Roman history lose some of their stature in Gibbon's portrayals—somehow the reader feels that he has explained everything about Constantine or Justinian, for example, except what made them great. Gibbon was no democrat, yet through his eyes, alert to detect a flaw or failing in the most exalted character, men reveal a kind of common quality. As he hoped it would, Gibbon's monumental work succeeded in being, in a very high sense, entertaining and instructive.

During Europe's Middle Ages it was the Latin Christian Church which patiently, persistently, and successfully overcame the brutality and chaos that had been produced by the barbarian invasions. The mobilization and guidance of all forces that might serve that end were part of its tactic. The efforts of the Roman Church to bring the British Isles into the sphere of its spiritual and civilizing activities is the subject of Bede's history.

The enterprise was made difficult by the missionary zeal and independent spirit of the Irish Christians whose religious practices, over a space of many years, had diverged from those of Rome. Bede's record of the delicate negotiations which preserved the unity of western Christendom and established in Britain the influences which laid the foundation for the great Anglo-Saxon renaissance of the eighth century provides a vital chapter in the history of western Europe.

The magnificent spectacle of the Renaissance was one which held the fascinated gaze of Symonds throughout his life. Popular interest in the subject was already well established when Symonds' work appeared. The Germans Burckhardt and Voigt had given the Renaissance definition as a distinct historical period. Symonds' role was that of a popularizer of history in the highest meaning of that term. His wide acquaintance with the literary and artistic output of the Renaissance as well as its politics and manners, his poetic imagination, his sympathetic insights, and his familiarity with the ground that had been covered by foreign scholarship, enabled him to present to the general reader a panoramic perspective of one of the most colorful, varied, and fruitful eras in human history.

It is not surprising that Macaulay set out to write a history of England that would be more than an account of dynasties and dynastic politics. His interest in the changing manners, literary tastes, useful and ornamental arts, and religious views, as they affected the lives of succeeding generations, reflected the broadened interest of the intellectual and political leadership of his day. The Industrial Revolution had brought about profound changes in the lives of Englishmen of all classes. The public conscience was aroused by some of the worst of them and thoughtful men re-examined existing institutions to discover how they might be reshaped to fit the needs of a changed society. Macaulay first distinguished himself in Parliament by his support of the Reform Bill of 1832 which, by increasing the franchise, transferred the control of Parliament from the aristocracy to the middle class. This was the first of a series of reforms which ultimately established universal suffrage. But if reforms were to be beneficial and effective they would have to take account of the real needs and conditions of all classes. The literature, the press, and the parliamentary debates of Macaulay's day reflect the broad interest of his time in these problems. And the emphasis of Macaulay's history, corresponding to the outlook of his age, and enriched by the erudition, practical experience, and literary mastery which the author brought to bear in the execution of his task, established its immediate and enduring popularity.

The French Revolution as viewed by Carlyle is a rather special case among historical masterworks. It portrays a great and stirring historical event. It is the product of a very individual literary genius. It achieved immediately and continues to enjoy wide popularity. When Carlyle wrote, the official archives of the Revolution had not yet been opened for the use of historical students and his sources were somewhat restricted in consequence. In addition, once he felt he had seized upon the significance of an

event Carlyle was impatient about checking details. Nevertheless, in the opinion of distinguished modern authorities Carlyle was a true interpreter in that he correctly appraised the role of the common people and skillfully depicted the human side of the upheaval. Carlyle portrayed a turbulent scene. The narrative is exciting, and in spite of errors of fact and apprehension, the history still commands the respect of many historians and the interest of a wide reading public.

Bancroft's early correspondence indicates that when he first decided to introduce American history into the curriculum of his school at Round Hill he was embarrassed by the fact that there then existed no general treatment of the subject. In a letter to a Harvard friend he recorded his intention of supplying that lack himself. It is probable that this decision led to the undertaking which occupied a long and busy lifetime. His work was instantly popular not only because it supplied a historical account that had been lacking until Bancroft's volumes began to appear, but because the tone of the work reflected the self-confident patriotism and belief in America's destiny that characterized an age of expansion, rapidly increasing wealth, unlimited opportunity, and growing prestige and influence throughout the world. Bancroft's frank patriotism and his belief in his country's providential destiny have irritated sensitive modern critics who prefer in a writer a manner of objective detachment. Such delicacy will not afflict the general reader, especially as he will recall that practical statesmen and hardheaded men of affairs have continued to our own time to evidence by word and deed, if with somewhat less ebullience, a similar belief in America's high destiny.

The tremendous changes wrought in the lives of men by the impact of the Industrial Revolution have occupied the attention of thoughtful men for at least a century and a half. The extent to which the economic struggle dominated the lives of the great bulk of the population, especially in an industrial society, and the effect which this preoccupation had upon their feelings and outlook, soon received the attention of philosophers, statesmen, and historians. However, throughout the nineteenth century American expansion relieved the economic pressures normally attending industrialization which were being felt so acutely by European societies. One result of this condition was to check somewhat the growth of popular interest in the economic philosophies that had been developed in Europe during the course of the century. However, in the early years of the present century, the Beards began to concern themselves with the influence of economic facts upon American history. Until that time it had been impossible to judge to what extent economic determinism had affected the outlook and behavior of Americans. In *The Rise of American Civilization,* the Beards re-examined the historical record in the light of its economic factors, with such incisiveness and clarity that their book has become a landmark in American historical writing.

THE HISTORY OF HERODOTUS

HERODOTUS

484?–425 B.C.

THE "Father of History," author of the famous account of the struggles between the Greeks and Persia, was born in the early fifth century B.C. at Halicarnassus, a Greek city in Asia Minor then still subject to Persia. It was natural that these struggles should have special interest for Herodotus. For the Greek victory had not only saved Hellas and its culture from absorption into the medley of oriental peoples that had fallen under the sway of the Persian despots whose empire straddled Asia and Africa; it led ultimately to the liberation of the Greek cities of Asia Minor which had long borne the despotic yoke, first of Lydia and then of Persia.

There is evidence that Herodotus originally set himself the task of writing an account of the invasion of Europe by the Persians which took place during the reign of Xerxes. He was peculiarly well equipped for such an undertaking. His early years were spent in Asia Minor, where, as a member of a family of quality, distinguished both in cultural achievements and political ability, he had full opportunity to study the thought and habits of both East and West. He seems to have been familiar with the whole literature of his day, including the works of Greek and Persian historians that have not survived the passage of time.

It would appear, however, that as Herodotus examined the roots of the conflict—probed motives, studied attitudes and outlooks, and tested the reasons put forward by the contestants to account for their actions—he discovered that the invasion was but the concluding act of a vast drama which had as its essence the clash and conflict of two worlds. Accordingly, he revised the plan of his work. The account of the invasion, which is undoubtedly the part completed first and is probably the portion he read to the Athenians sometime

around the year 447 B.C., comprises the last three of the nine books which make up the *History*.

No longer was it possible for Herodotus to restrict himself mainly to the discussion of political and military events within a limited period of time. It became necessary to discover what influences had molded the characters of the peoples who were to become the principals in the final act of his drama, what necessities had shaped their institutions, what problems and pressures had determined the casts of their minds. In preparation for so vast and delicate an undertaking, Herodotus devoted years to travel and to study of the countries comprising the world which he knew. His researches took him into the Black Sea, through Scythia and Thrace, Zante and Magna Graecia, through the Aegean Archipelago, Rhodes, Cyprus, and Crete, from Sardis in Lydia to Susa, the Persian capital, to Babylon, along the coast of Palestine, to Tyre and Gaza, and into Egypt. He noted the effects of geography and climate upon the physiques, institutions, and customs of peoples. He examined their sciences and their arts, their religious beliefs and practices, their laws and habits. He listened to legendary and historical accounts of their past and sought to determine how these notions affected their outlook and political behavior.

In a style deceptively simple and informal Herodotus filled in the details of the highly integrated plan which formed the skeleton of his masterpiece, avoiding for his readers the tedium of long-sustained narrative by seeming digressions, anecdotal in character. The *History* originally was not divided into books. But the Alexandrian historian who later made those divisions thereby revealed the fine logic and balance of Herodotus' basic plan. The first book reviews the mounting series of conflicts between Europe and Asia which culminated in the Persian invasion. The next two deal with Africa, the ultimate conquest of Egypt by the Persians, and the effects which this conquest had upon the internal affairs of the empire. The fourth book treats of the extension of the Persian domination throughout Asia, which laid the basis for the scheme of world dominion which motivated Xerxes. In the fifth and sixth books Herodotus focuses attention upon the affairs of the Graeco-Oriental states of the eastern and northern Aegean and Asia Minor. Here the histories of Persia and the western Greek states are subordinated to the account of their involvement in the affairs of the intermediate region, an involvement which led to the war which is the subject matter of the last three books.

In this abridgment the account is ended with the battle of

Salamis, for this battle is the climax and turning point in the tide of Greek fortunes. The military actions by which the Persians eventually were driven from Greece and then subsequently from the islands and the Greek states of Asia Minor may be followed by the reader who wishes to do so in the last half of the eighth book and in the concluding book of the original *History*. The division into books, which was not part of the original work, has been abandoned here. Arabic numerals divide the account into convenient groupings of events.

THE HISTORY OF HERODOTUS

THESE ARE the researches of Herodotus of Halicarnassus, which he publishes in the hope of thereby preserving from decay the remembrance of what men have done and of preventing the great and wonderful actions of the Greeks and the Barbarians from losing their due meed of glory; and withal to put on record what were their grounds of feud.

1. According to the Persians best informed in history, the Phoenicians began the quarrel. They landed at many places on the coast, and among the rest at Argos, which was then pre-eminent above all the states included now under the common name of Hellas. Here they exposed their merchandise and traded with the natives for five or six days; at the end of which time, when almost everything was sold, there came down to the beach a number of women, and among them the daughter of the king, who was, they say, agreeing in this with the Greeks, Io, the child of Inachus. The women were standing by the stern of the ship, intent upon their purchases, when the Phoenicians, with a general shout, rushed upon them. The greater part made their escape, but some were seized and carried off. Io herself was among the captives.

2. At a later period certain Greeks, with whose name they are unacquainted, but who would probably be Cretans, made a landing at Tyre, on the Phoenician coast, and bore off the king's daughter, Europé. In this they only retaliated; but afterwards the Greeks, they say, were guilty of a second violence. They manned a ship of war and sailed to Aea, a city of Colchis, on the river Phasis; from whence, after despatching the rest of the business on which they had come, they carried off Medea, the daughter of the king of the land.

3. In the next generation afterwards, according to the same authorities, Alexander, the son of Priam, bearing these events in mind, resolved to procure himself a wife out of Greece by violence, fully persuaded that, as the Greeks had not given satisfaction for their outrages, so neither would he be forced to make any for his.

4. Hitherto the injuries on either side had been mere acts of common violence; but in what followed the Persians consider that the Greeks were greatly to blame, since before any attack had been made on Europe they

led an army into Asia. Now as for the carrying off of women, it is the deed, they say, of a rogue; but to make a stir about such as are carried off argues a man a fool. Men of sense care nothing for such women, since it is plain that without their own consent they would never be forced away. The Asiatics, when the Greeks ran off with their women, never troubled themselves about the matter; but the Greeks, for the sake of a single Lacedaemonian girl, collected a vast armament, invaded Asia, and destroyed the kingdom of Priam. Henceforth they ever looked upon the Greeks as their open enemies. For Asia, with all the various tribes of barbarians that inhabit it, is regarded by the Persians as their own; but Europe and the Greek race they look on as distinct and separate.

5. Croesus, son of Alyattes, by birth a Lydian, was lord of all the nations to the west of the river Halys. So far as our knowledge goes, he was the first of the barbarians who had dealings with the Greeks, forcing some of them to become his tributaries and entering into alliance with others. He conquered the Aeolians, Ionians, and Dorians of Asia, and made a treaty with the Lacedaemonians. Up to that time all Greeks had been free.

6. On the death of Alyattes, Croesus, who was thirty-five years old, succeeded to the throne. Of the Greek cities, Ephesus was the first that he attacked. The Ephesians, when he laid siege to the place, made an offering of their city to Diana, by stretching a rope from the town wall to the temple of the goddess, which was distant from the ancient city, then besieged by Croesus, a space of seven furlongs. Afterwards, on some pretext or other, he made war in turn upon every Ionian and Aeolian state, bringing forward, where he could, a substantial ground of complaint; where such failed him, advancing some poor excuse. In this way he made himself master of all the Greek cities in Asia and forced them to become his tributaries.

7. At the end of this time Croesus was interrupted by intelligence from abroad. He learnt that Cyrus, the son of Cambyses, had destroyed the [Median] empire of Astyages, the son of Cyaxares; and that the Persians were becoming daily more powerful. This led him to consider with himself whether it were possible to check the growing power of that people before it came to a head. With this design he resolved to make instant trial of the several oracles in Greece.

8. The messengers received instructions to ask the oracles whether Croesus should go to war with the Persians, and if so, whether he should strengthen himself by the forces of an ally. Accordingly, when they had reached their destinations and presented the gifts, they proceeded to consult the oracles. The oracles agreed in the tenor of their reply, which was in each case a prophecy that if Croesus attacked the Persians he would destroy a mighty empire, and a recommendation to him to look and see who were the most powerful of the Greeks, and to make alliance with them. At the receipt of these oracular replies Croesus was overjoyed, feeling sure now that he would destroy the empire of the Persians. Afterwards

he turned his thoughts to the alliance which he had been recommended to contract, and sought to ascertain by inquiry which was the most powerful of the Grecian states. His inquiries pointed out to him two states as pre-eminent above the rest. These were the Lacedaemonians and the Athenians, the former of Doric, the latter of Ionic blood.

9. On inquiring into the condition of these two nations, Croesus found that one, the Athenian, was in a state of grievous oppression and distraction under Pisistratus, the son of Hippocrates, who was at that time tyrant of Athens. This Pisistratus, at a time when there was civil contention in Attica between the party of the Seacoast, headed by Megacles, and that of the Plain, headed by Lycurgus, formed the project of making himself tyrant, and with this view created a third party. Gathering together a band of partisans, and giving himself out for the protector of the Highlanders, he contrived the following stratagem. He wounded himself and his mules, and then drove his chariot into the market place, professing to have just escaped an attack of his enemies, who had attempted his life as he was on his way into the country. He besought the people to assign him a guard to protect his person, reminding them of the glory which he had gained when he led the attack upon the Megarians, and took the town of Nisaea, at the same time performing many other exploits. The Athenians, deceived by his story, appointed him a band of citizens to serve as a guard, who were to carry clubs instead of spears, and to accompany him wherever he went. Thus strengthened, Pisistratus broke into revolt and seized the citadel. In this way he acquired the sovereignty of Athens, which he continued to hold without disturbing the previously existing offices or altering any of the laws. He administered the state according to the established usages, and his arrangements were wise and salutary.

10. Proceeding to seek information concerning the Lacedaemonians, Croesus learnt that, after passing through a period of great depression, they had lately been victorious in a war with the people of Tegea. Informed of all these circumstances, he sent messengers to Sparta, with gifts in their hands, who were to ask the Spartans to enter into alliance with him. They received strict injunctions as to what they should say, and on their arrival at Sparta spake as follows:

"Croesus, king of the Lydians and of other nations, has sent us to speak thus to you: 'O Lacedaemonians, the god has bidden me to make the Greek my friend; I therefore apply to you, in conformity with the oracle, knowing that you hold the first rank in Greece, and desire to become your friend and ally in all true faith and honesty.' "

Such was the message which Croesus sent by his heralds. The Lacedaemonians, who were aware beforehand of the reply given him by the oracle, were full of joy at the coming of the messengers, and at once took the oaths of friendship and alliance.

11. Meanwhile Croesus, taking the oracle in a wrong sense, led his forces into Cappadocia, fully expecting to defeat Cyrus and destroy the empire of the Persians. When he reached the river Halys, he transported

his army across it, as I maintain, by the bridges which exist there at the present day; but, according to the general belief of the Greeks, by the aid of Thales the Milesian. Having passed the Halys with the forces under his command, Croesus entered the district of Cappadocia which is called Pteria. He besieged and took the chief city of the Pterians, and reduced the inhabitants to slavery: he likewise made himself master of the surrounding villages. Thus he brought ruin on the Syrians, who were guilty of no offence towards him. Meanwhile Cyrus had levied an army and marched against Croesus, increasing his numbers at every step by the forces of the nations that lay in his way. Before beginning his march he had sent heralds to the Ionians, with an invitation to them to revolt from the Lydian king: they, however, had refused compliance. Cyrus, notwithstanding, marched against the enemy and encamped opposite them in the district of Pteria, where the trial of strength took place between the contending powers. The combat was hot and bloody, and upon both sides the number of the slain was great; nor had victory declared in favour of either party, when night came down upon the battlefield. Thus both armies fought valiantly.

12. Croesus laid the blame of his ill success on the number of his troops, which fell very short of the enemy; and as on the next day Cyrus did not repeat the attack, he set off on his return to Sardis, intending to collect his allies and renew the contest in the spring. With these intentions Croesus, immediately on his return, despatched heralds to his various allies, with a request that they would join him at Sardis in the course of the fifth month from the time of the departure of his messengers. He then disbanded the army—consisting of mercenary troops—which had been engaged with the Persians and had since accompanied him to his capital, and let them depart to their homes, never imagining that Cyrus, after a battle in which victory had been so evenly balanced, would venture to march upon Sardis.

13. Cyrus, however, when Croesus broke up so suddenly from his quarters after the battle at Pteria, conceiving that he had marched away with the intention of disbanding his army, considered a little, and soon saw that it was advisable for him to advance upon Sardis with all haste, before the Lydians could get their forces together a second time. Having thus determined, he lost no time in carrying out his plan. He marched forward with such speed that he was himself the first to announce his coming to the Lydian king. That monarch, placed in the utmost difficulty by the turn of events, which had gone so entirely against all his calculations, nevertheless led out the Lydians to battle. In all Asia there was not at that time a braver or more warlike people. Their manner of fighting was on horseback; they carried long lances and were clever in the management of their steeds. The two armies met in the plain before Sardis.

When Cyrus beheld the Lydians arranging themselves in order of battle on this plain, fearful of the strength of their cavalry, he adopted a device which Harpagus, one of the Medes, suggested to him. He collected

together all the camels that had come in the train of his army to carry the provisions and the baggage, and taking off their loads, he mounted riders upon them accoutred as horsemen. These he commanded to advance in front of his other troops against the Lydian horse; behind them were to follow the foot soldiers, and last of all the cavalry. When his arrangements were complete, he gave his troops orders to slay all the other Lydians who came in their way without mercy, but to spare Croesus and not kill him, even if he should be seized and offer resistance. The reason why Cyrus opposed his camels to the enemy's horse was because the horse has a natural dread of the camel and cannot abide either the sight or the smell of that animal. By this stratagem he hoped to make Croesus' horse useless to him, the horse being what he chiefly depended on for victory. The two armies then joined battle, and immediately the Lydian war horses, seeing and smelling the camels, turned round and galloped off; and so it came to pass that all Croesus' hopes withered away.

14. The following is the way in which Sardis was taken. A certain Mardian, Hyroeades by name, resolved to approach the citadel and attempt it at a place where no guards were ever set. On this side the rock was so precipitous, and the citadel (as it seemed) so impregnable, that no fear was entertained of its being carried in this place. Here was the only portion of the circuit round which their old king Meles did not carry the lion which his leman bore to him. For when the Telmessians had declared that if the lion were taken round the defences Sardis would be impregnable, and Meles, in consequence, carried it round the rest of the fortress where the citadel seemed open to attack, he scorned to take it round this side, which he looked on as a sheer precipice, and therefore absolutely secure. It is on that side of the city which faces Mount Tmolus. Hyroeades, however, having the day before observed a Lydian soldier descend the rock after a helmet that had rolled down from the top, and having seen him pick it up and carry it back, thought over what he had witnessed and formed his plan. He climbed the rock himself, and other Persians followed in his track, until a large number had mounted to the top. Thus was Sardis taken by the Persians, and Croesus himself fell into their hands, after having reigned fourteen years and been besieged in his capital fourteen days; thus too did Croesus fulfil the oracle, which said that he should destroy a mighty empire—by destroying his own.

15. The Lydians have very nearly the same customs as the Greeks, with the exception that these last do not bring up their girls in the same way. So far as we have any knowledge, they were the first nation to introduce the use of gold and silver coin, and the first who sold goods by retail. Thus far I have been engaged in showing how the Lydians were brought under the Persian yoke. The course of my history now compels me to inquire who this Cyrus was by whom the Lydian empire was destroyed, and by what means the Persians had become the lords paramount of Asia.

16. When Cyrus, son of Cambyses the Persian and Mandané, the Median king's daughter, grew to manhood and became known as the

bravest and most popular of all his compeers, Harpagus, a Median noble, began to pay him court by gifts and messages. His own rank was too humble for him to hope to obtain vengeance against Astyages, king of the Medes, who had done him a grave injury, without some foreign help. When therefore he saw Cyrus growing up expressly (as it were) to be the avenger whom he needed, he set to work to procure his support and aid in the matter. He had already paved the way for his designs by persuading, severally, the great Median nobles, whom the harsh rule of their monarch had offended, that the best plan would be to put Cyrus at their head and dethrone Astyages. These preparations made, Harpagus, being now ready for revolt, was anxious to make known his wishes to Cyrus, who still lived in Persia; but as the roads between Media and Persia were guarded, he had to contrive a means of sending word secretly, which he did in the following way. He took a hare, and cutting open its belly without hurting the fur, he slipped in a letter containing what he wanted to say, and then, carefully sewing up the paunch, he gave the hare to one of his most faithful slaves, disguising him as a hunter with nets, and sent him off to Persia to take the game as a present to Cyrus.

17. Cyrus, on receiving the tidings contained in this letter, set himself to consider how he might best persuade the Persians to revolt. After much thought he hit on the following as the most expedient course: he wrote what he thought proper upon a roll, and then, calling an assembly of the Persians, he unfolded the roll and read out of it that Astyages appointed him their general. "And now," said he, "since it is so, I command you to go and bring each man his reaping hook." With these words he dismissed the assembly.

When, in obedience to the orders which they had received, the Persians came with their reaping hooks, Cyrus led them to a tract of ground, about eighteen or twenty furlongs each way, covered with thorns, and ordered them to clear it before the day was out. They accomplished their task; upon which he issued a second order to them, to take the bath the day following, and again come to him. Meanwhile he collected together all his father's flocks, both sheep and goats, and all his oxen, and slaughtered them, and made ready to give an entertainment to the entire Persian army. Wine, too, and bread of the choicest kinds were prepared for the occasion. When the morrow came, and the Persians appeared, he bade them recline upon the grass and enjoy themselves. After the feast was over, he requested them to tell him which they liked best, today's work or yesterday's? They answered that the contrast was indeed strong: yesterday brought them nothing but what was bad, today everything that was good. Cyrus instantly seized on their reply, and laid bare his purpose in these words: "Ye men of Persia, thus do matters stand with you. If you choose to hearken to my words, you may enjoy these and ten thousand similar delights, and never condescend to any slavish toil; but if you will not hearken, prepare yourselves for unnumbered toils as hard as yesterday's. Now therefore follow my bidding, and be free. For myself I feel that I

am destined by Providence to undertake your liberation; and you, I am sure, are no whit inferior to the Medes in anything, least of all in bravery. Revolt, therefore, from Astyages, without a moment's delay."

The Persians, who had long been impatient of the Median dominion, now that they had found a leader, were delighted to shake off the yoke. Meanwhile Astyages, informed of the doings of Cyrus, instantly armed all his subjects, and, as if God had deprived him of his senses, appointed Harpagus to be their general, forgetting how greatly he had injured him. So when the two armies met and engaged, only a few of the Medes, who were not in the secret, fought; others deserted openly to the Persians; while the greater number counterfeited fear and fled.

18. Thus after a reign of thirty-five years Astyages lost his crown, and the Medes, in consequence of his cruelty, were brought under the rule of the Persians. Such then were the steps by which Cyrus mounted the throne. It was at a later date that he was attacked by Croesus, and overthrew him, as I have related in an earlier portion of this history. The overthrow of Croesus made him master of the whole of Asia.

19. Immediately after the conquest of Lydia by the Persians, the Ionian and Aeolian Greeks sent ambassadors to Cyrus at Sardis, and prayed to become his lieges on the footing which they had occupied under Croesus. Cyrus listened attentively to their proposals and answered them by a fable. "There was a certain piper," he said, "who was walking one day by the seaside, when he espied some fish; so he began to pipe to them, imagining they would come out to him upon the land. But as he found at last that his hope was vain, he took a net and, enclosing a great draught of fishes, drew them ashore. The fish then began to leap and dance; but the piper said, 'Cease your dancing now, as you did not choose to come and dance when I piped to you.'" The Ionians, on hearing it, set to work to fortify their towns, and held meetings at the Panionium, which were attended by all excepting the Milesians, with whom Cyrus had concluded a separate treaty, by which he allowed them the terms they had formerly obtained from Croesus. The other Ionians resolved, with one accord, to send ambassadors to Sparta to implore assistance.

20. When the deputies of the Ionians and Aeolians, who had journeyed with all speed to Sparta, reached the city, they chose one of their number, Pythermus, a Phocaean, to be their spokesman. In a long discourse he besought the Spartans to come to the assistance of his countrymen, but they were not to be persuaded, and voted against sending any succour. The deputies accordingly went their way, while the Lacedaemonians, notwithstanding the refusal which they had given to the prayer of the deputation, despatched a penteconter [a ship with fifty rowers] to the Asiatic coast with certain Spartans on board, for the purpose, as I think, of watching Cyrus and Ionia. These men, on their arrival at Phocaea, sent to Sardis Lacrines, the most distinguished of their number, to prohibit Cyrus, in the name of the Lacedaemonians, from offering molestation to any city of Greece, since they would not allow it.

Cyrus is said, on hearing the speech of the herald, to have asked some Greeks who were standing by who these Lacedaemonians were, and what was their number, that they dared to send him such a notice? When he had received their reply, he turned to the Spartan herald and said, "I have never yet been afraid of any men, who have a set place in the middle of their city, where they come together to cheat each other and forswear themselves. If I live, the Spartans shall have troubles enough of their own to talk of, without concerning themselves about the Ionians." Cyrus intended these words as a reproach against all the Greeks, because of their having market places where they buy and sell, which is a custom unknown to the Persians, who never make purchases in open marts, and indeed have not in their whole country a single market place.

21. No sooner, however, was Cyrus gone from Sardis than Pactyas induced his countrymen to rise in open revolt against him and his deputy Tabalus. When Cyrus, on his way to Agbatana, received these tidings, he turned to Croesus and said, "Where will all this end, Croesus, thinkest thou? It seemeth that these Lydians will not cease to cause trouble both to themselves and others. I doubt me if it were not best to sell them all for slaves. Methinks what I have now done is as if a man were to 'kill the father and then spare the child.' Thou, who wert something more than a father to thy people, I have seized and carried off, and to that people I have entrusted their city. Can I then feel surprise at their rebellion?" Thus did Cyrus open to Croesus his thoughts; whereat the latter, full of alarm lest Cyrus should lay Sardis in ruins, replied as follows: "O my king, thy words are reasonable; but do not, I beseech thee, give full vent to thy anger, nor doom to destruction an ancient city, guiltless alike of the past and of the present trouble. I caused the one, and in my own person now pay the forfeit. Pactyas has caused the other, he to whom thou gavest Sardis in charge; let him bear the punishment." The advice pleased Cyrus, who consented to forgo his anger and do as Croesus had said. Thereupon he summoned to his presence a certain Mede, Mazares by name, and charged him to issue orders to the Lydians in accordance with the terms of Croesus' discourse.

22. Appointed by Cyrus to conduct the war in these parts, Harpagus entered Ionia and took the cities by means of mounds. Forcing the enemy to shut themselves up within their defences, he heaped mounds of earth against their walls and thus carried the towns. Phocaea was the city against which he directed his first attack. Harpagus, having advanced against the Phocaeans with his army, laid siege to their city, first, however, offering them terms. It would content him, he said, if the Phocaeans would agree to throw down one of their battlements and dedicate one dwelling house to the king. The Phocaeans, sorely vexed at the thought of becoming slaves, asked a single day to deliberate on the answer they should return, and besought Harpagus during that day to draw off his forces from the walls. Harpagus replied that he understood well enough what they were about to do, but nevertheless he would grant their request.

Accordingly the troops were withdrawn, and the Phocaeans forthwith took advantage of their absence to launch their penteconters, and put on board their wives and children, their household goods, and even the images of their gods, with all the votive offerings from the fanes, except the paintings and the works in stone or brass, which were left behind. With the rest they embarked and, putting to sea, set sail for Chios. The Persians, on their return, took possession of an empty town. They of Teos did and suffered almost the same; for they too, when Harpagus had raised his mound to the height of their defences, took ship, one and all, and, sailing across the sea to Thrace, founded there the city of Abdêra. Of all the Ionians these two states alone, rather than submit to slavery, forsook their fatherland. The others (I except Miletus) resisted Harpagus no less bravely than those who fled their country, and performed many feats of arms, each fighting in their own defence, but one after another they suffered defeat; the cities were taken, and the inhabitants submitted, remaining in their respective countries and obeying the behests of their new lords. While the lower parts of Asia were in this way brought under by Harpagus, Cyrus in person subjected the upper regions, conquering every nation and not suffering one to escape. When he had brought all the rest of the continent under his sway, he made war on the Assyrians. Assyria possesses a vast number of great cities, whereof the most renowned and strongest at this time was Babylon, whither, after the fall of Nineveh, the seat of government had been removed.

23. Cyrus, with the first approach of spring, marched forward against Babylon. The Babylonians, encamped without their walls, awaited his coming. A battle was fought at a short distance from the city, in which the Babylonians were defeated by the Persian king, whereupon they withdrew within their defences. Here they shut themselves up and made light of his siege, having laid in a store of provisions for many years in preparation against this attack; for when they saw Cyrus conquering nation after nation, they were convinced that he would never stop and that their turn would come at last.

Cyrus was now reduced to great perplexity, as time went on and he made no progress against the place. In this distress either someone made the suggestion to him, or he bethought himself of a plan, which he proceeded to put in execution. He placed a portion of his army at the point where the river enters the city, and another body at the back of the place where it issues forth, with orders to march into the town by the bed of the stream, as soon as the water became shallow enough: he then himself drew off with the unwarlike portion of his host and made for the place where Nitocris dug the basin for the river, where he did exactly what she had done formerly: he turned the Euphrates by a canal into the basin, which was then a marsh, on which the river sank to such an extent that the natural bed of the stream became fordable. Hereupon the Persians, who had been left for the purpose at Babylon by the riverside, entered the stream, which had now sunk so as to reach about midway up a man's thigh, and

thus got into the town. Had the Babylonians been apprised of what Cyrus was about, or had they noticed their danger, they would never have allowed the Persians to enter the city, but would have destroyed them utterly; for they would have made fast all the street gates which gave upon the river, and, mounting upon the walls along both sides of the stream, would so have caught the enemy as it were in a trap. But, as it was, the Persians came upon them by surprise and so took the city. Owing to the vast size of the place, the inhabitants of the central parts (as the residents at Babylon declare), long after the outer portions of the town were taken, knew nothing of what had chanced, but as they were engaged in a festival, continued dancing and revelling until they learnt the capture but too certainly. Such, then, were the circumstances of the first taking of Babylon.

24. Among many proofs which I shall bring forward of the power and resources of the Babylonians, the following is of special account. The whole country under the dominion of the Persians, besides paying a fixed tribute, is parcelled out into divisions, which have to supply food to the Great King and his army during different portions of the year. Now out of the twelve months which go to a year, the district of Babylon furnishes food during four, the other regions of Asia during eight; by which it appears that Assyria, in respect of resources, is one third of the whole of Asia. Of all the Persian governments, or satrapies, as they are called by the natives, this is by far the best. But little rain falls in Assyria, enough, however, to make the corn begin to sprout, after which the plant is nourished and the ears formed by means of irrigation from the river. For the river does not, as in Egypt, overflow the corn lands of its own accord, but is spread over them by the hand, or by the help of engines. The whole of Babylonia is, like Egypt, intersected with canals. The largest of them all, which runs towards the winter sun and is impassable except in boats, is carried from the Euphrates into another stream, called the Tigris, the river upon which the town of Nineveh formerly stood. Of all the countries that we know there is none which is so fruitful in grain. It makes no pretension indeed of growing the fig, the olive, the vine, or any other tree of the kind; but in grain it is so fruitful as to yield commonly two hundredfold, and when the production is the greatest, even three hundredfold. The blade of the wheat plant and barley plant is often four fingers in breadth. As for the millet and the sesame, I shall not say to what height they grow, though within my own knowledge; for I am not ignorant that what I have already written concerning the fruitfulness of Babylonia must seem incredible to those who have never visited the country. The only oil they use is made from the sesame plant. Palm trees grow in great numbers over the whole of the flat country, mostly of the kind which bears fruit, and this fruit supplies them with bread, wine, and honey.

25. But that which surprises me most in the land, after the city itself, I will now proceed to mention. The boats which come down the river to Babylon are circular, and made of skins. The frames, which are of willow, are cut in the country of the Armenians above Assyria, and on these,

which serve for hulls, a covering of skins is stretched outside, and thus the boats are made, without either stem or stern, quite round like a shield. They are then entirely filled with straw, and their cargo is put on board, after which they are suffered to float down the stream. Their chief freight is wine, stored in casks made of the wood of the palm tree. Each vessel has a live ass on board; those of larger size have more than one. When they reach Babylon, the cargo is landed and offered for sale; after which the men break up their boats, sell the straw and the frames, and, loading their asses with the skins, set off on their way back to Armenia. The current is too strong to allow a boat to return upstream, for which reason they make their boats of skins rather than wood. On their return to Armenia they build fresh boats for the next voyage.

26. Of their customs the following is the wisest in my judgment. Once a year in each village the maidens of age to marry were collected all together into one place, while the men stood round them in a circle. Then a herald called up the damsels one by one and offered them for sale. He began with the most beautiful. When she was sold for no small sum of money, he offered for sale the one who came next to her in beauty. All of them were sold to be wives. The richest of the Babylonians who wished to wed bid against each other for the loveliest maidens, while the humbler wife seekers, who were indifferent about beauty, took the more homely damsels with marriage portions. For the custom was that when the herald had gone through the whole number of the beautiful damsels he should then call up the ugliest—a cripple, if there chanced to be one—and offer her to the men, asking who would agree to take her with the smallest marriage portion. And the man who offered to take the smallest sum had her assigned to him. The marriage portions were furnished by the money paid for the beautiful damsels, and thus the fairer maidens portioned out the uglier.

27. The Babylonians have one most shameful custom. Every woman born in the country must once in her life go and sit down in the precinct of Venus, and there consort with a stranger. Many of the wealthier sort, who are too proud to mix with the others, drive in covered carriages to the precinct, followed by a goodly train of attendants, and there take their station. But the larger number seat themselves within the holy enclosure with wreaths of string about their heads—and here there is always a great crowd, some coming and others going; lines of cord mark out paths in all directions among the women, and the strangers pass along them to make their choice. A woman who has once taken her seat is not allowed to return home till one of the strangers throws a silver coin into her lap and takes her with him beyond the holy ground. When he throws the coin he says these words: "The goddess Mylitta prosper thee." (Venus is called Mylitta by the Assyrians.) The silver coin may be of any size; it cannot be refused, for that is forbidden by the law, since, once thrown, it is sacred. The woman goes with the first man who throws her money, and rejects no one. When she has gone with him, and so satisfied the goddess, she re-

turns home, and from that time forth no gift however great will prevail with her. Such of the women as are tall and beautiful are soon released, but others who are ugly have to stay a long time before they can fulfil the law. Some have waited three or four years in the precinct.

28. On the death of Cyrus, Cambyses, his son by Cassandané, daughter of Pharnaspes, took the kingdom. Cambyses, regarding the Ionian and Aeolian Greeks as vassals of his father, took them with him in his expedition against Egypt among the other nations which owned his sway.

Now the Egyptians, before the reign of their king Psammetichus, believed themselves to be the most ancient of mankind. The Heliopolitans have the reputation of being the best skilled in history of all the Egyptians. What they told me concerning their religion it is not my intention to repeat, except the names of their deities, which I believe all men know equally. If I relate anything else concerning these matters, it will only be when compelled to do so by the course of my narrative.

29. Now with regard to mere human matters, the accounts which they gave, and in which all agreed, were the following. The Egyptians, they said, were the first to discover the solar year and to portion out its course into twelve parts. They obtained this knowledge from the stars. (To my mind they contrive their year much more cleverly than the Greeks, for these last every other year intercalate a whole month, but the Egyptians, dividing the year into twelve months of thirty days each, add every year a space of five days besides, whereby the circuit of the seasons is made to return with uniformity.) The Egyptians, they went on to affirm, first brought into use the names of the twelve gods, which the Greeks adopted from them; and first erected altars, images, and temples to the gods; and also first engraved upon stone the figures of animals. In most of these cases they proved to me that what they said was true. And they told me that the first man who ruled over Egypt was Mên, and that in his time all Egypt, except the Thebaic canton, was a marsh, none of the land below Lake Moeris then showing itself above the surface of the water. This is a distance of seven days' sail from the sea up the river.

30. What they said of their country seemed to me very reasonable. For anyone who sees Egypt, without having heard a word about it before, must perceive, if he has only common powers of observation, that the Egypt to which the Greeks go in their ships is an acquired country, the gift of the river. The same is true of the land above the lake, to the distance of three days' voyage, concerning which the Egyptians say nothing, but which is exactly the same kind of country.

On approaching it by sea, when you are still a day's sail from the land, if you let down a sounding line you will bring up mud, and find yourself in eleven fathoms' water, which shows that the soil washed down by the stream extends to that distance. As one proceeds beyond Heliopolis up the country, Egypt becomes narrow, the Arabian range of hills, which has a direction from north to south, shutting it in upon the one side, and the Libyan range upon the other. The greater portion of the country above

described seemed to me to be, as the priests declared, a tract gained by the inhabitants. For the whole region above Memphis, lying between the two ranges of hills that have been spoken of, appeared evidently to have formed at one time a gulf of the sea. It resembles (to compare small things with great) the parts about Ilium and Teuthrania, Ephesus, and the plain of the Maeander. In all these regions the land has been formed by rivers, whereof the greatest is not to compare for size with any one of the five mouths of the Nile.

31. In Arabia, not far from Egypt, there is a long and narrow gulf running inland from the sea called the Erythraean [Red Sea]. In this sea there is an ebb and flow of the tide every day. My opinion is that Egypt was formerly very much such a gulf as this—one gulf penetrated from the sea that washes Egypt on the north and extended itself towards Ethiopia; another entered from the southern ocean and stretched towards Syria; the two gulfs ran into the land so as almost to meet each other, and left between them only a very narrow tract of country. Now if the Nile should choose to divert his waters from their present bed into this Arabian gulf, what is there to hinder it from being filled up by the stream within, at the utmost, twenty thousand years? For my part, I think it would be filled in half the time.

32. Thus I give credit to those from whom I received this account of Egypt, and am myself, moreover, strongly of the same opinion, since I remarked that the country projects into the sea further than the neighbouring shores, and I observed that there were shells upon the hills, and that salt exuded from the soil to such an extent as even to injure the pyramids; and I noticed also that there is but a single hill in all Egypt where sand is found, namely, the hill above Memphis; and further, I found the country to bear no resemblance either to its borderland Arabia or to Libya—nay, nor even to Syria, which forms the seaboard of Arabia; but whereas the soil of Libya is, we know, sandy and of a reddish hue, and that of Arabia and Syria inclines to stone and clay, Egypt has a soil that is black and crumbly, as being alluvial and formed of the deposits brought down by the river from Ethiopia.

33. Almost all the names of the gods came into Greece from Egypt. My inquiries prove that they were all derived from a foreign source, and my opinion is that Egypt furnished the greater number. Whence the gods severally sprang, whether or no they had all existed from eternity, what forms they bore—these are questions of which the Greeks knew nothing until the other day, so to speak. For Homer and Hesiod were the first to compose theogonies and give the gods their epithets, to allot them their several offices and occupations, and describe their forms; and they lived but four hundred years before my time, as I believe.

34. Egypt, though it borders upon Libya, is not a region abounding in wild animals. The animals that do exist in the country, whether domesticated or otherwise, are all regarded as sacred. If I were to explain why they are consecrated to the several gods, I should be led to speak of re-

ligious matters, which I particularly shrink from mentioning; the points whereon I have touched slightly hitherto have all been introduced from sheer necessity. The cats on their decease are taken to the city of Bubastis, where they are embalmed, after which they are buried in certain sacred repositories. The dogs are interred in the cities to which they belong, also in sacred burial places. The same practice obtains with respect to the ichneumons; the hawks and shrewmice, on the contrary, are conveyed to the city of Buto for burial, and the ibises to Hermopolis. The bears, which are scarce in Egypt, and the wolves, which are not much bigger than foxes, they bury wherever they happen to find them lying.

35. The following are the peculiarities of the crocodile. During the four winter months they eat nothing; they are four-footed, and live indifferently on land or in the water. The female lays and hatches her eggs ashore, passing the greater portion of the day on dry land, but at night retiring to the river, the water of which is warmer than the night air and the dew. Of all known animals this is the one which from the smallest size grows to be the greatest: for the egg of the crocodile is but little bigger than that of the goose, and the young crocodile is in proportion to the egg; yet when it is full-grown, the animal measures frequently seventeen cubits and even more. It has the eyes of a pig, teeth large and tusklike, of a size proportioned to its frame; unlike any other animal, it is without a tongue; it cannot move its underjaw, and in this respect too it is singular, being the only animal in the world which moves the upper jaw but not the under. It has strong claws and a scaly skin, impenetrable upon the back. In the water it is blind, but on land it is very keen of sight. As it lives chiefly in the river, it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches; hence it happens that, while all the other birds and beasts avoid it, with the trochilus it lives at peace, since it owes much to that bird: for the crocodile, when he leaves the water and comes out upon the land, is in the habit of lying with his mouth wide open, facing the western breeze: at such times the trochilus goes into his mouth and devours the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who is pleased, and takes care not to hurt the trochilus.

36. With respect to the Egyptians themselves, it is to be remarked that those who live in the corn country, devoting themselves, as they do, far more than any other people in the world, to the preservation of the memory of past actions, are the best skilled in history of any men that I have ever met. The following is the mode of life habitual to them. For three successive days in each month they purge the body by means of emetics and clysters, which is done out of a regard for their health, since they have a persuasion that every disease to which men are liable is occasioned by the substances whereon they feed. Apart from any such precautions, they are, I believe, next to the Libyans, the healthiest people in the world—an effect of their climate, in my opinion, which has no sudden changes. Diseases almost always attack men when they are exposed to a change, and never more than during changes of the weather.

37. There is a custom in which the Egyptians resemble a particular Greek people, namely the Lacedaemonians. Their young men, when they meet their elders in the streets, give way to them and step aside; and if an elder comes in where young men are present, these latter rise from their seats. In a third point they differ entirely from all the nations of Greece. Instead of speaking to each other when they meet in the streets, they make an obeisance, sinking the hand to the knee.

38. Medicine is practiced among them on a plan of separation; each physician treats a single disorder and no more: thus the country swarms with medical practitioners, some undertaking to cure diseases of the eye, others of the head, others again of the teeth, others of the intestines, and some those which are not local.

39. There are a set of men in Egypt who practice the art of embalming, and make it their proper business. These persons, when a body is brought to them, show the bearers various models of corpses, made in wood and painted so as to resemble nature. The most perfect is said to be after the manner of him whom I do not think it religious to name in connection with such a matter; the second sort is inferior to the first, and less costly; the third is the cheapest of all. All this the embalmers explain, and then ask in which way it is wished that the corpse should be prepared. The bearers tell them and, having concluded their bargain, take their departure, while the embalmers, left to themselves, proceed to their task. The mode of embalming, according to the most perfect process, is the following. They take first a crooked piece of iron, and with it draw out the brain through the nostrils, thus getting rid of a portion, while the skull is cleared of the rest by rinsing with drugs; next they make a cut along the flank with a sharp Ethiopian stone, and take out the whole contents of the abdomen, which they then cleanse, washing it thoroughly with palm wine, and again frequently with an infusion of pounded aromatics. After this they fill the cavity with the purest bruised myrrh, with cassia, and every other sort of spicery except frankincense, and sew up the opening. Then the body is placed in natrum [subcarbonate of soda] for seventy days, and covered entirely over. After the expiration of that space of time, which must not be exceeded, the body is washed and wrapped round, from head to foot, with bandages of fine linen cloth, smeared over with gum, which is used generally by the Egyptians in the place of glue, and in this state it is given back to the relations, who enclose it in a wooden case which they have had made for the purpose, shaped into the figure of a man.

40. The priests said that Mên was the first king of Egypt, and that it was he who raised the dyke which protects Memphis from the inundations of the Nile. Before his time the river flowed entirely along the sandy range of hills which skirts Egypt on the side of Libya. He, however, by banking up the river at the bend which it forms about a hundred furlongs south of Memphis, laid the ancient channel dry, while he dug a new course for the stream halfway between the two lines of hills. To

this day, the elbow which the Nile forms at the point where it is forced aside into the new channel is guarded with the greatest care by the Persians, and strengthened every year; for if the river were to burst out at this place, and pour over the mound, there would be danger of Memphis being completely overwhelmed by the flood.

41. Next, they read me from a papyrus the names of three hundred and thirty monarchs, who (they said) were successors upon the throne. In this number of generations there were eighteen Ethiopian kings, and one queen who was a native; all the rest were kings and Egyptians. The queen bore the same name as the Babylonian princess, namely, Nitocris. They said that she succeeded her brother; he had been king of Egypt and was put to death by his subjects, who then placed her upon the throne. Bent on avenging his death, she devised a cunning scheme by which she destroyed a vast number of Egyptians. She constructed a spacious underground chamber and, on pretence of inaugurating it, contrived the following. Inviting to a banquet those of the Egyptians whom she knew to have had the chief share in the murder of her brother, she suddenly, as they were feasting, let the river in upon them, by means of a secret duct of large size. This, and this only, did they tell me of her, except that, when she had done as I have said, she threw herself into an apartment full of ashes, that she might escape the vengeance whereto she would otherwise have been exposed.

42. Passing over these monarchs, I shall speak of the king whose name was Sesostris. He, the priests said, first of all proceeded in a fleet of ships of war from the Arabian gulf along the shores of the Erythraean Sea, subduing the nations as he went, until he finally reached a sea which could not be navigated by reason of the shoals. Hence he returned to Egypt, where, they told me, he collected a vast armament and made a progress by land across the continent, conquering every people which fell in his way. In the countries where the natives withstood his attack, and fought gallantly for their liberties, he erected pillars, on which he inscribed his own name and country, and how that he had here reduced the inhabitants to subjection by the might of his arms: where, on the contrary, they submitted readily and without a struggle, he inscribed on the pillars, in addition to these particulars, an emblem to mark that they were a nation of women, that is, unwarlike and effeminate. In this way he traversed the whole continent of Asia, whence he passed on into Europe and made himself master of Scythia and of Thrace, beyond which countries I do not think that his army extended its march.

43. The pillars which Sesostris erected have for the most part disappeared; but in the part of Syria called Palestine, I myself saw them still standing, with the writing above-mentioned, and the emblem distinctly visible. In Ionia also there are two representations of this prince engraved upon rocks, one on the road from Ephesus to Phocaea, the other between Sardis and Smyrna. In each case the figure is that of a man, four cubits and a span high, with a spear in his right hand and a bow

in his left, the rest of his costume being likewise half Egyptian, half Ethiopian. There is an inscription across the breast from shoulder to shoulder, in the sacred character of Egypt, which says, "With my own shoulders I conquered this land."

44. The king returned to his own land, after which he proceeded to make use of the multitudes whom he had brought with him from the conquered countries, partly to drag the huge masses of stone which were moved in the course of his reign to the temple of Vulcan, partly to dig the numerous canals with which the whole of Egypt is intersected. By these forced labours the entire face of the country was changed; for whereas Egypt had formerly been a region suited both for horses and carriages, henceforth it became entirely unfit for either. Though a flat country throughout its whole extent, it is now unfit for either horse or carriage, being cut up by the canals, which are extremely numerous and run in all directions. The king's object was to supply Nile water to the inhabitants of the towns situated in the mid-country, and not lying upon the river; for previously they had been obliged, after the subsidence of the floods, to drink a brackish water which they obtained from wells.

45. Sesostris also, they declared, made a division of the soil of Egypt among the inhabitants, assigning square plots of ground of equal size to all, and obtaining his chief revenue from the rent which the holders were required to pay him year by year. If the river carried away any portion of a man's lot, he appeared before the king and related what had happened; upon which the king sent persons to examine and determine by measurement the exact extent of the loss; and thenceforth only such a rent was demanded of him as was proportionate to the reduced size of his land. From this practice, I think, geometry first came to be known in Egypt, whence it passed into Greece. The sundial, however, and the gnomon, with the division of the day into twelve parts, were received by the Greeks from the Babylonians.

46. Such as think the tales told by the Egyptians credible are free to accept them for history. For my own part, I propose to myself throughout my whole work faithfully to record the traditions of the several nations.

47. Till the death of Rhampsinitus, the priests said, Egypt was excellently governed and flourished greatly; but after him Cheops succeeded to the throne and plunged into all manner of wickedness. He closed the temples and forbade the Egyptians to offer sacrifice, compelling them instead to labour, one and all, in his service. Some were required to drag blocks of stone down to the Nile from the quarries in the Arabian range of hills; others received the blocks after they had been conveyed in boats across the river, and drew them to the range of hills called the Libyan. A hundred thousand men laboured constantly, and were relieved every three months by a fresh lot. It took ten years' oppression of the people to make the causeway for the conveyance of the stones, a work not much inferior, in my judgment, to the pyramid itself. This

causeway is five furlongs in length, ten fathoms wide, and in height, at the highest part, eight fathoms. It is built of polished stone and is covered with carvings of animals. To make it took ten years, as I said—or rather to make the causeway, the works on the mound where the pyramid stands, and the underground chambers, which Cheops intended as vaults for his own use: these last were built on a sort of island, surrounded by water introduced from the Nile by a canal. The pyramid itself was twenty years in building. It is a square, eight hundred feet each way, and the height the same, built entirely of polished stone, fitted together with the utmost care. The stones of which it is composed are none of them less than thirty feet in length.

48. The pyramid was built in steps, battlement-wise, as it is called, or, according to others, altar-wise. After laying the stones for the base, they raised the remaining stones to their places by means of machines formed of short wooden planks. The first machine raised them from the ground to the top of the first step. On this there was another machine, which received the stone upon its arrival and conveyed it to the second step, whence a third machine advanced it still higher. Either they had as many machines as there were steps in the pyramid, or possibly they had but a single machine, which, being easily moved, was transferred from tier to tier as the stone rose—both accounts are given, and therefore I mention both.

49. Chephren imitated the conduct of his predecessor, and, like him, built a pyramid, which did not, however, equal the dimensions of his brother's. Of this I am certain, for I measured them both myself. It has no subterraneous apartments, nor any canal from the Nile to supply it with water, as the other pyramid has. In that, the Nile water, introduced through an artificial duct, surrounds an island, where the body of Cheops is said to lie. Chephren built his pyramid close to the great pyramid of Cheops, and of the same dimensions, except that he lowered the height forty feet. For the basement he employed the many-coloured stone of Ethiopia. These two pyramids stand both on the same hill, an elevation not far short of a hundred feet in height.

50. After Chephren, Mycerinus (they said), son of Cheops, ascended the throne. He too left a pyramid, but much inferior in size to his father's. It is a square, each side of which falls short of three plethra by twenty feet, and is built for half its height of the stone of Ethiopia.

51. The Labyrinth which lies a little above Lake Moeris, in the neighbourhood of the place called the city of Crocodiles, I visited and found it to surpass description; for if all the walls and other great works of the Greeks could be put together in one, they would not equal, either for labour or expense, this Labyrinth; and yet the temple of Ephesus is a building worthy of note, and so is the temple of Samos. The pyramids likewise surpass description, and are severally equal to a number of the greatest works of the Greeks, but the Labyrinth surpasses the pyramids. It has twelve courts, all of them roofed, with gates exactly opposite one

another, six looking to the north and six to the south. A single wall surrounds the entire building. There are two different sorts of chambers throughout—half underground, half aboveground, the latter built upon the former; the whole number of these chambers is three thousand, fifteen hundred of each kind. The upper chambers I myself passed through and saw, and what I say concerning them is from my own observation; of the underground chambers I can only speak from report: for the keepers of the building could not be got to show them, since they contained (as they said) the sepulchres of the kings who built the Labyrinth, and also those of the sacred crocodiles. Thus it is from hearsay only that I can speak of the lower chambers. The upper chambers, however, I saw with my own eyes, and found them to excel all other human productions; for the passages through the houses, and the varied windings of the paths across the courts, excited in me infinite admiration, as I passed from the courts into chambers, and from the chambers into colonnades, and from the colonnades into fresh houses, and again from these into courts unseen before. The roof was throughout of stone, like the walls; and the walls were carved all over with figures; every court was surrounded with a colonnade, which was built of white stones, exquisitely fitted together. At the corner of the Labyrinth stands a pyramid, forty fathoms high, with large figures engraved on it, which is entered by a subterranean passage.

52. Wonderful as is the Labyrinth, the work called the Lake of Moeris, which is close by the Labyrinth, is yet more astonishing. The measure of its circumference is sixty schoenes, or three thousand six hundred furlongs, which is equal to the entire length of Egypt along the seacoast. The lake stretches in its longest direction from north to south, and in its deepest parts is of the depth of fifty fathoms. It is manifestly an artificial excavation, for nearly in the centre there stand two pyramids, rising to the height of fifty fathoms above the surface of the water, and extending as far beneath, crowned each of them with a colossal statue sitting upon a throne. Thus these pyramids are one hundred fathoms high, which is exactly a furlong (stadium) of six hundred feet. The water of the lake does not come out of the ground, which is here excessively dry, but is introduced by a canal from the Nile. The current sets for six months into the lake from the river, and for the next six months into the river from the lake. While it runs outward it returns a talent of silver daily to the royal treasury from the fish that are taken, but when the current is the other way the return sinks to one third of that sum.

53. The natives told me that there was a subterranean passage from this lake to the Libyan Syrtis, running westward into the interior by the hills above Memphis. As I could not anywhere see the earth which had been taken out when the excavation was made, and I was curious to know what had become of it, I asked the Egyptians who live closest to the lake where the earth had been put. The answer that they gave me I readily accepted as true, since I had heard of the same thing being done at Nineveh of the Assyrians. There, once upon a time, certain thieves,

having formed a plan to get into their possession the vast treasures of Sardanapalus, the Ninevite king, which were laid up in subterranean treasuries, proceeded to tunnel a passage from the house where they lived into the royal palace, calculating the distance and the direction. At nightfall they took the earth from the excavation and carried it to the river Tigris, which ran by Nineveh, continuing to get rid of it in this manner until they had accomplished their purpose. It was exactly in the same way that the Egyptians disposed of the mould from their excavation, except that they did it by day and not by night; for as fast as the earth was dug, they carried it to the Nile, which they knew would disperse it far and wide. Such was the account which I received of the formation of this lake.

54. Psammetichus ruled Egypt for fifty-four years, during twenty-nine of which he pressed the siege of Azôtus without intermission, till finally he took the place. Azôtus is a great town in Syria. Of all the cities that we know, none ever stood so long a siege.

55. Psammetichus left a son called Necôs, who succeeded him upon the throne. This prince was the first to attempt the construction of the canal to the Red Sea—a work completed afterwards by Darius the Persian —the length of which is four days' journey, and the width such as to admit of two triremes being rowed along it abreast. The water is derived from the Nile, which the canal leaves a little above the city of Bubastis, near Patûmus, the Arabian town, being continued thence until it joins the Red Sea.

56. After having reigned in all sixteen years, Necôs died, and at his death bequeathed the throne to his son Psammis. Psammis reigned only six years. He attacked Ethiopia and died almost directly afterwards. Apries, his son, succeeded him upon the throne, who, excepting Psammetichus, his great-grandfather, was the most prosperous of all the kings that ever ruled over Egypt. The length of his reign was twenty-five years, and in the course of it he marched an army to attack Sidon, and fought a battle with the king of Tyre by sea.

57. After Apries died, Amasis reigned over Egypt. He belonged to the canton of Saïs, being a native of the town called Siouph. At first his subjects looked down on him and held him in small esteem, because he had been a mere private person, and of a house of no great distinction; but after a time Amasis succeeded in reconciling them to his rule, not by severity, but by cleverness.

58. The following was the general habit of his life. From early dawn to the time when the forum is wont to fill, he sedulously transacted all the business that was brought before him; during the remainder of the day he drank and joked with his guests, passing the time in witty and, sometimes, scarce seemly conversation. It grieved his friends that he should thus demean himself, and accordingly some of them chid him on the subject. Amasis answered them thus: "Bowmen bend their bows when they wish to shoot; unbrace them when the shooting is over. Were they

kept always strung they would break, and fail the archer in time of need. So it is with men. If they give themselves constantly to serious work, and never indulge awhile in pastime or sport, they lose their senses, and become mad or moody. Knowing this, I divide my life between pastime and business." Thus he answered his friends.

59. It is said that the reign of Amasis was the most prosperous time that Egypt ever saw—the river was more liberal to the land, and the land brought forth more abundantly for the service of man than had ever been known before; while the number of inhabited cities was not less than twenty thousand. It was this king Amasis who established the law that every Egyptian should appear once a year before the governor of his canton and show his means of living; or, failing to do so, and to prove that he got an honest livelihood, should be put to death. Solon the Athenian borrowed this law from the Egyptians and imposed it on his countrymen, who have observed it ever since. It is indeed an excellent custom.

60. Amasis was partial to the Greeks and, among other favours which he granted them, gave to such as liked to settle in Egypt the city of Naucratis for their residence.

61. The above-mentioned Amasis was the Egyptian king against whom Cambyses, son of Cyrus, made his expedition; and with him went an army composed of the many nations under his rule, among them being included both Ionic and Aeolic Greeks. One of the mercenaries of Amasis, a Halicarnassian, Phanes by name, a man of good judgment and a brave warrior, dissatisfied for some reason or other with his master, deserted the service and, taking ship, fled to Cambyses, wishing to get speech with him. Now it happened that Cambyses was meditating his attack on Egypt and doubting how he might best pass the desert, when Phanes arrived, and not only told him all the secrets of Amasis but advised him also how the desert might be crossed. He counselled him to send an ambassador to the king of the Arabs and ask him for safe-conduct through the region.

62. Now the only entrance into Egypt is by this desert. When, therefore, the Arabian had pledged his faith to the messengers of Cambyses, he straightway contrived as follows: he filled a number of camels' skins with water and, loading therewith all the live camels that he possessed, drove them into the desert and awaited the coming of the army. Psammenitus, son of Amasis, lay encamped at the mouth of the Nile, called the Pelusiac, awaiting Cambyses. For Cambyses, when he went up against Egypt, found Amasis no longer in life: he had died after ruling Egypt forty and four years, during all which time no great misfortune had befallen him. The Persians crossed the desert and, pitching their camp close to the Egyptians, made ready for battle. Hereupon the mercenaries in the pay of Psammenitus, who were Greeks and Carians, full of anger against Phanes for having brought a foreign army upon Egypt, bethought themselves of a mode whereby they might be revenged on him. Phanes had left sons in Egypt. The mercenaries took these and, leading them to

the camp, displayed them before the eyes of their father; after which they brought out a bowl and, placing it in the space between the two hosts, they led the sons of Phanes, one by one, to the vessel and slew them over it. When the last was dead, water and wine were poured into the bowl, and all the soldiers tasted of the blood, and so they went to the battle. Stubborn was the fight which followed, and it was not till vast numbers had been slain upon both sides that the Egyptians turned and fled.

63. On the field where this battle was fought I saw a very wonderful thing which the natives pointed out to me. The bones of the slain lie scattered upon the field in two lots, those of the Persians in one place by themselves, as the bodies lay at the first, those of the Egyptians in another place apart from them. If, then, you strike the Persian skulls, even with a pebble, they are so weak that you break a hole in them; but the Egyptian skulls are so strong that you may smite them with a stone and you will scarcely break them in.

64. The Egyptians who fought in the battle no sooner turned their backs upon the enemy than they fled away in complete disorder to Memphis, where they shut themselves up within the walls. Hereon the Libyans who bordered upon Egypt, fearing the fate of that country, gave themselves up to Cambyses without a battle, made an agreement to pay tribute to him, and forthwith sent him gifts.

65. After this Cambyses took counsel with himself and planned three expeditions. One was against the Carthaginians, another against the Ammonians, and a third against the long-lived Ethiopians, who dwelt in that part of Libya which borders upon the southern sea. He judged it best to despatch his fleet against Carthage and to send some portion of his land army to act against the Ammonians, while his spies went into Ethiopia, under the pretence of carrying presents to the king, but in reality to take note of all they saw. Cambyses issued orders to his fleet to sail against Carthage. But the Phoenicians said they would not go, since they were bound to the Carthaginians by solemn oaths, and since besides it would be wicked in them to make war on their own children. Now when the Phoenicians refused, the rest of the fleet was unequal to the undertaking; and so it was that the Carthaginians escaped and were not enslaved by the Persians. Cambyses thought not right to force the war upon the Phoenicians, because they had yielded themselves to the Persians, and because upon the Phoenicians all his sea service depended.

66. As soon as the Icthyophagi arrived from Elephantiné, Cambyses, having told them what they were to say, forthwith despatched them into Ethiopia with these following gifts: to wit, a purple robe, a gold chain for the neck, armlets, an alabaster box of myrrh, and a cask of palm wine. The Icthyophagi, on reaching this people, delivered the gifts to the king of the country. Hereon the Ethiopian, who knew they came as spies, made answer: "The king of the Persians sent you not with these gifts because he much desired to become my sworn friend—nor is the account which ye give of yourselves true, for ye are come to search out my king-

dom. Also your king is not a just man—for were he so, he had not coveted a land which is not his own, nor brought slavery on a people who never did him any wrong. Bear him this bow, and say, 'The king of the Ethiops thus advises the king of the Persians—when the Persians can pull a bow of this strength thus easily, then let him come with an army of superior strength against the long-lived Ethiopians—till then, let him thank the gods that they have not put it into the heart of the sons of the Ethiops to covet countries which do not belong to them.'" So speaking, he unstrung the bow and gave it into the hands of the messengers. Then, taking the purple robe, he asked them what it was and how it had been made. They answered truly, telling him concerning the purple and the art of the dyer—whereat he observed, that the men were deceitful, and their garments also.

67. When the spies returned back to Egypt and made report to Cambyses, he was stirred to anger by their words. Forthwith he set out on his march against the Ethiopians without having made any provision for the sustenance of his army, or reflecting that he was about to wage war in the uttermost parts of the earth. Like a senseless madman as he was, no sooner did he receive the report of the Icthyophagi than he began his march. Before, however, he had accomplished one fifth part of the distance, all that the army had in the way of provisions failed; whereupon the men began to eat the sumpter beasts, which shortly failed also. If then, at this time, Cambyses, seeing what was happening, had confessed himself in the wrong and led his army back, he would have done the wisest thing that he could after the mistake made at the outset; but as it was, he took no manner of heed, but continued to march forwards. So long as the earth gave them anything, the soldiers sustained life by eating the grass and herbs; but when they came to the bare sand, a portion of them were guilty of a horrid deed: by tens they casts lots for a man, who was slain to be the food of the others. When Cambyses heard of these doings, alarmed at such cannibalism, he gave up his attack on Ethiopia and, retreating by the way he had come, reached Thebes, after he had lost vast numbers of his soldiers. And so ended the expedition against Ethiopia.

68. While Cambyses, son of Cyrus, lingered in Egypt, two Magi, brothers, revolted against him. One of them had been left in Persia by Cambyses as comptroller of his household; and it was he who began the revolt. He had a brother—his partner in the revolt—who happened greatly to resemble Smerdis, the son of Cyrus, whom Cambyses, his brother, had put to death. And not only was this brother of his like Smerdis in person, but he also bore the selfsame name, to wit Smerdis. Patizeithes, the other Magus, having persuaded him that he would carry the whole business through, took him and made him sit upon the royal throne. Having so done, he sent heralds through all the land, to Egypt and elsewhere, to make proclamation to the troops that henceforth they were to obey Smerdis, the son of Cyrus, and not Cambyses.

69. The other heralds therefore made proclamation as they were

ordered, and likewise the herald whose place it was to proceed into Egypt. He, when he reached Agbatana in Syria, finding Cambyses and his army there, went straight into the middle of the host and, standing forth before them all, made the proclamation which Patizeithes the Magus had commanded. Cambyses no sooner heard him than, believing that what the herald said was true, and imagining that he had been betrayed by Prexaspes (who, he supposed, had not put Smerdis to death when sent into Persia for that purpose), he turned his eyes full upon Prexaspes and said, "Is this the way, Prexaspes, that thou didst my errand?" "O my liege," answered the other, "there is no truth in the tidings that Smerdis, thy brother, has revolted against thee, nor hast thou to fear in time to come any quarrel, great or small, with that man. With my own hands I wrought thy will on him, and with my own hands I buried him. If of a truth the dead can leave their graves, expect Astyages the Mede to rise and fight against thee; but if the course of nature be the same as formerly, then be sure no ill will ever come upon thee from this quarter. Now therefore my counsel is that we send in pursuit of the herald and strictly question him who it was that charged him to bid us obey King Smerdis."

70. When Prexaspes had so spoken, and Cambyses had approved his words, the herald was forthwith pursued and brought back to the king. Then Prexaspes said to him, "Sirrah, thou bear'st us a message, say'st thou, from Smerdis, son of Cyrus. Now answer truly, and go thy way scathless. Did Smerdis have thee to his presence and give thee thy orders, or hadst thou them from one of his officers?" The herald answered, "Truly I have not set eyes on Smerdis, son of Cyrus, since the day when King Cambyses led the Persians into Egypt. The man who gave me my orders was the Magus that Cambyses left in charge of the household; but he said that Smerdis, son of Cyrus, sent you the message." In all this the herald spoke nothing but the strict truth. Then Cambyses said thus to Prexaspes: "Thou art free from all blame, Prexaspes, since, as a right good man, thou hast not failed to do the thing which I commanded. But tell me now, which of the Persians can have taken the name of Smerdis and revolted from me?" "I think, my liege," he answered, "that I apprehend the whole business. The men who have risen in revolt against thee are the two Magi, Patizeithes, who was left comptroller of thy household, and his brother, who is named Smerdis."

71. Cambyses no sooner heard the name of Smerdis than he was struck with the truth of Prexaspes' words, and the fulfilment of his own dream—the dream, I mean, which he had in former days, when one appeared to him in his sleep and told him that Smerdis sate upon the royal throne, and with his head touched the heavens. So when he saw that he had needlessly slain his brother Smerdis he wept and bewailed his loss: after which, smarting with vexation as he thought of all his ill luck, he sprang hastily upon his steed, meaning to march his army with all haste to Susa against the Magus. As he made his spring, the button of his sword

sheath fell off, and the bared point entered his thigh, wounding him exactly where he had himself once wounded the Egyptian god Apis. Then Cambyses, feeling that he had got his death wound, inquired the name of the place where he was, and was answered, "Agbatana." Now before this it had been told him by the oracle at Buto that he should end his days at Agbatana. He, however, had understood the Median Agbatana, where all his treasures were, and had thought that he should die there in a good old age; but the oracle meant Agbatana in Syria. So when Cambyses heard the name of the place, the double shock that he had received, from the revolt of the Magus and from his wound, brought him back to his senses. And he understood now the true meaning of the oracle, and said, "Here then Cambyses, son of Cyrus, is doomed to die."

72. At this time he said no more; but twenty days afterwards he called to his presence all the chief Persians who were with the army and addressed them as follows: "Persians, I charge you all, and specially such of you as are Achaemenids, that ye do not tamely allow the kingdom to go back to the Medes. Recover it one way or another, by force or fraud; by fraud, if it is by fraud that they have seized on it; by force, if force has helped them in their enterprise." Then Cambyses, when he left speaking, bewailed his whole misfortune from beginning to end.

73. Whereupon the Persians, seeing their king weep, rent the garments that they had on and uttered lamentable cries; after which, as the bone presently grew carious, and the limb gangrened, Cambyses, son of Cyrus, died. He had reigned in all seven years and five months, and left no issue behind him, male or female. The Persians who had heard his words put no faith in anything that he said concerning the Magi having the royal power; but believed that he spoke out of hatred towards Smerdis, and had invented the tale of his death to cause the whole Persian race to rise up in arms against him. Thus then Cambyses died, and the Magus now reigned in security and passed himself off for Smerdis, the son of Cyrus.

74. In the eighth month, however, it was discovered who he was in the mode following. There was a man called Otanes, the son of Pharnaspes, who for rank and wealth was equal to the greatest of the Persians. This Otanes was the first to suspect that the Magus was not Smerdis, the son of Cyrus, and to surmise moreover who he really was. He was led to guess the truth by the king never quitting the citadel and never calling before him any of the Persian noblemen. As soon, therefore, as his suspicions were aroused he adopted the following measures. One of his daughters, who was called Phaedima, had been married to Cambyses, and was taken to wife, together with the rest of Cambyses' wives, by the Magus. To this daughter Otanes sent a message in these words following: "Daughter, thou art of noble blood—thou wilt not shrink from a risk which thy father bids thee encounter. If this fellow be not Smerdis, the son of Cyrus, but the man whom I think him to be, his boldness in taking thee to be his wife, and lording it over the Persians, must not be allowed to pass

unpunished. Now therefore do as I command—when next he passes the night with thee, wait till thou art sure he is fast asleep, and then feel for his ears. If thou findest him to have ears, then believe him to be Smerdis, the son of Cyrus, but if he has none, know him for Smerdis the Magian." Phaedima returned for answer, "It would be a great risk." If he was without ears, and caught her feeling for them, she well knew he would make away with her—nevertheless she would venture. So Otanes got his daughter's promise that she would do as he desired. Now Smerdis the Magian had had his ears cut off in the lifetime of Cyrus, son of Cambyses, as a punishment for a crime of no slight heinousness. Phaedima therefore, Otanes' daughter, bent on accomplishing what she had promised her father, when her turn came, and she was taken to the bed of the Magus (in Persia a man's wives sleep with him in their turns), waited till he was sound asleep, and then felt for his ears. She quickly perceived that he had no ears; and of this, as soon as day dawned, she sent word to her father.

75. Then Otanes took to him two of the chief Persians, Aspathines and Gobryas, men whom it was most advisable to trust in such a matter, and told them everything. Then Otanes chose Intaphernes, Gobryas Megabyzus, and Aspathines Hydarnes. After the number had thus become six, Darius, the son of Hystaspes, arrived at Susa from Persia, whereof his father was governor. On his coming it seemed good to the six to take him likewise into their counsels. After this, the men, being now seven in all, met together to exchange oaths and hold discourse with one another. Otanes spoke: "Son of Hystaspes," said he, "thou art the child of a brave father, and seemest likely to show thyself as bold a gallant as he. Beware, however, of rash haste in this matter; do not hurry, but proceed with soberness. We must add to our number ere we adventure to strike the blow. Guards are placed everywhere, as thou thyself well knowest—for if thou hast not seen, at least thou hast heard tell of them. How are we to pass these guards, I ask thee?" "Otanes," answered Darius, "there are many things easy enough in act, which by speech it is hard to explain. There are also things concerning which speech is easy, but no noble action follows when the speech is done. As for these guards, ye know well that we shall not find it hard to make our way through them. Our rank alone would cause them to allow us to enter—shame and fear alike forbidding them to say us nay. But besides, I have the fairest plea that can be conceived for gaining admission. I can say that I have just come from Persia, and have a message to deliver to the king from my father. An untruth must be spoken, where need requires."

76. The seven Persians, having resolved that they would attack the Magi without more delay, first offered prayers to the gods and then set off for the palace. At the gate they were received as Darius had foretold. The guards, who had no suspicion that they came for any ill purpose, and held the chief Persians in much reverence, let them pass without difficulty —it seemed as if they were under the special protection of the gods—none even asked them any question. When they were now in the great court

they fell in with certain of the eunuchs, whose business it was to carry the king's messages, who stopped them and asked what they wanted, while at the same time they threatened the doorkeepers for having let them enter. The seven sought to press on, but the eunuchs would not suffer them. Then these men, with cheers encouraging one another, drew their daggers and, stabbing those who strove to withstand them, rushed forward to the apartment of the males.

77. Now both the Magi were at this time within, holding counsel upon the matter of Prexaspes. So when they heard the stir among the eunuchs, and their loud cries, they ran out themselves, to see what was happening. Instantly perceiving their danger, they both flew to arms; one had just time to seize his bow, the other got hold of his lance; when straightway the fight began. Gobryas seized the Magus and grappled with him, while Darius stood over them, not knowing what to do; for it was dark, and he was afraid that if he struck a blow he might kill Gobryas. Then Gobryas, when he perceived that Darius stood doing nothing, asked him why his hand was idle. "I fear to hurt thee," he answered. "Fear not," said Gobryas; "strike, though it be through both." Darius did as he desired, drove his dagger home, and by good hap killed the Magus.

78. Thus were the Magi slain; and the seven, cutting off both the heads, and leaving their own wounded in the palace, partly because they were disabled, and partly to guard the citadel, went forth from the gates with the heads in their hands, shouting and making an uproar. They called out to all the Persians that they met, and told them what had happened, showing them the heads of the Magi, while at the same time they slew every Magus who fell in their way. Then the Persians, when they knew what the seven had done, and understood the fraud of the Magi, thought it but just to follow the example set them, and, drawing their daggers, they killed the Magi wherever they could find any.

79. And now when five days were gone, and the hubbub had settled down, the conspirators met together to consult about the situation of affairs. Otanes, who wished to give his countrymen a democracy, withdrew and stood aloof. After this the six took counsel together as to the fairest way of setting up a king: and first, with respect to Otanes, they resolved that if any of their own number got the kingdom Otanes and his seed after him should receive year by year, as a mark of special honour, a Median robe, and all such other gifts as are accounted the most honourable in Persia. And these they resolved to give him, because he was the man who first planned the outbreak and who brought the seven together. These privileges, therefore, were assigned specially to Otanes. The following were made common to them all. It was to be free to each, whenever he pleased, to enter the palace unannounced, unless the king were in the company of one of his wives; and the king was to be bound to marry into no family excepting those of the conspirators. Concerning the appointment of a king, the resolve to which they came was the following: they would ride out together next morning into the skirts of the city, and

he whose steed first neighed after the sun was up should have the kingdom.

80. Now Darius had a groom, a sharp-witted knave, called Oebares. When night came, he took one of the mares, the chief favourite of the horse which Darius rode, and, tethering it in the suburb, brought his master's horse to the place; then, after leading him round and round the mare several times, nearer and nearer at each circuit, he ended by letting them come together.

81. And now, when the morning broke, the six Persians, according to agreement, met together on horseback and rode out to the suburb. As they went along they neared the spot where the mare was tethered the night before, whereupon the horse of Darius sprang forward and neighed. Just at the same time, though the sky was clear and bright, there was a flash of lightning, followed by a thunderclap. It seemed as if the heavens conspired with Darius and hereby inaugurated him king: so the five other nobles leaped with one accord from their steeds and bowed down before him and owned him for their king.

82. Thus was Darius, son of Hystaspes, appointed king; and, except the Arabians, all they of Asia were subject to him; for Cyrus, and after him Cambyses, had brought them all under. And now when his power was established firmly throughout all the kingdoms, he proceeded to establish twenty governments of the kind which the Persians call satrapies, assigning to each its governor and fixing the tribute which was to be paid him by the several nations. And generally he joined together in one satrapy the nations that were neighbours, but sometimes he passed over the nearer tribes and put in their stead those which were more remote.

83. During all the time that the Magus was king, and while the seven were conspiring, the Babylonians had profited by the troubles and had made themselves ready against a siege. And it happened somehow or other that no one perceived what they were doing. At last, when the time came for rebelling openly, they did as follows: having first set apart their mothers, each man chose besides out of his whole household one woman, whomsoever he pleased; these alone were allowed to live, while all the rest were brought to one place and strangled. The women chosen were kept to make bread for the men; while the others were strangled that they might not consume the stores.

84. When tidings reached Darius of what had happened, he drew together all his power and began the war by marching straight upon Babylon and laying siege to the place. The Babylonians, however, cared not a whit for his siege. Mounting upon the battlements that crowned their walls, they insulted and jeered at Darius and his mighty host.

85. At last, in the twentieth month, a marvellous thing happened to Zopyrus, son of the Megabyzus who was among the seven men that overthrew the Magus. Noble exploits in Persia are ever highly honoured and bring their authors to greatness. Zopyrus therefore reviewed all ways of bringing the city under, but found none by which he could hope to prevail, unless he maimed himself and then went over to the enemy. To do

this seeming to him a light matter, he mutilated himself in a way that was utterly without remedy. For he cut off his own nose and ears, and then, clipping his hair close and flogging himself with a scourge, he came in this plight before Darius.

86. Wrath stirred within the king at the sight of a man of his lofty rank in such a condition; leaping down from his throne, he exclaimed aloud, and asked Zopyrus who it was that had disfigured him, and what he had done to be so treated. Zopyrus answered, "There is not a man in the world, but thou, O King, that could reduce me to such a plight—no stranger's hands have wrought this work on me, but my own only. I maimed myself because I could not endure that the Assyrians should laugh at the Persians." "Wretched man," said Darius, "thou coverest the foulest deed with the fairest possible name, when thou sayest thy maiming is to help our siege forward. How will thy disfigurement, thou simpleton, induce the enemy to yield one day the sooner? Surely thou hadst gone out of thy mind when thou didst so misuse thyself." "Had I told thee," rejoined the other, "what I was bent on doing, thou wouldest not have suffered it; as it is, I kept my own counsel and so accomplished my plans. Now, therefore, if there be no failure on thy part, we shall take Babylon."

87. Having left instructions, Zopyrus fled towards the gates of the town, often looking back, to give himself the air of a deserter. The men upon the towers, whose business it was to keep a lookout, observing him, hastened down and, setting one of the gates slightly ajar, questioned him who he was and on what errand he had come. He replied that he was Zopyrus and had deserted to them from the Persians. Then the doorkeepers, when they heard this, carried him at once before the magistrates. Introduced into the assembly, he began to bewail his misfortunes, telling them that Darius had maltreated him in the way they could see, only because he had given advice that the siege should be raised, since there seemed no hope of taking the city. "And now," he went on to say, "my coming to you, Babylonians, will prove the greatest gain that you could possibly receive, while to Darius and the Persians it will be the severest loss. Verily he by whom I have been so mutilated shall not escape unpunished. And truly all the paths of his counsels are known to me." Thus did Zopyrus speak.

88. The Babylonians, seeing a Persian of such exalted rank in so grievous a plight, had no suspicion but that he spoke the truth and was really come to be their friend and helper. They were ready, therefore, to grant him anything that he asked; and on his suing for a command, they entrusted to him a body of troops, with the help of which he proceeded to do as he had arranged with Darius. On the tenth day after his flight he led out his detachment, and, surrounding the thousand men whom Darius according to agreement had sent first, he fell upon them and slew them all. Then the Babylonians, seeing that his deeds were as brave as his words, were beyond measure pleased, and set no bounds to their trust. He waited, however, and when the next period agreed on had elapsed,

again with a band of picked men he sallied forth and slaughtered two thousand. After this second exploit, his praise was in all mouths. Once more, however, he waited till the interval appointed had gone by, and then, leading the troops to the place where four thousand were, he put them also to the sword. This last victory gave the finishing stroke to his power and made him all in all with the Babylonians: accordingly they committed to him the command of their whole army and put the keys of their city into his hands.

89. Darius now, still keeping to the plan agreed upon, attacked the walls on every side, whereupon Zopyrus played out the remainder of his stratagem. While the Babylonians, crowding to the walls, did their best to resist the Persian assault, he threw open the Cissian and the Belian gates and admitted the enemy. Such of the Babylonians as witnessed the treachery took refuge in the temple of Jupiter Belus; the rest, who did not see it, kept at their posts, till at last they too learnt that they were betrayed. Thus was Babylon taken for the second time. Darius, having become master of the place, destroyed the wall and tore down all the gates; for Cyrus had done neither the one nor the other when he took Babylon.

90. After the taking of Babylon, an expedition was led by Darius into Scythia. Asia abounding in men, and vast sums flowing into the treasury, the desire seized him to exact vengeance from the Scyths, who had once in days gone by invaded Media, defeated those who met them in the field, and so begun the quarrel. There is a story, now to be related, in which I am inclined to put faith. It is that the wandering Scythians once dwelt in Asia, and there warred with the Massagetae, but with ill success; they therefore quitted their homes, crossed the Araxes, and entered the land of Cimmeria. For the land which is now inhabited by the Scyths was formerly the country of the Cimmerians. Scythia still retains traces of the Cimmerians; there are Cimmerian castles, and a Cimmerian ferry, also a tract called Cimmeria, and a Cimmerian Bosphorus. It appears likewise that the Cimmerians, when they fled into Asia to escape the Scyths, made a settlement in the peninsula where the Greek city of Sinôpé was afterwards built. The Scyths, it is plain, pursued them and, missing their road, poured into Media. For the Cimmerians kept the line which led along the seashore, but the Scyths in their pursuit held the Caucasus upon their right, thus proceeding inland and falling upon Media. This account is one which is common both to Greeks and barbarians.

91. The Persians inhabit a country upon the southern or Erythraean Sea; above them, to the north, are the Medes; beyond the Medes, the Saspirians; beyond them, the Colchians, reaching to the northern sea, into which the Phasis empties itself. These four nations fill the whole space from one sea to the other.

92. Beyond the tract occupied by the Persians, Medes, Saspirians, and Colchians, towards the east and the region of the sunrise, Asia is bounded on the south by the Erythraean Sea, and on the north by the Caspian and the river Araxes, which flows towards the rising sun. Till you reach India

the country is peopled; but further east it is void of inhabitants, and no one can say what sort of region it is. Libya adjoins on Egypt. For my part I am astonished that men should ever have divided Libya, Asia, and Europe as they have, for they are exceedingly unequal. Europe extends the entire length of the other two, and for breadth will not even (as I think) bear to be compared to them. As for Libya, we know it to be washed on all sides by the sea, except where it is attached to Asia. This discovery was first made by Necôs, the Egyptian king, who, on desisting from the canal which he had begun between the Nile and the Arabian Gulf, sent to sea a number of ships manned by Phoenicians, with orders to make for the Pillars of Hercules and return to Egypt through them, and by the Mediterranean. The Phoenicians took their departure from Egypt by way of the Erythraean Sea, and so sailed into the southern ocean. When autumn came, they went ashore, wherever they might happen to be, and, having sown a tract of land with corn, waited until the grain was fit to cut. Having reaped it, they again set sail; and thus it came to pass that two whole years went by, and it was not till the third year that they doubled the Pillars of Hercules and made good their voyage home. On their return, they declared—I for my part do not believe them, but perhaps others may —that in sailing round Libya they had the sun upon their right hand. In this way was the extent of Libya first discovered.

93. Of the greater part of Asia Darius was the discoverer. Wishing to know where the Indus (which is the only river save one that produces crocodiles) emptied itself into the sea, he sent a number of men, on whose truthfulness he could rely, and among them Scylax of Caryanda, to sail down the river. They started from the city of Caspatyrus, in the region called Pactyïca, and sailed down the stream in an easterly direction to the sea. Here they turned westward and after a voyage of thirty months reached the place from which the Egyptian king, of whom I spoke above, sent the Phoenicians to sail round Libya. After this voyage was completed, Darius conquered the Indians and made use of the sea in those parts. Thus all Asia, except the eastern portion, has been found to be similarly circumstanced with Libya. As for Europe, no one can say whether it is surrounded by the sea or not, neither is it known whence the name of Europe was derived, nor who gave it name, unless we say that Europe was so called after the Tyrian Europé, and before her time was nameless, like the other divisions. The Euxine Sea, where Darius now went to war, has nations dwelling around it, with the one exception of the Scythians, more unpolished than those of any other region that we know of.

94. The Scythian soldier drinks the blood of the first man he overthrows in battle. Whatever number he slays, he cuts off all their heads and carries them to the king; since he is thus entitled to a share of the booty, whereto he forfeits all claim if he does not produce a head. In order to strip the skull of its covering, he makes a cut round the head above the ears and, laying hold of the scalp, shakes the skull out; then with the rib

of an ox he scrapes the scalp clean of flesh and, softening it by rubbing between the hands, uses it thenceforth as a napkin. The Scyth is proud of these scalps, and hangs them from his bridle rein; the greater the number of such napkins that a man can show, the more highly is he esteemed among them. Many make themselves cloaks, like the capotes of our peasants, by sewing a quantity of these scalps together. Others flay the right arms of their dead enemies and make of the skin, which is stripped off with the nails hanging to it, a covering for their quivers. Now the skin of a man is thick and glossy, and would in whiteness surpass almost all other hides. Some even flay the entire body of their enemy and, stretching it upon a frame, carry it about with them wherever they ride. Such are the Scythian customs with respect to scalps and skins.

95. The skulls of their enemies, not indeed of all, but of those whom they most detest, they treat as follows. Having sawn off the portion below the eyebrows, and cleaned out the inside, they cover the outside with leather. When a man is poor, this is all that he does; but if he is rich, he also lines the inside with gold: in either case the skull is used as a drinking cup. They do the same with the skulls of their own kith and kin if they have been at feud with them and have vanquished them in the presence of the king.

96. The tombs of their kings are in the land of the Gerrhi, who dwell at the point where the Borysthenes is first navigable. There the body of the dead king is laid in the grave prepared for it, stretched upon a mattress; spears are fixed in the ground on either side of the corpse, and beams stretched across above it to form a roof, which is covered with a thatching of osier twigs. In the open space around the body of the king they bury one of his concubines, first killing her by strangling, and also his cupbearer, his cook, his groom, his lackey, his messenger, some of his horses, firstlings of all his other possessions, and some golden cups; for they use neither silver nor brass. After this they set to work and raise a vast mound above the grave, all of them vying with each other and seeking to make it as tall as possible.

97. When a year is gone by, further ceremonies take place. Fifty of the best of the late king's attendants are taken, all native Scythians—for as bought slaves are unknown in the country, the Scythian kings choose any of their subjects that they like, to wait on them—fifty of these are taken and strangled, with fifty of the most beautiful horses. When they are dead, their bowels are taken out, and the cavity cleaned, filled full of chaff, and straightway sewn up again. This done, a number of posts are driven into the ground, in sets of two pairs each, and on every pair half the felly of a wheel is placed archwise; then strong stakes are run lengthways through the bodies of the horses from tail to neck, and they are mounted up upon the fellies, so that the felly in front supports the shoulders of the horse, while that behind sustains the belly and quarters, the legs dangling in mid-air; each horse is furnished with a bit and bridle, which latter is stretched out in front of the horse and fastened to a peg. The fifty strangled

youths are then mounted severally on the fifty horses. To effect this, a second stake is passed through their bodies along the course of the spine to the neck, the lower end of which projects from the body and is fixed into a socket, made in the stake that runs lengthwise down the horse. The fifty riders are thus ranged in a circle round the tomb, and so left.

98. The preparations of Darius against the Scythians had begun, messengers had been despatched on all sides with the king's commands, some being required to furnish troops, others to supply ships, others again to bridge the Thracian Bosphorus, when Artabanus, son of Hystaspes and brother of Darius, entreated the king to desist from his expedition, urging on him the great difficulty of attacking Scythia. Good, however, as the advice of Artabanus was, it failed to persuade Darius. He therefore ceased his reasonings; and Darius, when his preparations were complete, led his army forth from Susa. When Darius reached the territory of Chalcedon on the shores of the Bosphorus, where the bridge had been made, he took ship and sailed thence to the Cyanean islands, which, according to the Greeks, once floated. He took his seat also in the temple and surveyed the Pontus, which is indeed well worthy of consideration. After he had finished his survey, he sailed back to the bridge, which had been constructed for him by Mandrocles, a Samian. He was so pleased with the bridge thrown across the strait by the Samian Mandrocles that he not only bestowed upon him all the customary presents but gave him ten of every kind. After rewarding Mandrocles, he passed into Europe, while he ordered the Ionians to enter the Pontus and sail to the mouth of the Ister. There he bade them throw a bridge across the stream and await his coming. When, with his land forces, he reached the Ister, he made his troops cross the stream, and after all were gone over gave orders to the Ionians to break the bridge and follow him with the whole naval force in his land march.

99. The Scythians, reflecting on their situation, perceived that they were not strong enough by themselves to contend with the army of Darius in open fight. They therefore sent envoys to the neighbouring nations, whose kings had already met and were in consultation upon the advance of so vast a host. The assembled princes of the nations, after hearing all that the Scythians had to say, deliberated. At the end opinion was divided —the kings of the Gelôni, Budini, and Sauromatae were of accord, and pledged themselves to give assistance to the Scythians; but the Agathyrsian and Neurian princes, together with the sovereigns of the Androphagi, the Melanchlaeni, and the Tauri, replied to their request as follows: "If they invade our land, and begin aggressions upon us, we will not suffer them; but, till we see this come to pass, we will remain at home. For we believe that the Persians are not come to attack us, but to punish those who are guilty of first injuring them."

100. When this reply reached the Scythians, they resolved, as the neighbouring nations refused their alliance, that they would not openly venture on any pitched battle with the enemy, but would retire before

them, driving off their herds, choking up all the wells and springs as they retreated, and leaving the whole country bare of forage. They divided themselves into three bands and, joined by the detachments of the Gelôni and Budini, were to keep at the distance of a day's march from the Persians, falling back as they advanced, and doing the same as the others. And first they were to take the direction of the nations which had refused to join the alliance, and were to draw the war upon them: that so, if they would not of their own free will engage in the contest, they might by these means be forced into it. Afterwards it was agreed that they should retire into their own land and, should it on deliberation appear to them expedient, join battle with the enemy.

101. The scouts of the Scythians found the Persian host advanced three days' march from the Ister, and immediately took the lead of them at the distance of a day's march, encamping from time to time and destroying all that grew on the ground. The Persians no sooner caught sight of the Scythian horse than they pursued upon their track, while the enemy retired before them. The pursuit of the Persians was directed towards the single division of the Scythian army, and thus their line of march was eastward toward the Tanais. The Scyths crossed the river, and the Persians after them, still in pursuit. In this way they passed through the country of the Sauromatae and entered that of the Budini.

102. As long as the march of the Persian army lay through the countries of the Scythians and Sauromatae, there was nothing which they could damage, the land being waste and barren; but on entering the territories of the Budini they came upon a wooden fortress, which was destroyed by its inhabitants and left quite empty of everything. This place they burnt to the ground; and having so done, again pressed forward on the track of the retreating Scythians, till, having passed through the entire country of the Budini, they reached the desert, which has no inhabitants.

103. When Darius reached the desert, he paused from his pursuit and halted his army upon the Oarus. Here he built eight large forts, at an equal distance from one another, sixty furlongs apart or thereabouts, the ruins of which were still remaining in my day. During the time that he was so occupied, the Scythians whom he had been following made a circuit by the higher regions and re-entered Scythia. He now quickened his march and, entering Scythia, fell in with the two combined divisions of the Scythian army and instantly gave them chase. They kept to their plan of retreating before him at the distance of a day's march; and, he still following them hotly, they led him, as had been previously settled, into the territories of the nations that had refused to become their allies.

104. This had gone on so long, and seemed so interminable, that Darius at last sent a horseman to Idanthyrsus, the Scythian king, with the following message: "Thou strange man, why dost thou keep on flying before me, when there are two things thou mightest do so easily? If thou deemest thyself able to resist my arms, cease thy wanderings and come, let us engage in battle. Or if thou art conscious that my strength is greater

than thine—even so thou shouldst cease to run away—thou hast but to bring thy lord earth and water, and to come at once to a conference."

105. To this message Idanthyrsus, the Scythian king, replied: "This is my way, Persian. There is nothing new or strange in what I do; I only follow my common mode of life in peaceful years. Now I will tell thee why I do not at once join battle with thee. We Scythians have neither towns nor cultivated lands, which might induce us, through fear of their being taken or ravaged, to be in any hurry to fight with you. Earth and water, the tribute thou askedst, I do not send, but thou shalt soon receive more suitable gifts. Last of all, in return for thy calling thyself my lord, I say to thee, 'Go weep.'"

106. The Scythians, when they perceived signs that the Persians were becoming alarmed, took steps to induce them not to quit Scythia, in the hope, if they stayed, of inflicting on them the greater injury, when their supplies should altogether fail. To effect this, they would leave some of their cattle exposed with the herdsmen, while they themselves moved away to a distance: the Persians would make a foray and take the beasts, whereupon they would be highly elated.

107. This they did several times, until at last Darius was at his wit's end; hereon the Scythian princes, understanding how matters stood, despatched a herald to the Persian camp with presents for the king: these were, a bird, a mouse, a frog, and five arrows. Darius gave it as his opinion that the Scyths intended a surrender of themselves and their country, both land and water, into his hands. This he conceived to be the meaning of the gifts. To the explanation of Darius, Gobryas, one of the seven conspirators against the Magus, opposed another which was as follows: "Unless, Persians, ye can turn into birds and fly up into the sky, or become mice and burrow under the ground, or make yourselves frogs, and take refuge in the fens, ye will never make escape from this land, but die pierced by our arrows. My advice is, therefore, that, when night falls, we light our fires as we are wont to do at other times and, leaving behind us on some pretext that portion of our army which is weak and unequal to hardship, taking care also to leave our asses tethered, retreat from Scythia, before our foes march forward to the Ister and destroy the bridge, or the Ionians come to any resolution which may lead to our ruin."

108. So Gobryas advised; and when night came, Darius followed his counsel and, leaving his sick soldiers, and those whose loss would be of least account, with the asses also tethered about the camp, marched away. When day dawned, the men who had been left behind, perceiving that they were betrayed by Darius, stretched out their hands towards the Scythians and spoke as befitted their situation. The enemy no sooner heard than they quickly joined all their troops in one, set off in pursuit, and made straight for the Ister. As, however, the Persian army was chiefly foot and had no knowledge of the routes, which are not cut out in Scythia; while the Scyths were all horsemen and well acquainted with the shortest way; it so happened that the two armies missed one another,

and the Scythians, getting far ahead of their adversaries, came first to the bridge. Finding that the Persians were not yet arrived, they addressed the Ionians, who were aboard their ships. The Greek leaders determined to speak and act as follows. In order to appear to the Scythians to be doing something, when in fact they were doing nothing of consequence, and likewise to prevent them from forcing a passage across the Ister by the bridge, they resolved to break up the part of the bridge which abutted on Scythia, to the distance of a bowshot from the riverbank; and to assure the Scythians, while the demolition was proceeding, that there was nothing which they would not do to pleasure them. The Scyths put faith in the promises of the Ionian chiefs and retraced their steps, hoping to fall in with the Persians. They took a route where water was to be found and fodder could be got for their horses, and on this track sought their adversaries, expecting that they too would retreat through regions where these things were to be obtained. The Persians, however, kept strictly to the line of their former march, never for a moment departing from it; and even so gained the bridge with difficulty. By these means the Persians escaped from Scythia, while the Scyths sought for them in vain, again missing their track.

109. Darius, having passed through Thrace, reached Sestos in the Chersonese, whence he crossed by the help of his fleet into Asia, leaving a Persian, named Megabazus, commander on the European side. Megabazus now, having been appointed to take the command upon the Hellespont, employed himself in the reduction of all those states which had not of their own accord joined the Medes. And so these tribes of the Paeonians, to wit, the Siropaeonians, the Paeoplians, and all the others as far as Lake Prasias, were torn from their seats and led away into Asia.

110. They on the other hand who dwelt about Mount Pangaeum and in the country of the Dobêres, the Agrianians, and the Odomantians, and they likewise who inhabited Lake Prasias, were not conquered by Megabazus. He sought indeed to subdue the dwellers upon the lake but could not effect his purpose. Their manner of living is the following. Platforms supported upon tall piles stand in the middle of the lake, which are approached from the land by a single narrow bridge. At the first the piles which bear up the platforms were fixed in their places by the whole body of the citizens, but since that time the custom which has prevailed about fixing them is this: they are brought from a hill called Orbêlus, and every man drives in three for each wife that he marries. Now the men have all many wives apiece; and this is the way in which they live. Each has his own hut, wherein he dwells, upon one of the platforms, and each has also a trap door giving access to the lake beneath; and their wont is to tie their baby children by the foot with a string, to save them from rolling into the water. They feed their horses and their other beasts upon fish, which abound in the lake to such a degree that a man has only to open his trap door and to let down a basket by a rope into the water, and then to wait a very short time, when he draws it up quite full of them.

111. The Paeonians therefore—at least such of them as had been conquered—were led away into Asia. As for Megabazus, he no sooner brought the Paeonians under than he sent into Macedonia an embassy of Persians, choosing for the purpose the seven men of most note in all the army after himself.

112. So the Persians sent upon this errand, when they reached the court and were brought into the presence of Amyntas, required him to give earth and water to King Darius. And Amyntas not only gave them what they asked, but also invited them to come and feast with him; after which he made ready the board with great magnificence, and entertained the Persians in right friendly fashion. Now when the meal was over, and they were all set to the drinking, the Persians said:

"Dear Macedonian, we Persians have a custom when we make a great feast to bring with us to the board our wives and concubines, and make them sit beside us. Now then, as thou hast received us so kindly, and feasted us so handsomely, and givest moreover earth and water to King Darius, do also after our custom in this matter."

Then Amyntas answered: "O Persians! We have no such custom as this; but with us men and women are kept apart. Nevertheless, since you, who are our lords, wish it, this also shall be granted to you."

When Amyntas had thus spoken, he bade some go and fetch the women. And the women came at his call and took their seats in a row over against the Persians. Then, when the Persians saw that the women were fair and comely, they spoke again to Amyntas and said that what had been done was not wise; for it had been better for the women not to have come at all, than to come in this way, and not sit by their sides, but remain over against them, the torment of their eyes. So Amyntas was forced to bid the women sit side by side with the Persians. The women did as he ordered; and then the Persians, who had drunk more than they ought, began to put their hands on them, and one even tried to give the woman next him a kiss.

113. King Amyntas saw, but he kept silence, although sorely grieved, for he greatly feared the power of the Persians. Alexander, however, Amyntas' son, spake thus to Amyntas: "Dear Father, thou art old and shouldest spare thyself. Rise up from table and go take thy rest; do not stay out the drinking. I will remain with the guests and give them all that is fitting." Amyntas, who guessed that Alexander would play some wild prank, made answer: "Dear Son, thy words sound to me as those of one who is well-nigh on fire, and I perceive thou sendest me away that thou mayest do some wild deed. I beseech thee make no commotion about these men, lest thou bring us all to ruin, but bear to look calmly on what they do. For myself, I will e'en withdraw as thou biddest me."

114. Amyntas, when he had thus besought his son, went out; and Alexander said to the Persians, "Look on these ladies as your own, dear strangers, all or any of them—only tell us your wishes. But now, as the evening wears, and I see you have all had wine enough, let them, if you

please, retire, and when they have bathed they shall come back again." To this the Persians agreed, and Alexander, having got the women away, sent them off to the harem and made ready in their room an equal number of beardless youths, whom he dressed in the garments of the women, and then, arming them with daggers, brought them in to the Persians, saying as he introduced them, "Methinks, dear Persians, that your entertainment has fallen short in nothing. We have set before you all that we had ourselves in store, and all that we could anywhere find to give you—and now, to crown the whole, we make over to you our sisters and our mothers, that you may perceive yourselves to be entirely honoured by us, even as you deserve to be." So speaking, Alexander set by the side of each Persian one of those whom he had called Macedonian women, but who were in truth men. And these men, when the Persians began to be rude, despatched them with their daggers.

115. So the ambassadors perished by this death, both they and also their followers. Not very long afterwards the Persians made strict search for their lost embassy; but Alexander, with much wisdom, hushed up the business. Thus the death of these Persians was hushed up, and no more was said of it.

116. Afterwards, but for no long time, there was a respite from suffering. Then from Naxos and Miletus troubles gathered anew about Ionia. Now Naxos at this time surpassed all the other islands in prosperity; and Miletus had reached the height of her power, and was the glory of Ionia. It was, however, from the two cities above mentioned that troubles began now to gather again about Ionia; and this is the way in which they arose. Certain of the rich men had been banished from Naxos by the commonalty and, upon their banishment, had fled to Miletus. Aristagoras, son of Molpagoras, the nephew and likewise the son-in-law of Histiaeus, son of Lysagoras, who was kept by Darius at Susa, happened to be regent of Miletus at the time of their coming. For the kingly power belonged to Histiaeus; but he was at Susa when the Naxians came. Now these Naxians had in times past been bond friends of Histiaeus; and so on their arrival at Miletus they addressed themselves to Aristagoras and begged him to lend them such aid as his ability allowed, in hopes thereby to recover their country. Then Aristagoras, considering with himself that, if the Naxians should be restored by his help, he would be lord of Naxos, put forward the friendship with Histiaeus to cloak his views. Histiaeus, when he was anxious to give Aristagoras orders to revolt, could find but one safe way, as the roads were guarded, of making his wishes known; which was by taking the trustiest of his slaves, shaving all the hair from off his head, and then pricking letters upon the skin and waiting till the hair grew again. Thus accordingly he did; and as soon as ever the hair was grown, he despatched the man to Miletus, giving him no other message than this: "When thou art come to Miletus, bid Aristagoras shave thy head and look thereon." Now the marks on the head, as I have already mentioned, were a command to revolt. All this Histiaeus did because it irked him greatly

to be kept at Susa, and because he had strong hopes that, if troubles broke out, he would be sent down to the coast to quell them, whereas, if Miletus made no movement, he did not see a chance of his ever again returning thither.

117. Accordingly, at this conjuncture Aristagoras held a council of his trusty friends and laid the business before them, telling them both what he had himself purposed and what message had been sent him by Histiaeus. At this council all his friends were of the same way of thinking, and recommended revolt, except only Hecataeus the historian. The assembly rejected the counsel of Hecataeus, while, nevertheless, they resolved upon a revolt. Thus Aristagoras revolted openly from Darius and sailed away himself on board a trireme to Lacedaemon, for he had great need of obtaining the aid of some powerful ally.

118. Cleomenes, however, was still king when Aristagoras, tyrant of Miletus, reached Sparta. Discourse began between the two; and Aristagoras addressed the Spartan king in these words following: "Think it not strange, O King Cleomenes, that I have been at the pains to sail hither; for the posture of affairs, which I will now recount unto thee, made it fitting. Shame and grief is it indeed to none so much as to us that the sons of the Ionians should have lost their freedom and come to be the slaves of others; but yet it touches you likewise, O Spartans, beyond the rest of the Greeks, inasmuch as the pre-eminence over all Greece appertains to you. We beseech you, therefore, by the common gods of the Grecians, deliver the Ionians, who are your own kinsmen, from slavery. Truly the task is not difficult; for the barbarians are an unwarlike people; and you are the best and bravest warriors in the whole world." Thus spoke Aristagoras; and Cleomenes replied to him, "Milesian stranger, three days hence I will give thee an answer."

119. So they proceeded no further at that time. When, however, the day appointed for the answer came, and the two once more met, Cleomenes asked Aristagoras how many days' journey it was from the sea of the Ionians to the king's residence. Hereupon Aristagoras, who had managed the rest so cleverly, and succeeded in deceiving the king, tripped in his speech and blundered; for instead of concealing the truth, as he ought to have done if he wanted to induce the Spartans to cross into Asia, he said plainly that it was a journey of three months. Cleomenes caught at the words and, preventing Aristagoras from finishing what he had begun to say concerning the road, addressed him thus: "Milesian stranger, quit Sparta before sunset. This is no good proposal that thou makest to the Lacedaemonians, to conduct them a distance of three months' journey from the sea." When he had thus spoken, Cleomenes went to his home.

120. The Athenians were already in bad odour with the Persians when Aristagoras the Milesian, dismissed from Sparta by Cleomenes the Lacedaemonian, arrived at Athens. He knew that, after Sparta, Athens was the most powerful of the Grecian states. Accordingly he appeared before the people and, as he had done at Sparta, spoke to them of the good

things which there were in Asia, and of the Persian mode of fight—how they used neither shield nor spear, and were very easy to conquer. All this he urged, and reminded them also that Miletus was a colony from Athens and therefore ought to receive their succour, since they were so powerful —and in the earnestness of his entreaties he cared little what he promised —till, at the last, he prevailed and won them over. Won by his persuasions, they voted that twenty ships should be sent to the aid of the Ionians, under the command of Melanthius, one of the citizens, a man of mark in every way. These ships were the beginning of mischief both to the Greeks and to the barbarians.

121. Aristagoras sailed away in advance and, when he reached Miletus, devised a plan from which no manner of advantage could possibly accrue to the Ionians. The Athenians now arrived with a fleet of twenty sail and brought also in their company five triremes of the Eretrians, which had joined the expedition, not so much out of good will towards Athens as to pay a debt which they already owed to the people of Miletus. Aristagoras, on their arrival, assembled the rest of his allies and proceeded to attack Sardis, not, however, leading the army in person, but appointing to the command his own brother Charopinus, and Hermophantus, one of the citizens, while he himself remained behind in Miletus.

122. The Ionians sailed with this fleet to Ephesus and, leaving their ships at Coressus in the Ephesian territory, took guides from the city and went up the country with a great host. They marched along the course of the river Caÿster and, crossing over the ridge of Tmôlus, came down upon Sardis and took it, no man opposing them; the whole city fell into their hands, except only the citadel, which Artaphernes defended in person, having with him no contemptible force.

123. Though, however, they took the city, they did not succeed in plundering it; for, as the houses in Sardis were most of them built of reeds, and even the few which were of brick had a reed thatching for their roof, one of them was no sooner fired by a soldier than the flames ran speedily from house to house and spread over the whole place. As the fire raged, the Lydians, and such Persians as were in the city, inclosed on every side by the flames, which had seized all the skirts of the town, and finding themselves unable to get out, came in crowds into the market place and gathered themselves upon the banks of the Pactôlus. So the Lydians and Persians, brought together in this way in the market place and about the Pactôlus, were forced to stand on their defence; and the Ionians, when they saw the enemy in part resisting, in part pouring towards them in dense crowds, took fright and, drawing off to the ridge which is called Tmôlus, when night came, went back to their ships.

124. Sardis, however, was burnt, and, among other buildings, a temple of the native goddess Cybelé was destroyed; which was the reason afterwards alleged by the Persians for setting on fire the temples of the Greeks. Afterwards the Athenians quite forsook the Ionians and, though Aristag-

oras besought them much by his ambassadors, refused to give him any further help. Still the Ionians, notwithstanding this desertion, continued unceasingly their preparations to carry on the war against the Persian king, which their late conduct towards him had rendered unavoidable. King Darius received tidings of the taking and burning of Sardis by the Athenians and Ionians; and at the same time he learnt that the author of the league, the man by whom the whole matter had been planned and contrived, was Aristagoras the Milesian. It is said that he no sooner understood what had happened than, laying aside all thought concerning the Ionians, who would, he was sure, pay dear for their rebellion, he asked who the Athenians were and, being informed, called for his bow and, placing an arrow on the string, shot upward into the sky, saying as he let fly the shaft, "Grant me, Jupiter, to revenge myself on the Athenians!" After this speech he bade one of his servants every day, when his dinner was spread, three times repeat these words to him: "Master, remember the Athenians." Meanwhile Daurises, who was married to one of the daughters of Darius, together with Hymeas, Otanes, and other Persian captains, who were likewise married to daughters of the king, after pursuing the Ionians who had fought at Sardis, defeating them, and driving them to their ships, divided their efforts against the different cities and proceeded in succession to take and sack each one of them.

125. As the cities fell one after another, Aristagoras the Milesian (who was in truth, as he now plainly showed, a man of but little courage), notwithstanding that it was he who had caused the disturbances in Ionia and made so great a commotion, began, seeing his danger, to look about for means of escape. Accordingly he put the government of Miletus into the hands of one of the chief citizens, named Pythagoras, and, taking with him all who liked to go, sailed to Thrace and there made himself master of the place in question. From thence he proceeded to attack the Thracians; but here he was cut off with his whole army, while besieging a city whose defenders were anxious to accept terms of surrender.

126. Miletus was expecting an attack from a vast armament, which comprised both a fleet and also a land force. The Persian captains had drawn their several detachments together and formed them into a single army; and had resolved to pass over all the other cities, which they regarded as of lesser account, and to march straight on Miletus. Of the naval states, Phoenicia showed the greatest zeal; but the fleet was composed likewise of the Cyprians, the Cilicians, and also the Egyptians. Afterwards, while the Ionian fleet was still assembled at Ladé, councils were held, and speeches made by divers persons—among the rest by Dionysius, the Phocaean captain, who thus expressed himself: "Our affairs hang on the razor's edge, men of Ionia, either to be free or to be slaves; and slaves, too, who have shown themselves runaways. Now then you have to choose whether you will endure hardships, and so for the present lead a life of toil, but thereby gain ability to overcome your enemies and establish your own freedom; or whether you will persist in this slothfulness and dis-

order, in which case I see no hope of your escaping the king's vengeance for your rebellion. I beseech you, be persuaded by me and trust yourselves to my guidance. Then, if the gods only hold the balance fairly between us, I undertake to say that our foes will either decline a battle, or, if they fight, suffer complete discomfiture."

127. These words prevailed with the Ionians, and forthwith they committed themselves to Dionysius; whereupon he proceeded every day to make the ships move in column, and the rowers ply their oars and exercise themselves in breaking the line; while the marines were held under arms, and the vessels were kept, till evening fell, upon their anchors, so that the men had nothing but toil from morning even to night. Seven days did the Ionians continue obedient and do whatsoever he bade them; but on the eighth day, worn out by the hardness of the work and the heat of the sun, and quite unaccustomed to such fatigues, they began to confer together and to say one to another, "What god have we offended to bring upon ourselves such a punishment as this? Fools and distracted that we were, to put ourselves into the hands of this Phocaean braggart, who does but furnish three ships to the fleet! We had better suffer anything rather than these hardships; even the slavery with which we are threatened, however harsh, can be no worse than our present thraldom. Come, let us refuse him obedience." So saying, they forthwith ceased to obey his orders, and pitched their tents, as if they had been soldiers, upon the island, where they reposed under the shade all day and refused to go aboard the ships and train themselves.

128. Now when the Samian captains perceived what was taking place, they were more inclined than before to accept the terms which Aeaces, the son of Syloson, had been authorized by the Persians to offer them, on condition of their deserting from the confederacy. For they saw that all was disorder among the Ionians, and they felt also that it was hopeless to contend with the power of the king; since if they defeated the fleet which had been sent against them, they knew that another would come five times as great. So they took advantage of the occasion which now offered, and as soon as ever they saw the Ionians refuse to work, hastened gladly to provide for the safety of their temples and their properties.

129. The Phoenicians soon afterwards sailed to the attack; and the Ionians likewise put themselves in line and went out to meet them. When they had now neared one another, and joined battle, which of the Ionians fought like brave men and which like cowards I cannot declare with any certainty, for charges are brought on all sides; but the tale goes that the Samians, according to the agreement which they had made with Aeaces, hoisted sail and, quitting their post, bore away for Samos, except eleven ships, whose captains gave no heed to the orders of the commanders, but remained and took part in the battle. The Lesbians also, when they saw the Samians who were drawn up next them begin to flee, themselves did the like; and the example, once set, was followed by the greater number of the Ionians.

130. Dionysius the Phocaean, when he perceived that all was lost, having first captured three ships from the enemy, himself took to flight. He would not, however, return to Phocaea, which he well knew must fall again, like the rest of Ionia, under the Persian yoke; but straightway, as he was, he set sail for Phoenicia, and there sunk a number of merchantmen and gained a great booty; after which he directed his course to Sicily, where he established himself as a corsair and plundered the Carthaginians and Tyrrhenians, but did no harm to the Greeks.

131. The Persians, when they had vanquished the Ionians in the sea fight, besieged Miletus both by land and sea, driving mines under the walls and making use of every known device, until at length they took both the citadel and the town, six years from the time when the revolt first broke out under Aristagoras. All the inhabitants of the city they reduced to slavery.

132. And now their generals made good all the threats wherewith they had menaced the Ionians before the battle. For no sooner did they get possession of the towns than they chose out all the best-favoured boys and made them eunuchs, while the most beautiful of the girls they tore from their homes and sent as presents to the king, at the same time burning the cities themselves, with their temples. Thus were the Ionians for the third time reduced to slavery; once by the Lydians, and a second, and now a third time, by the Persians.

133. After this Darius resolved to prove the Greeks and try the bent of their minds, whether they were inclined to resist him in arms or prepared to make their submission. He therefore sent out heralds in divers directions round about Greece, with orders to demand everywhere earth and water for the king. At the same time he sent other heralds to the various seaport towns which paid him tribute, and required them to provide a number of ships of war and horse transports. Among these last were included the Eginetans, who, equally with the rest, consented to give earth and water to the Persian king.

When the Athenians heard what the Eginetans had done, believing that it was from enmity to themselves that they had given consent, and that the Eginetans intended to join the Persian in his attack upon Athens, they straightway took the matter in hand.

134. Thus did war rage between the Eginetans and Athenians. Meantime the Persian pursued his own design, from day to day exhorted by his servant to "remember the Athenians." Moreover it pleased him well to have a pretext for carrying war into Greece, that so he might reduce all those who had refused to give him earth and water. Darius took the command of the troops and appointed generals who were to lead the host against Eretria and Athens.

135. So the new commanders took their departure from the court and went down to Cilicia, to the Aleïan plain, having with them a numerous and well-appointed land army. Encamping here, they were joined by the sea force which had been required of the several states, and at the same

time by the horse transports which Darius had, the year before, commanded his tributaries to make ready. Aboard these the horses were embarked; and the troops were received by the ships of war; after which the whole fleet, amounting in all to six hundred triremes, made sail for Ionia. Thence, instead of proceeding with a straight course along the shore to the Hellespont and to Thrace, they loosed from Samos and voyaged across the Icarian Sea through the midst of the islands; mainly, as I believe, because they feared the danger of doubling Mount Athos.

136. The Persian fleet now drew near. And, because there was no place in all Attica so convenient for their horse as Marathon, and it lay moreover quite close to Eretria, therefore Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, conducted them thither.

137. When intelligence of this reached the Athenians, they likewise marched their troops to Marathon, and there stood on the defensive, having at their head ten generals, of whom one was Miltiades.

138. And first, before they left the city, the generals sent off to Sparta a herald, one Pheidippides, who was by birth an Athenian, and by profession and practice a trained runner. Upon his arrival he went before the rulers, and said to them:

"Men of Lacedaemon, the Athenians beseech you to hasten to their aid and not allow that state, which is the most ancient in all Greece, to be enslaved by the barbarians. Eretria, look you, is already carried away captive; and Greece weakened by the loss of no mean city."

Thus did Pheidippides deliver the message committed to him. And the Spartans wished to help the Athenians but were unable to give them any present succour, as they did not like to break their established law. It was then the ninth day of the first decade; and they could not march out of Sparta on the ninth, when the moon had not reached the full. So they waited for the full of the moon.

139. The barbarians were conducted to Marathon by Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, who conjectured that he would be restored to Athens, recover the power which he had lost, and afterwards live to a good old age in his native country. He now proceeded to act as guide to the Persians; and in the first place he landed the prisoners taken from Eretria upon the island that is called Aegileia, a tract belonging to the Styreans, after which he brought the fleet to anchor off Marathon and marshalled the bands of the barbarians as they disembarked.

140. The Athenians were drawn up in order of battle in a sacred close belonging to Hercules, when they were joined by the Plataeans, who came in full force to their aid. Some time before, the Plataeans had put themselves under the rule of the Athenians; and these last had already undertaken many labours on their behalf.

141. The Athenian generals were divided in their opinions; and some advised not to risk a battle, because they were too few to engage such a host as that of the Medes, while others were for fighting at once; and among these last was Miltiades. He therefore, seeing that opinions were

thus divided, and that the less worthy counsel appeared likely to prevail, resolved to go to the polemarch and have a conference with him. For the man on whom the lot fell to be polemarch at Athens was entitled to give his vote with the ten generals, since anciently the Athenians allowed him an equal right of voting with them. The polemarch at this juncture was Callimachus of Aphidnae; to him therefore Miltiades went and said: "We generals are ten in number, and our votes are divided; half of us wish to engage, half to avoid a combat. Now, if we do not fight, I look to see a great disturbance at Athens which will shake men's resolutions, and then I fear they will submit themselves; but if we fight the battle before any unsoundness show itself among our citizens, let the gods but give us fair play, and we are well able to overcome the enemy. On thee therefore we depend in this matter, which lies wholly in thine own power. Thou hast only to add thy vote to my side and thy country will be free, and not free only, but the first state in Greece." Miltiades by these words gained Callimachus; and the addition of the polemarch's vote caused the decision to be in favour of fighting. Now, as they marshalled the host upon the field of Marathon, in order that the Athenian front might be of equal length with the Median, the ranks of the centre were diminished, and it became the weakest part of the line, while the wings were both made strong with a depth of many ranks.

142. So when the battle was set in array, instantly the Athenians, so soon as they were let go, charged the barbarians at a run. Now the distance between the two armies was little short of eight furlongs. The Persians, therefore, when they saw the Greeks coming on at speed, made ready to receive them, although it seemed to them that the Athenians were bereft of their senses and bent upon their own destruction; for they saw a mere handful of men coming on at a run without either horsemen or archers. Such was the opinion of the barbarians; but the Athenians in close array fell upon them and fought in a manner worthy of being recorded. They were the first of the Greeks, so far as I know, who introduced the custom of charging the enemy at a run, and they were likewise the first who dared to look upon the Median garb, and to face men clad in that fashion. Until this time the very name of the Medes had been a terror to the Greeks to hear.

143. The two armies fought together on the plain of Marathon for a length of time; and in the mid-battle, where the Persians themselves and the Sacae had their place, the barbarians were victorious, and broke and pursued the Greeks into the inner country; but on the two wings the Athenians and the Plataeans defeated the enemy. Having so done, they suffered the routed barbarians to fly at their ease and, joining the two wings in one, fell upon those who had broken their own centre, and fought and conquered them. These likewise fled, and now the Athenians hung upon the runaways and cut them down, chasing them all the way to the shore, on reaching which they laid hold of the ships and called aloud for fire.

144. It was in the struggle here that Callimachus the polemarch, after greatly distinguishing himself, lost his life; Stesilaus too, the son of Thrasilaüs, one of the generals, was slain; and Cynaegirus, the son of Euphorion, having seized on a vessel of the enemy's by the ornament at the stern, had his hand cut off by the blow of an axe, and so perished; as likewise did many other Athenians of note and name.

145. Nevertheless the Athenians secured in this way seven of the vessels; while with the remainder the barbarians pushed off and, taking aboard their Eretrian prisoners from the island where they had left them, doubled Cape Sunium, hoping to reach Athens before the return of the Athenians.

146. The Persians accordingly sailed round Sunium. But the Athenians with all possible speed marched away to the defence of their city and succeeded in reaching Athens before the appearance of the barbarians: and as their camp at Marathon had been pitched in a precinct of Hercules, so now they encamped in another precinct of the same god at Cynosarges. The barbarian fleet arrived and lay to off Phalerum, which was at that time the haven of Athens; but after resting awhile upon their oars, they departed and sailed away to Asia.

147. There fell in this battle of Marathon, on the side of the barbarians, about six thousand and four hundred men; on that of the Athenians, one hundred and ninety-two. Such was the number of the slain on the one side and the other.

148. After the full of the moon two thousand Lacedaemonians came to Athens. So eager had they been to arrive in time that they took but three days to reach Attica from Sparta. They came, however, too late for the battle; yet, as they had a longing to behold the Medes, they continued their march to Marathon and there viewed the slain. Then, after giving the Athenians all praise for their achievement, they departed and returned home.

149. Now when tidings of the battle that had been fought at Marathon reached the ears of King Darius, the son of Hystaspes, his anger against the Athenians, which had been already roused by their attack upon Sardis, waxed still fiercer, and he became more than ever eager to lead an army against Greece. Instantly he sent off messengers to make proclamation through the several states that fresh levies were to be raised, and these at an increased rate; while ships, horses, provisions, and transports were likewise to be furnished. So the men published his commands; and now all Asia was in commotion by the space of three years, while everywhere, as Greece was to be attacked, the best and bravest were enrolled for the service and had to make their preparations accordingly.

After this, in the fourth year, the Egyptians whom Cambyses had enslaved revolted from the Persians; whereupon Darius was more hot for war than ever, and earnestly desired to march an army against both adversaries.

150. Now, as he was about to lead forth his levies against Egypt and

Athens, a fierce contention for the sovereign power arose among his sons; since the law of the Persians was that a king must not go out with his army until he has appointed one to succeed him upon the throne. Darius, before he obtained the kingdom, had had three sons born to him from his former wife, who was a daughter of Gobryas; while, since he began to reign, Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus, had borne him four. Artabazanes was the eldest of the first family, and Xerxes of the second. These two, therefore, being the sons of different mothers, were now at variance. Artabazanes claimed the crown as the eldest of all the children, because it was an established custom all over the world for the eldest to have the pre-eminence; while Xerxes, on the other hand, urged that he was sprung from Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus, and that it was Cyrus who had won the Persians their freedom.

Darius appointed Xerxes his successor.

151. When he had thus appointed Xerxes his heir, Darius was minded to lead forth his armies; but he was prevented by death while his preparations were still proceeding. He died in the year following the revolt of Egypt and the matters here related, after having reigned in all six and thirty years, leaving the revolted Egyptians and the Athenians alike unpunished. At his death the kingdom passed to his son Xerxes.

152. Now Xerxes, on first mounting the throne, was coldly disposed towards the Grecian war and made it his business to collect an army against Egypt. But Mardonius, who was at the court, and had more influence with him than any of the other Persians, being his own cousin, plied him with discourses like the following:

"Master, it is not fitting that they of Athens escape scot-free, after doing the Persians such great injury. Complete the work which thou hast now in hand, and then, when the pride of Egypt is brought low, lead an army against Athens. So shalt thou thyself have good report among men, and others shall fear hereafter to attack thy country."

Thus far it was of vengeance that he spoke; but sometimes he would vary the theme and observe by the way that Europe was a wondrous beautiful region, rich in all kinds of cultivated trees, and the soil excellent: no one, save the king, was worthy to own such a land.

All this he said because he longed for adventures and hoped to become satrap of Greece under the king; and after a while he had his way and persuaded Xerxes to do according to his desires. First, however, in the year following the death of Darius, Xerxes marched against those who had revolted from him; and having reduced them, and laid all Egypt under a far harder yoke than ever his father had put upon it, he gave the government to Achaemenes, who was his own brother, and son to Darius. This Achaemenes was afterwards slain in his government by Inarôs, the son of Psammetichus, a Libyan.

153. After Egypt was subdued, Xerxes, being about to take in hand the expedition against Athens, called together an assembly of the noblest Persians, to learn their opinions and to lay before them his own designs.

Reckoning from the recovery of Egypt, Xerxes spent four full years in collecting his host and making ready all things that were needful for his soldiers. It was not till the close of the fifth year that he set forth on his march, accompanied by a mighty multitude. For of all the armaments whereof any mention has reached us, this was by far the greatest; insomuch that no other expedition compared to this seems of any account. For was there a nation in all Asia which Xerxes did not bring with him against Greece? Or was there a river, except those of unusual size, which sufficed for his troops to drink? One nation furnished ships; another was arrayed among the foot soldiers; a third had to supply horses; a fourth, transports for the horse, and men likewise for the transport service; a fifth, ships of war towards the bridges; a sixth, ships and provisions.

154. While these things were in progress, he was having cables prepared for his bridges, some of papyrus and some of white flax, a business which he entrusted to the Phoenicians and the Egyptians. He likewise laid up stores of provisions in diverse places, to save the army and the beasts of burthen from suffering want upon their march into Greece. During the same time the land army which had been collected was marching with Xerxes towards Sardis, having started from Critalla in Cappadocia. Here his first care was to send off heralds into Greece, who were to prefer a demand for earth and water, and to require that preparations should be made everywhere to feast the king. To Athens indeed and to Sparta he sent no such demand; but these cities excepted, his messengers went everywhere. Xerxes, after this, made preparations to advance to Abydos, where the bridge across the Hellespont from Asia to Europe was lately finished. Midway between Sestos and Madytus in the Hellespontine Chersonese, and right over against Abydos, there is a rocky tongue of land which runs out for some distance into the sea. Towards this tongue of land the men to whom the business was assigned carried out a double bridge from Abydos; and while the Phoenicians constructed one line with cables of white flax, the Egyptians in the other used ropes made of papyrus. Now it is seven furlongs across from Abydos to the opposite coast.

155. When the channel had been bridged successfully, it happened that a great storm arising broke the whole work to pieces and destroyed all that had been done. When Xerxes heard of it he was full of wrath, and straightway gave orders that the Hellespont should receive three hundred lashes, and that a pair of fetters should be cast into it. Nay, I have even heard it said that he bade the branders take their irons and therewith brand the Hellespont. While the sea was thus punished by his orders, he likewise commanded that the overseers of the work should lose their heads.

156. Then they, whose business it was, executed the unpleasing task laid upon them; and other master builders were set over the work, who accomplished it in the way which I will now describe.

They joined together triremes and penteconters, three hundred and

sixty to support the bridge on the side of the Euxine Sea, and three hundred and fourteen to sustain the other; and these they placed at right angles to the sea, and in the direction of the current of the Hellespont, relieving by these means the tension of the shore cables. Having joined the vessels, they moored them with anchors of unusual size. When all this was done, they made the cables taut from the shore by the help of wooden capstans. This time, moreover, instead of using the two materials separately, they assigned to each bridge six cables, two of which were of white flax, while four were of papyrus. When the bridge across the channel was thus complete, trunks of trees were sawn into planks, which were cut to the width of the bridge, and these were laid side by side upon the tightened cables, and then fastened on the top. This done, brushwood was brought and arranged upon the planks, after which earth was heaped upon the brushwood, and the whole trodden down into a solid mass. Lastly a bulwark was set up on either side of this causeway, of such a height as to prevent the sumpter beasts and the horses from seeing over it and taking fright at the water.

157. And now when all was prepared—the bridges, and the works at Athos, the breakwaters about the mouths of the cutting, which were made to hinder the surf from blocking up the entrances, and the cutting itself; and when the news came to Xerxes that this last was completely finished —then at length the host, having first wintered at Sardis, began its march toward Abydos, fully equipped, on the first approach of spring.

158. Arrived here, Xerxes wished to look upon all his host; so as there was a throne of white marble upon a hill near the city, which they of Abydos had prepared beforehand, by the king's bidding, for his especial use, Xerxes took his seat on it and, gazing thence upon the shore below, beheld at one view all his land forces and all his ships. And now, as he looked and saw the whole Hellespont covered with the vessels of his fleet, and all the shore and every plain about Abydos as full as possible of men, Xerxes congratulated himself on his good fortune.

159. All that day the preparations for the passage continued; and on the morrow they burnt all kinds of spices upon the bridges and strewed the way with myrtle boughs, while they waited anxiously for the sun, which they hoped to see as he rose. And now the sun appeared; and Xerxes took a golden goblet and poured from it a libation into the sea, praying the while with his face turned to the sun, that no misfortune might befall him such as to hinder his conquest of Europe, until he had penetrated to its uttermost boundaries.

160. When, however, his offerings were made, the army began to cross; and the foot soldiers, with the horsemen, passed over by one of the bridges—that (namely) which lay towards the Euxine—while the sumpter beasts and the camp followers passed by the other, which looked on the Egean. Foremost went the Ten Thousand Persians, all wearing garlands upon their heads; and after them a mixed multitude of many nations. These crossed upon the first day.

On the next day the horsemen began the passage; and with them went the soldiers, who carried their spears with the point downwards, garlanded, like the Ten Thousand; then came the sacred horses and the sacred chariot; next Xerxes with his lancers and the thousand horse; then the rest of the army. At the same time the ships sailed over to the opposite shore. According, however, to another account which I have heard, the king crossed the last. As soon as Xerxes had reached the European side, he stood to contemplate his army as they crossed under the lash. And the crossing continued during seven days and seven nights, without rest or pause.

161. The name Doriscus is given to a beach and a vast plain upon the coast of Thrace, through the middle of which flows the strong stream of the Hebrus. Here was the royal fort which is likewise called Doriscus, where Darius had maintained a Persian garrison ever since the time when he attacked the Scythians. This place seemed to Xerxes a convenient spot for reviewing and numbering his soldiers; which things accordingly he proceeded to do. The sea captains, who had brought the fleet to Doriscus, were ordered to take the vessels to the beach adjoining, where Salé stands. Here then the captains were to bring their ships, and to haul them ashore for refitting, while Xerxes at Doriscus was employed in numbering the soldiers.

162. What the exact number of the troops of each nation was I cannot say with certainty—for it is not mentioned by anyone—but the whole land army together was found to amount to one million seven hundred thousand men. The manner in which the numbering took place was the following. A body of ten thousand men was brought to a certain place, and the men were made to stand as close together as possible; after which a circle was drawn around them, and the men were let go: then where the circle had been, a fence was built about the height of a man's middle; and the enclosure was filled continually with fresh troops, until the whole army had in this way been numbered. When the numbering was over, the troops were drawn up according to their several nations.

163. Now these were among the nations that took part in this expedition. The Persians, who wore on their heads the soft hat called the tiara, and about their bodies, tunics with sleeves, of divers colours, having iron scales upon them like the scales of a fish. Their legs were protected by trousers; and they bore wicker shields for bucklers; their quivers hanging at their backs, and their arms being a short spear, a bow of uncommon size, and arrows of reed.

The Medes had exactly the same equipment as the Persians; and indeed the dress common to both is not so much Persian as Median.

The Assyrians went to the war with helmets upon their heads made of brass, and plaited in a strange fashion which it is not easy to describe. They carried shields, lances, and daggers very like the Egyptian; but in addition, they had wooden clubs knotted with iron, and linen corselets.

The Sacae, or Scyths, were clad in trousers, and had on their heads

tall stiff caps rising to a point. They bore the bow of their country and the dagger; besides which they carried the battle-axe, or *sagaris*.

The Indians wore cotton dresses, and carried bows of cane, and arrows also of cane with iron at the point.

The Caspians were clad in cloaks of skin, and carried the cane bow of their country and the scimitar.

The Arabians wore the *zeira,* or long cloak, fastened about them with a girdle; and carried at their right side long bows, which when unstrung bent backwards.

The Ethiopians were clothed in the skins of leopards and lions, and had long bows made of the stem of the palm leaf, not less than four cubits in length. On these they laid short arrows made of reed, and armed at the tip, not with iron, but with a piece of stone, sharpened to a point, of the kind used in engraving seals. They carried likewise spears, the head of which was the sharpened horn of an antelope; and in addition they had knotted clubs. When they went into battle they painted their bodies, half with chalk and half with vermilion.

The Libyans wore a dress of leather, and carried javelins made hard in the fire. They had for commander Massages, the son of Oarizus.

The Paphlagonians went to the war with plaited helmets upon their heads, and carrying small shields and spears of no great size. They had also javelins and daggers, and wore on their feet the buskin of their country, which reached halfway up the shank.

The Lydians were armed very nearly in the Grecian manner.

The Thracians went to the war wearing the skins of foxes upon their heads, and about their bodies tunics, over which was thrown a long cloak of many colours. Their legs and feet were clad in buskins made from the skins of fawns; and they had for arms javelins, with light targes, and short dirks.

The Moschians wore helmets made of wood, and carried shields and spears of a small size: their spearheads, however, were long.

Of all the troops the Persians were adorned with the greatest magnificence, and they were likewise the most valiant. Besides their arms, which have been already described, they glittered all over with gold, vast quantities of which they wore about their persons. They were followed by litters, wherein rode their concubines, and by a numerous train of attendants handsomely dressed. Camels and sumpter beasts carried their provision, apart from that of the other soldiers.

164. The triremes amounted in all to twelve hundred and seven; and were furnished by the following nations:

The Phoenicians, with the Syrians of Palestine, furnished three hundred vessels.

The Cyprians furnished a hundred and fifty ships.

The Egyptians furnished two hundred ships.

The Ionians furnished a hundred ships, and were armed like the Greeks.

165. I must speak of a certain leader named Artemisia, whose participation in the attack upon Greece, notwithstanding that she was a woman, moves my special wonder. She had obtained the sovereign power after the death of her husband; and, though she had now a son grown up, yet her brave spirit and manly daring sent her forth to the war, when no need required her to adventure.

166. Now after Xerxes had sailed down the whole line and was gone ashore, he sent for Demaratus, the son of Ariston, who had accompanied him in his march upon Greece, and bespake him thus:

"Demaratus, it is my pleasure at this time to ask thee certain things which I wish to know. Thou art a Greek, and, as I hear from the other Greeks with whom I converse, no less than from thine own lips, thou art a native of a city which is not the meanest or the weakest in their land. Tell me, therefore, what thinkest thou? Will the Greeks lift a hand against us? Mine own judgment is that even if all the Greeks and all the barbarians of the West were gathered together in one place they would not be able to abide my onset."

167. Demaratus spake as follows:

"O King, since thou biddest me at all risks speak the truth, and not say what will one day prove me to have lied to thee, thus I answer. First then, come what may, they will never accept thy terms, which would reduce Greece to slavery; and further, they are sure to join battle with thee, though all the rest of the Greeks should submit to thy will. As for their numbers, do not ask how many they are, that their resistance should be a possible thing; for if a thousand of them should take the field, they will meet thee in battle, and so will any number, be it less than this, or be it more."

168. When Xerxes heard this answer of Demaratus, he laughed and answered, "What wild words, Demaratus! A thousand men join battle with such an army as this! If you Greeks, who vaunt yourselves so much, are of a truth men like those whom I have seen about my court, as thyself, Demaratus, and the others with whom I am wont to converse—if, I say, you are really men of this sort and size, how is the speech that thou hast uttered more than a mere empty boast? For, to go to the very verge of likelihood—how could a thousand men, or ten thousand, or even fifty thousand, particularly if they were all alike free, and not under one lord—how could such a force, I say, stand against an army like mine? Let them be five thousand, and we shall have more than a thousand men to each one of theirs. If, indeed, like our troops, they had a single master, their fear of him might make them courageous beyond their natural bent; or they might be urged by lashes against an enemy which far outnumbered them. But left to their own free choice, assuredly they will act differently. For mine own part, I believe that if the Greeks had to contend with the Persians only, and the numbers were equal on both sides, the Greeks would find it hard to stand their ground."

169. Demaratus answered him, "I knew, O King, at the outset, that if

I told thee the truth my speech would displease thine ears. But as thou didst require me to answer thee with all possible truthfulness, I informed thee what the Spartans will do. And in this I spake not from any love that I bear them—for none knows better than thou what my love towards them is likely to be at the present time, when they have robbed me of my rank and my ancestral honours, and made me a homeless exile, whom thy father did receive, bestowing on me both shelter and sustenance. The Lacedaemonians, when they fight singly, are as good men as any in the world, and when they fight in a body are the bravest of all. For though they be freemen, they are not in all respects free; Law is the master whom they own; and this master they fear more than thy subjects fear thee. Whatever he commands they do; and his commandment is always the same: it forbids them to flee in battle, whatever the number of their foes, and requires them to stand firm, and either to conquer or die. If in these words, O King, I seem to thee to speak foolishly, I am content from this time forward evermore to hold my peace. I had not now spoken unless compelled by thee. Certes, I pray that all may turn out according to thy wishes." Such was the answer of Demaratus; and Xerxes was not angry with him at all, but only laughed, and sent him away with words of kindness.

170. The expedition of the Persian king, though it was in name directed against Athens, threatened really the whole of Greece. And of this the Greeks were aware some time before; but they did not all view the matter in the same light. Some of them had given the Persian earth and water, and were bold on this account, deeming themselves thereby secured against suffering hurt from the barbarian army; while others, who had refused compliance, were thrown into extreme alarm. For whereas they considered all the ships in Greece too few to engage the enemy, it was plain that the greater number of states would take no part in the war, but warmly favoured the Medes.

171. And here I feel constrained to deliver an opinion, which most men, I know, will mislike, but which, as it seems to me to be true, I am determined not to withhold. Had the Athenians, from fear of the approaching danger, quitted their country, or had they without quitting it submitted to the power of Xerxes, there would certainly have been no attempt to resist the Persians by sea; in which case the course of events by land would have been the following. Though the Peloponnesians might have carried ever so many breastworks across the Isthmus, yet their allies would have fallen off from the Lacedaemonians, not by voluntary desertion, but because town after town must have been taken by the fleet of the barbarians; and so the Lacedaemonians would at last have stood alone, and, standing alone, would have displayed prodigies of valour and died nobly. For I cannot understand of what possible use the walls across the Isthmus could have been if the king had had the mastery of the sea. If then a man should now say that the Athenians were the saviours of Greece, he would not exceed the truth. For they truly held the scales; and whichever side they espoused must have carried the day. They too it was

who, when they had determined to maintain the freedom of Greece, roused up that portion of the Greek nation which had not gone over to the Medes; and so, next to the gods, *they* repulsed the invader. Even the terrible oracles which reached them from Delphi, and struck fear into their hearts, failed to persuade them to fly from Greece. They had the courage to remain faithful to their land and await the coming of the foe.

172. When the Athenians, anxious to consult the oracle, sent their messengers to Delphi, hardly had the envoys completed the customary rites about the sacred precinct and taken their seats inside the sanctuary of the god when the Pythoness, Aristonicé by name, thus prophesied:

"Pallas has not been able to soften the lord of Olympus,
Though she has often prayed him, and urged him with excellent counsel.
Yet once more I address thee in words than adamant firmer.
When the foe shall have taken whatever the limit of Cecrops
Holds within it, and all which divine Cithaeron shelters,
Then far-seeing Jove grants this to the prayers of Athenê:
Safe shall the wooden wall continue for thee and thy children.
Wait not the tramp of the horse, nor the footmen mightily moving
Over the land, but turn your back to the foe, and retire ye.
Yet shall a day arrive when ye shall meet him in battle.
Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,
When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest."

173. This answer seemed, as indeed it was, gentler than the former one; so the envoys wrote it down and went back with it to Athens. When, however, upon their arrival, they produced it before the people, and inquiry began to be made into its true meaning, many and various were the interpretations which men put on it; two, more especially, seemed to be directly opposed to one another. Certain of the old men were of opinion that the god meant to tell them the citadel would escape; for this was anciently defended by a palisade; and they supposed that barrier to be the "wooden wall" of the oracle. Others maintained that the fleet was what the god pointed at; and their advice was that nothing should be thought of except the ships, which had best be at once got ready. Still such as said the "wooden wall" meant the fleet were perplexed by the last two lines of the oracle:

"Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,
When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest."

174. Themistocles had before this given a counsel which prevailed very seasonably. The Athenians, having a large sum of money in their treasury, the produce of the mines at Laureium, were about to share it among the full-grown citizens, who would have received ten drachmas apiece, when Themistocles persuaded them to forbear the distribution and build with the money two hundred ships, to help them in their war against the Eginetans. It was the breaking out of the Eginetan war which was at this time the saving of Greece; for hereby were the Athenians forced to become a maritime power. The new ships were not used for the

purpose for which they had been built, but became a help to Greece in her hour of need. And the Athenians had not only these vessels ready before the war, but they likewise set to work to build more; while they determined, in a council which was held after the debate upon the oracle, that, according to the advice of the god, they would embark their whole force aboard their ships and, with such Greeks as chose to join them, give battle to the barbarian invader. Such, then, were the oracles which had been received by the Athenians.

175. The Greeks who were well affected to the Grecian cause, having assembled in one place, and there consulted together, and interchanged pledges with each other, agreed that, before any other step was taken, the feuds and enmities which existed between the different nations should first of all be appeased. Many such there were; but one was of more importance than the rest, namely, the war which was still going on between the Athenians and the Eginetans. When this business was concluded, understanding that Xerxes had reached Sardis with his army, they resolved to despatch spies into Asia to take note of the king's affairs. These men reached Sardis and took note of the king's forces, but, being discovered, were examined by order of the generals who commanded the land army, and, having been condemned to suffer death, were led out to execution. Xerxes, however, when the news reached him, disapproving the sentence of the generals, sent some of his bodyguard with instructions, if they found the spies still alive, to bring them into his presence. The messengers found the spies alive and brought them before the king, who, when he heard the purpose for which they had come, gave orders to his guards to take them round the camp and show them all the footmen and all the horse, letting them gaze at everything to their hearts' content; then, when they were satisfied, to send them away unharmed to whatever country they desired.

176. For these orders Xerxes gave afterwards the following reasons. Had the spies been put to death, he said, the Greeks would have continued ignorant of the vastness of his army, which surpassed the common report of it; while he would have done them a very small injury by killing three of their men. On the other hand, by the return of the spies to Greece, his power would become known; and the Greeks, he expected, would make surrender of their freedom before he began his march, by which means his troops would be saved all the trouble of an expedition.

177. The Greeks who had banded themselves together against the Persian king, after despatching the spies into Asia, sent next ambassadors to Argos. And this answer was returned to their demands: "Argos is ready to do as ye require, if the Lacedaemonians will first make a truce for thirty years and will further divide with Argos the leadership of the allied army. Although in strict right the whole command should be hers, she will be content to have the leadership divided equally." The Argives knew well that the Lacedaemonians would never yield, and so they would have a pretext for taking no part in the war.

178. Other ambassadors, among whom was Syagrus from Lacedaemon, were sent by the allies into Sicily, with instructions to confer with Gelo.

When the Greek envoys reached Syracuse, and were admitted to an audience, they spoke as follows:

"We have been sent hither by the Lacedaemonians and Athenians, with their respective allies, to ask thee to join us against the barbarian. Do thou therefore, we beseech thee, aid those who would maintain the freedom of Greece and thyself assist to free her; since the power which thou wieldest is great, and thy portion in Greece, as lord of Sicily, is no small one. For if all Greece join together in one, there will be a mighty host collected, and we shall be a match for our assailants; but if some turn traitors, and others refuse their aid, and only a small part of the whole body remains sound, then there is reason to fear that all Greece may perish. For do not thou cherish a hope that the Persian, when he has conquered our country, will be content and not advance against thee."

Thus spake the envoys; and Gelo replied with vehemence:

"Greeks, ye have had the face to come here with selfish words and exhort me to join in league with you against the barbarian. Yet when I erewhile asked you to join with me in fighting barbarians, you neither came hither to give me succour, nor yet to revenge Dorieus; but, for any efforts on your part to hinder it, these countries might at this time have been entirely under the barbarians. Now, however, that matters have prospered and gone well with me, while the danger has shifted its ground and at present threatens yourselves, lo! you call Gelo to mind. But though ye slighted me then, I will not imitate you now: I am ready to give you aid, and to furnish as my contribution two hundred triremes, twenty thousand men-at-arms, two thousand cavalry, and an equal number of archers, slingers, and light horsemen, together with corn for the whole Grecian army so long as the war shall last. These services, however, I promise on one condition—that ye appoint me chief captain and commander of the Grecian forces during the war with the barbarian. Unless ye agree to this, I will neither send succours nor come myself."

179. Then the Greek envoys, without having any further dealings with Gelo, sailed away home. And Gelo, who feared that the Greeks would be too weak to withstand the barbarians, and yet could not anyhow bring himself to go to the Peloponnese, and there, though king of Sicily, serve under the Lacedaemonians, left off altogether to contemplate that course of action, and betook himself to quite a different plan. They, however, who dwell in Sicily say that Gelo, though he knew that he must serve under the Lacedaemonians, would nevertheless have come to the aid of the Greeks, had not it been for Têrillus, the son of Crinippus, king of Himera; who brought into Sicily at this very time an army of three hundred thousand men, Phoenicians, Libyans, Iberians, Ligurians, Helisycians, Sardinians, and Corsicans, under the command of Hamilcar, the son of Hanno, king of the Carthaginians. They say, too, that the victory

of Gelo and Thero in Sicily over Hamilcar the Carthaginian fell out upon the very day that the Greeks defeated the Persians at Salamis.

180. As for the Corcyraeans, whom the envoys that visited Sicily took in their way, and to whom they delivered the same message as to Gelo—their answers and actions were the following. With great readiness they promised to come and give their help to the Greeks; declaring that the ruin of Greece was a thing which they could not tamely stand by to see; for should she fall, they must the very next day submit to slavery; so that they were bound to assist her to the very uttermost of their power. But notwithstanding that they answered so smoothly, yet when the time came for the succours to be sent, they were of quite a different mind; and though they manned sixty ships, it was long ere they put to sea with them; and when they had so done, they went no further than the Peloponnese, where they lay to with their fleet, off the Lacedaemonian coast, about Pylos and Taenarum—like Gelo, watching to see what turn the war would take.

181. The Greeks took counsel together and considered where they should fix the war, and what places they should occupy. The opinion which prevailed was that they should guard the pass of Thermopylae; since it was narrower than the Thessalian defile, and at the same time nearer to them. This pass then it was determined that they should guard, in order to prevent the barbarians from penetrating into Greece through it; and at the same time it was resolved that the fleet should proceed to Artemisium, in the region of Histiaeôtis; for, as those places are near to one another, it would be easy for the fleet and army to hold communication. Weighing well all that was likely to happen, and considering that in this region the barbarians could make no use of their vast numbers, nor of their cavalry, they resolved to await here the invader of Greece. And when news reached them of the Persians being in Pieria, straightway they broke up from the Isthmus and proceeded, some on foot to Thermopylae, others by sea to Artemisium. The Greeks made all speed to reach the two stations.

182. The fleet of Xerxes now departed from Therma, sailed to the Magnesian territory, and there occupied the strip of coast between the city of Casthanaea and Cape Sepias. But at dawn of day calm and stillness gave place to a raging sea and a violent storm, which fell upon them with a strong gale from the east—a wind which the people in those parts call Hellespontias. Such of them as perceived the wind rising, and were so moored as to allow of it, forestalled the tempest by dragging their ships up on the beach, and in this way saved both themselves and their vessels. But the ships which the storm caught out at sea were driven ashore, some of them near the place called Ipni, or "The Ovens," at the foot of Pelion; others on the strand itself; others again about Cape Sepias; while a portion were dashed to pieces near the cities of Meliboea and Casthanaea. There was no resisting the tempest.

183. Such as put the loss of the Persian fleet in this storm at the

lowest say that four hundred of their ships were destroyed, that a countless multitude of men were slain, and a vast treasure engulfed. Ameinocles, the son of Crêtines, a Magnesian, who farmed land near Cape Sepias, found the wreck of these vessels a source of great gain to him; many were the gold and silver drinking cups, cast up long afterwards by the surf, which he gathered; while treasure boxes, too, which had belonged to the Persians, and golden articles of all kinds and beyond count, came into his possession. Ameinocles grew to be a man of great wealth in this way. As for the number of the provision craft and other merchant ships which perished, it was beyond count. The storm lasted three days.

184. The scouts left by the Greeks about the highlands of Euboea hastened down from their stations on the day following that whereon the storm began, and acquainted their countrymen with all that had befallen the Persian fleet. Xerxes meanwhile, with the land army, had proceeded through Thessaly and Achaea, and three days earlier had entered the territory of the Malians. He pitched his camp in the region of Malis called Trachinia, while on their side the Greeks occupied the straits. These straits the Greeks in general call Thermopylae (the Hot Gates); but the natives, and those who dwell in the neighbourhood, call them Pylae (the Gates). Here then the two armies took their stand; the one master of all the region lying north of Trachis, the other of the country extending southward of that place to the verge of the continent.

185. The Greeks who at this spot awaited the coming of Xerxes were the following: from Sparta, three hundred men-at-arms; from Arcadia, a thousand Tegeans and Mantineans, five hundred of each people; a hundred and twenty Orchomenians, from the Arcadian Orchomenus; and a thousand from other cities; from Corinth, four hundred men; from Phlius, two hundred; and from Mycenae eighty. Such was the number from the Peloponnese. There were also present, from Boeotia, seven hundred Thespians and four hundred Thebans. Besides these troops, the Locrians of Opus and the Phocians had obeyed the call of their countrymen and sent, the former all the force they had, the latter a thousand men.

186. The various nations had each captains of their own under whom they served; but the one to whom all especially looked up, and who had the command of the entire force, was the Lacedaemonian, Leonidas. The force with Leonidas was sent forward by the Spartans in advance of their main body, that the sight of them might encourage the allies to fight and hinder them from going over to the Medes, as it was likely they might have done had they seen that Sparta was backward. They intended presently, when they had celebrated the Carneian festival, which was what now kept them at home, to leave a garrison in Sparta and hasten in full force to join the army. The rest of the allies also intended to act similarly; for it happened that the Olympic festival fell exactly at this same period. None of them looked to see the contest at Thermopylae decided so speedily; wherefore they were content to send forward a mere advanced guard. Such accordingly were the intentions of the allies.

187. The Greek forces at Thermopylae, when the Persian army drew near to the entrance of the pass, were seized with fear; and a council was held to consider about a retreat. It was the wish of the Peloponnesians generally that the army should fall back upon the Peloponnese, and there guard the Isthmus. But Leonidas, who saw with what indignation the Phocians and Locrians heard of this plan, gave his voice for remaining where they were.

188. While this debate was going on, Xerxes sent a mounted spy to observe the Greeks and note how many they were and see what they were doing. It chanced that at this time the Lacedaemonians held the outer guard and were seen by the spy, some of them engaged in gymnastic exercises, others combing their long hair. At this the spy greatly marvelled, but he counted their number, and when he had taken accurate note of everything, he rode back quietly; for no one pursued after him nor paid any heed to his visit. Xerxes, who had no means of surmising the truth—namely, that the Spartans were preparing to do or die manfully—but thought it laughable that they should be engaged in such employments, sent and called to his presence Demaratus, the son of Ariston, who still remained with the army. Then Demaratus said, "When we had but just begun our march upon Greece, thou didst only laugh at my words, when I told thee of this, which I saw would come to pass. These men have come to dispute the pass with us; and it is for this that they are now making ready. 'Tis their custom, when they are about to hazard their lives, to adorn their heads with care."

189. But Xerxes was not persuaded any the more. Four whole days he suffered to go by, expecting that the Greeks would run away. When, however, he found on the fifth that they were not gone, thinking that their firm stand was mere impudence and recklessness, he grew wroth and sent against them the Medes and Cissians, with orders to take them alive and bring them into his presence. Then the Medes rushed forward and charged the Greeks, but fell in vast numbers; others, however, took the places of the slain and would not be beaten off, though they suffered terrible losses. In this way it became clear to all, and especially to the king, that though he had plenty of combatants he had but very few warriors. The struggle, however, continued during the whole day.

190. Then the Medes, having met so rough a reception, withdrew from the fight; and their place was taken by the band of Persians under Hydarnes, whom the king called his "Immortals": they, it was thought, would soon finish the business. But when they joined battle with the Greeks, 'twas with no better success than the Median detachment—things went much as before—the two armies fighting in a narrow space, and the barbarians using shorter spears than the Greeks, and having no advantage from their numbers.

191. During these assaults, it is said that Xerxes, who was watching the battle, thrice leaped from the throne on which he sat, in terror for his army.

Next day the combat was renewed, but with no better success on the part of the barbarians. The Greeks were so few that the barbarians hoped to find them disabled, by reason of their wounds, from offering any further resistance; and so they once more attacked them. But the Greeks were drawn up in detachments according to their cities, and bore the brunt of the battle in turns—all except the Phocians, who had been stationed on the mountain to guard the pathway. So, when the Persians found no difference between that day and the preceding, they again retired to their quarters.

192. Now, as the king was in a great strait, and knew not how he should deal with the emergency, Ephialtes, the son of Eurydêmus, a man of Malis, came to him and was admitted to a conference. Stirred by the hope of receiving a rich reward at the king's hands, he had come to tell him of the pathway which led across the mountain to Thermopylae; by which disclosure he brought destruction on the band of Greeks who had there withstood the barbarians.

193. Great was the joy of Xerxes on this occasion; and as he approved highly of the enterprise which Ephialtes undertook to accomplish, he forthwith sent upon the errand Hydarnes, and the Persians under him. The troops left the camp about the time of the lighting of the lamps. The Persians took this path and, crossing the Asôpus, continued their march through the whole of the night, having the mountains of Oeta on their right hand, and on their left those of Trachis. At dawn of day they found themselves close to the summit. Now the hill was guarded by a thousand Phocian men-at-arms, who were placed there to defend the pathway and at the same time to secure their own country.

194. The ascent of the Persians became known to the Phocians in the following manner. During all the time that they were making their way up, the Greeks remained unconscious of it, inasmuch as the whole mountain was covered with groves of oak; but it happened that the air was very still, and the leaves which the Persians stirred with their feet made, as it was likely they would, a loud rustling, whereupon the Phocians jumped up and flew to seize their arms. In a moment the barbarians came in sight, and, perceiving men arming themselves, were greatly amazed; for they had fallen in with an enemy when they expected no opposition. The Phocians, galled by the showers of arrows to which they were exposed, and imagining themselves the special object of the Persian attack, fled hastily to the crest of the mountain and there made ready to meet death; but while their mistake continued, the Persians, with Ephialtes and Hydarnes, not thinking it worth their while to delay on account of Phocians, passed on and descended the mountain with all possible speed.

195. The Greeks at Thermopylae received the first warning of the destruction which the dawn would bring on them from the seer Megistias, who read their fate in the victims as he was sacrificing. After this deserters came in and brought the news that the Persians were marching round by the hills: it was still night when these men arrived. Last of all, the

scouts came running down from the heights and brought in the same accounts, when the day was just beginning to break. Then the Greeks held a council to consider what they should do, and here opinions were divided: some were strong against quitting their post, while others contended to the contrary. So when the council had broken up, part of the troops departed and went their ways homeward to their several states; part, however, resolved to remain, and to stand by Leonidas to the last.

196. It is said that Leonidas himself sent away the troops who departed, because he tendered their safety, but thought it unseemly that either he or his Spartans should quit the post which they had been especially sent to guard. For my own part, I incline to think that Leonidas gave the order, because he perceived the allies to be out of heart and unwilling to encounter the danger to which his own mind was made up.

197. So the allies, when Leonidas ordered them to retire, obeyed him and forthwith departed. Only the Thespians and the Thebans remained with the Spartans; and of these the Thebans were kept back by Leonidas as hostages, very much against their will. The Thespians, on the contrary, stayed entirely of their own accord, refusing to retreat and declaring that they would not forsake Leonidas and his followers. So they abode with the Spartans and died with them.

198. At sunrise Xerxes made libations, after which he waited until the time when the forum is wont to fill, and then began his advance. The Greeks under Leonidas, as they now went forth determined to die, advanced much further than on previous days, until they reached the more open portion of the pass. Hitherto they had held their station within the wall, and from this had gone forth to fight at the point where the pass was the narrowest. Now they joined battle beyond the defile and carried slaughter among the barbarians, who fell in heaps. Behind them the captains of the squadrons, armed with whips, urged their men forward with continual blows. Many were thrust into the sea and there perished; a still greater number were trampled to death by their own soldiers; no one heeded the dying. For the Greeks, reckless of their own safety and desperate, since they knew that, as the mountain had been crossed, their destruction was nigh at hand, exerted themselves with the most furious valour against the barbarians.

199. By this time the spears of the greater number were all shivered, and with their swords they hewed down the ranks of the Persians; and here, as they strove, Leonidas fell fighting bravely, together with many other famous Spartans. There fell, too, at the same time very many famous Persians: among them, two sons of Darius. Thus two brothers of Xerxes here fought and fell. And now there arose a fierce struggle between the Persians and the Lacedaemonians over the body of Leonidas, in which the Greeks four times drove back the enemy, and at last by their great bravery succeeded in bearing off the body. This combat was scarcely ended when the Persians with Ephialtes approached; and the Greeks, informed that they drew nigh, made a change in the manner of their fighting. Drawing

back into the narrowest part of the pass, and retreating even behind the cross wall, they posted themselves upon a hillock, where they stood all drawn up together in one close body, except only the Thebans. Here they defended themselves to the last, such as still had swords using them, and the others resisting with their hands and teeth; till the barbarians, who in part had pulled down the wall and attacked them in front, in part had gone round and now encircled them upon every side, overwhelmed and buried the remnant which was left beneath showers of missile weapons.

200. From the first, even earlier than the time when the embassy went to Sicily to solicit alliance, there had been a talk of entrusting the Athenians with the command at sea; but the allies were averse to the plan, wherefore the Athenians did not press it; for there was nothing they had so much at heart as the salvation of Greece, and they knew that if they quarrelled among themselves about the command Greece would be brought to ruin. At the present time the Greeks, on their arrival at Artemisium, when they saw the number of the ships which lay at anchor near Aphetae, and the abundance of troops everywhere, began to speak of drawing back from Artemisium towards the inner parts of their country. The barbarians reached Aphetae early in the afternoon and then saw (as they had previously heard reported) that a fleet of Greek ships, weak in number, lay at Artemisium. At once they were eager to engage, fearing that the Greeks would fly and hoping to capture them before they should get away.

201. They therefore contrived a plan, which was the following. They detached two hundred of their ships from the rest and—to prevent the enemy from seeing them start—sent them round outside the island of Sciathos, to make the circuit of Euboea. By this plan they thought to enclose the Greeks on every side; for the ships detached would block up the only way by which they could retreat, while the others would press upon them in front. With these designs therefore they despatched the two hundred ships, while they themselves waited—since they did not mean to attack the Greeks upon that day, or until they knew, by signal, of the arrival of the detachment which had been ordered to sail round Euboea. Meanwhile they made a muster of the other ships at Aphetae.

202. Now the Persians had with them a man named Scyllias, a native of Sciônê, who was the most expert diver of his day. He had for some time been wishing to go over to the Greeks; but no good opportunity had offered till now, when the Persians were making the muster of their ships. In what way he contrived to reach the Greeks I am not able to say for certain. However, Scyllias no sooner reached Artemisium than he gave the Greek captains a full account of the damage done by the storm, and likewise told them of the ships sent to make the circuit of Euboea. So the Greeks on receiving these tidings held a council, whereat they formed a new plan, which was to wait till near evening, and then sail out against the main body of the barbarians, for the purpose of trying their mode of fight and skill in manoeuvring.

203. When the Persian commanders and crews saw the Greeks thus boldly sailing towards them with their few ships, they thought them possessed with madness and went out to meet them, expecting (as indeed seemed likely enough) that they would take all their vessels with the greatest ease. The Greek ships were so few, and their own so far outnumbered them and sailed so much better that they resolved, seeing their advantage, to encompass their foe on every side.

204. The Greeks, at a signal, brought the sterns of their ships together into a small compass and turned their prows on every side towards the barbarians; after which, at a second signal, although inclosed within a narrow space and closely pressed upon by the foe, yet they fell bravely to work and captured thirty ships of the barbarians. Victory, however, was still doubtful when night came on and put a stop to the combat. The Greeks sailed back to Artemisium; and the barbarians returned to Aphetae, much surprised at the result, which was far other than they had looked for.

205. Evening had barely closed in when a heavy rain—it was about midsummer—began to fall, which continued the whole night, with terrible thunderings and lightnings from Mount Pelion: the bodies of the slain and the broken pieces of the damaged ships were drifted in the direction of Aphetae and floated about the prows of the vessels there, disturbing the action of the oars. The barbarians, hearing the storm, were greatly dismayed, expecting certainly to perish, as they had fallen into such a multitude of misfortunes.

206. If, however, they who lay at Aphetae passed a comfortless night, far worse were the sufferings of those who had been sent to make the circuit of Euboea, inasmuch as the storm fell on them out at sea, whereby the issue was indeed calamitous. They were sailing along near the Hollows of Euboea when the wind began to rise and the rain to pour: overpowered by the force of the gale, and driven they knew not whither, at the last they fell upon rocks—Heaven so contriving in order that the Persian fleet might not greatly exceed the Greek but be brought nearly to its level. This squadron, therefore, was entirely lost about the Hollows of Euboea.

207. The barbarians at Aphetae were glad when day dawned, and remained in quiet at their station, content if they might enjoy a little peace after so many sufferings. Meanwhile there came to the aid of the Greeks a reinforcement of fifty-three ships from Attica. Their arrival, and the news (which reached Artemisium about the same time) of the complete destruction by the storm of the ships sent to sail round Euboea, greatly cheered the spirits of the Greek sailors. So they waited again till the same hour as the day before and, once more putting out to sea, attacked the enemy. This time they fell in with some Cilician vessels, which they sank; when night came on, they withdrew to Artemisium.

208. The third day was now come, and the captains of the barbarians, ashamed that so small a number of ships should harass their fleet, and afraid of the anger of Xerxes, instead of waiting for the others to begin

the battle, weighed anchor themselves, and advanced against the Greeks about the hour of noon, with shouts encouraging one another. Now it happened that these sea fights took place on the very same days with the combats at Thermopylae; and as the aim of the struggle was in the one case to maintain the pass, so in the other it was to defend the Euripus.

209. The Greeks, when they saw this, sailed out to meet their assailants; and the battle forthwith began. In this engagement the two fleets contended with no clear advantage to either—for the armament of Xerxes injured itself by its own greatness, the vessels falling into disorder, and ofttimes running foul of one another; yet still they did not give way, but made a stout fight, since the crews felt it would indeed be a disgrace to turn and fly from a fleet so inferior in number. The Greeks therefore suffered much, both in ships and men; but the barbarians experienced a far larger loss of each. So the fleets separated after such a combat as I have described. Abrônychus now arrived with news of what had befallen Leonidas and those who were with him. When the Greeks heard the tidings they no longer delayed to retreat, but withdrew in the order wherein they had been stationed, the Corinthians leading, and the Athenians sailing last of all.

210. There came now a few deserters from Arcadia to join the Persians—poor men who had nothing to live on and were in want of employment. The Persians brought them into the king's presence and there inquired of them, by a man who acted as their spokesman, what the Greeks were doing. The Arcadians answered, "They are holding the Olympic games, seeing the athletic sports and the chariot races." "And what," said the man, "is the prize for which they contend?" "An olive wreath," returned the others, "which is given to the man who wins." On hearing this, Tritantaechmes, the son of Artabanus, could not forbear from exclaiming before them all: "Good heavens! Mardonius, what manner of men are these against whom thou hast brought us to fight? Men who contend with one another, not for money, but for honour!"

211. The march of the army lay along the valley of the Cephissus; and here they ravaged far and wide, burning the towns of Drymus, Charadra, Erôchus, Tethrônium, Amphicaea, Neon, Pedieis, Triteis, Elateia, Hyampolis, Parapotamii, and Abae. At the last-named place there was a temple of Apollo, very rich, and adorned with a vast number of treasures and offerings. There was likewise an oracle there in those days, as indeed there is at the present time. This temple the Persians plundered and burnt; and here they captured a number of the Phocians before they could reach the hills, and caused the death of some of their women by ill usage.

212. After passing Parapotamii, the barbarians marched to Panopeis; and now the army separated into two bodies, whereof one, which was the more numerous and the stronger of the two, marched, under Xerxes himself, towards Athens. The other division took guides, and proceeded towards the temple of Delphi, keeping Mount Parnassus on their right hand. They too laid waste such parts of Phôcis as they passed through,

burning the city of the Panopeans, together with those of the Daulians and of the Aeolidae. This body had been detached from the rest of the army and made to march in this direction, for the purpose of plundering the Delphian temple and conveying to King Xerxes the riches which were there laid up.

213. Meanwhile, the Grecian fleet, which had left Artemisium, proceeded to Salamis, at the request of the Athenians, and there cast anchor. The Athenians had begged them to take up this position in order that they might convey their women and children out of Attica, and further might deliberate upon the course which it now behoved them to follow. Disappointed in the hopes which they had previously entertained, they were about to hold a council concerning the present posture of their affairs. For they had looked to see the Peloponnesians drawn up in full force to resist the enemy in Boeotia, but found nothing of what they had expected; nay, they learnt that the Greeks of those parts, only concerning themselves about their own safety, were building a wall across the Isthmus, and intended to guard the Peloponnese, and let the rest of Greece take its chance. These tidings caused them to make the request whereof I spoke, that the combined fleet should anchor at Salamis.

214. So while the rest of the fleet lay to off this island, the Athenians cast anchor along their own coast. Immediately upon their arrival, proclamation was made that every Athenian should save his children and household as he best could; whereupon some sent their families to Egina, some to Salamis, but the greater number to Troezen. This removal was made with all possible haste.

215. And now the remainder of the Grecian sea force, hearing that the fleet which had been at Artemisium was come to Salamis, joined it at that island from Troezen—orders having been issued previously that the ships should muster at Pôgon, the port of the Troezenians. The vessels collected were many more in number than those which had fought at Artemisium, and were furnished by more cities. The admiral was the same who had commanded before, to wit, Eurybiades, the son of Eurycleides, who was a Spartan, but not of the family of the kings: the city, however, which sent by far the greatest number of ships, and the best sailors, was Athens.

216. When the captains from these various nations were come together at Salamis, a council of war was summoned; and Eurybiades proposed that anyone who liked to advise should say which place seemed to him the fittest, among those still in the possession of the Greeks, to be the scene of a naval combat. Attica, he said, was not to be thought of now; but he desired their counsel as to the remainder. The speakers mostly advised that the fleet should sail away to the Isthmus and there give battle in defence of the Peloponnese; and they urged as a reason for this that if they were worsted in a sea fight at Salamis they would be shut up in an island where they could get no help; but if they were beaten near the Isthmus, they could escape to their homes.

217. As the captains from the Peloponnese were thus advising, there came an Athenian to the camp, who brought word that the barbarians had entered Attica and were ravaging and burning everything. For the division of the army under Xerxes was just arrived at Athens. They found the city forsaken; a few people only remained in the temple, either keepers of the treasures or men of the poorer sort. These persons, having fortified the citadel with planks and boards, held out against the enemy. Right in front of the citadel, but behind the gates and the common ascent—where no watch was kept, and no one would have thought it possible that any foot of man could climb—a few soldiers mounted from the sanctuary of Aglaurus, Cecrops' daughter, notwithstanding the steepness of the precipice. As soon as the Athenians saw them upon the summit, some threw themselves headlong from the wall and so perished; while others fled for refuge to the inner part of the temple. The Persians rushed to the gates and opened them, after which they massacred the suppliants. When all were slain, they plundered the temple and fired every part of the citadel. Xerxes was thus completely master of Athens.

218. Meanwhile, at Salamis, the Greeks no sooner heard what had befallen the Athenian citadel than they fell into such alarm that some of the captains did not even wait for the council to come to a vote, but embarked hastily on board their vessels and hoisted sail as though they would take to flight immediately. The rest, who stayed at the council board, came to a vote that the fleet should give battle at the Isthmus. Night now drew on; and the captains, dispersing from the meeting, proceeded on board their respective ships.

219. Themistocles, as he entered his own vessel, was met by Mnesiphilus, an Athenian. On learning that the resolve was to stand away for the Isthmus, and there give battle on behalf of the Peloponnese, Mnesiphilus exclaimed:

"If these men sail away from Salamis, thou wilt have no fight at all for the one fatherland; for they will all scatter themselves to their own homes; and neither Eurybiades nor anyone else will be able to hinder them, nor to stop the breaking up of the armament. Thus will Greece be brought to ruin through evil counsels. But haste thee now; and, if there be any possible way, seek to unsettle these resolves—mayhap thou mightest persuade Eurybiades to change his mind and continue here."

220. The suggestion greatly pleased Themistocles; and without answering a word, he went straight to the vessel of Eurybiades. Arrived there, he let him know that he wanted to speak with him on a matter touching the public service. So Eurybiades bade him come on board and say whatever he wished. Then Themistocles, seating himself at his side, went over all the arguments which he had heard from Mnesiphilus, pretending as if they were his own, and added to them many new ones besides; until at last he persuaded Eurybiades, by his importunity, to quit his ship and again collect the captains to council.

221. As soon as they were come, and before Eurybiades had opened

to them his purpose in assembling them together, Themistocles, as men are wont to do when they are very anxious, spoke much to divers of them. He did not now use any of those arguments which he had urged before, or say aught of the allies betaking themselves to flight if once they broke up from Salamis; it would have been ungraceful for him, when the confederates were present, to make accusation against any: but he had recourse to quite a new sort of reasoning, and addressed him as follows:

"With thee it rests, O Eurybiades, to save Greece, if thou wilt only hearken unto me, and give the enemy battle here, rather than yield to the advice of those among us who would have the fleet withdrawn to the Isthmus. Hear now, I beseech thee, and judge between the two courses. At the Isthmus thou wilt fight in an open sea, which is greatly to our disadvantage, since our ships are heavier and fewer in number than the enemy's; and further, thou wilt in any case lose Salamis, Megara, and Egina, even if all the rest goes well with us. The land and sea force of the Persians will advance together; and thy retreat will but draw them towards the Peloponnese, and so bring all Greece into peril. If, on the other hand, thou doest as I advise, these are the advantages which thou wilt so secure: in the first place, as we shall fight in a narrow sea with few ships against many, if the war follows the common course we shall gain a great victory; for to fight in a narrow space is favourable to us—in an open sea, to them. Again, Salamis will in this case be preserved, where we have placed our wives and children. Nay, that very point by which ye set most store is secured as much by this course as by the other; for whether we fight here or at the Isthmus, we shall equally give battle in defence of the Peloponnese."

222. After this declaration he turned to Eurybiades, and addressing him with still greater warmth and earnestness, "If thou wilt stay here," he said, "and behave like a brave man, all will be well—if not, thou wilt bring Greece to ruin. For the whole fortune of the war depends on our ships. Be thou persuaded by my words. If not, we will take our families on board and go, just as we are, to Siris, in Italy, which is ours from of old, and which the prophecies declare we are to colonize some day or other. You then, when you have lost allies like us, will hereafter call to mind what I have now said."

223. At these words of Themistocles, Eurybiades changed his determination; principally, as I believe, because he feared that if he withdrew the fleet to the Isthmus the Athenians would sail away, and knew that without the Athenians the rest of their ships could be no match for the fleet of the enemy. He therefore decided to remain and give battle at Salamis.

224. And now the different chiefs, notwithstanding their skirmish of words, on learning the decision of Eurybiades, at once made ready for the fight. In my judgment the Persian forces both by land and sea when they invaded Attica were not less numerous than they had been on their arrival at Sêpias and Thermopylae. For as the Persians penetrated further

into Greece, they were joined continually by fresh nations. Orders were given to stand out to sea; and the ships proceeded towards Salamis and took up the stations to which they were directed, without let or hindrance from the enemy. The day, however, was too far spent for them to begin the battle, since night already approached: so they prepared to engage upon the morrow.

225. The same night the land army of the barbarians began its march towards the Peloponnese, where, however, all that was possible had been done to prevent the enemy from forcing an entrance by land. As soon as ever news reached the Peloponnese of the death of Leonidas and his companions at Thermopylae, the inhabitants flocked together from the various cities and encamped at the Isthmus, under the command of Cleombrotus, son of Anaxandridas, and brother of Leonidas. Here their first care was to block up the Scironian Way; after which it was determined in council to build a wall across the Isthmus. As the number assembled amounted to many tens of thousands, and there was not one who did not give himself to the work, it was soon finished.

226. So the Greeks at the Isthmus toiled unceasingly, as though in the greatest peril; since they never imagined that any great success would be gained by the fleet. The Greeks at Salamis, on the other hand, when they heard what the rest were about, felt greatly alarmed; but their fear was not so much for themselves as for the Peloponnese. As first they conversed together in low tones; but presently the smothered feeling broke out, and another assembly was held; whereat the old subjects provoked much talk from the speakers, one side maintaining that it was best to sail to the Peloponnese and risk battle for that, instead of abiding at Salamis and fighting for a land already taken by the enemy; while the other, which consisted of the Athenians, Eginetans, and Megarians, was urgent to remain and have the battle fought where they were.

227. Then Themistocles, when he saw that the Peloponnesians would carry the vote against him, went out secretly from the council and, instructing a certain man what he should say, sent him on board a merchant ship to the fleet of the Medes.

228. Meanwhile, among the captains at Salamis, the strife of words grew fierce. In the midst of their contention Aristides, the son of Lysimachus, who had crossed from Egina, arrived in Salamis. He was an Athenian and had been ostracized by the commonalty; yet I believe, from what I have heard concerning his character, that there was not in all Athens a man so worthy or so just as he. He now came to the council and, standing outside, called for Themistocles. Now Themistocles was not his friend, but his most determined enemy. However, under the pressure of the great dangers impending, Aristides forgot their feud and called Themistocles out of the council, since he wished to confer with him. He had heard before his arrival of the impatience of the Peloponnesians to withdraw the fleet to the Isthmus. As soon therefore as Themistocles came forth, Aristides addressed him in these words:

"Our rivalry at all times, and especially at the present season, ought to be a struggle which of us shall most advantage our country. Let me then say to thee that, so far as regards the departure of the Peloponnesians from this place, much talk and little will be found precisely alike. I have seen with my own eyes that which I now report: that, however much the Corinthians or Eurybiades himself may wish it, they cannot now retreat; for we are enclosed on every side by the enemy. Go into them and make this known."

229. "Thy advice is excellent," answered the other; "and thy tidings are also good. That which I earnestly desired to happen, thine eyes have beheld accomplished. Know that what the Medes have now done was at my instance; for it was necessary, as our men would not fight here of their own free will, to make them fight whether they would or no. But come now, as thou hast brought the good news, go in and tell it."

230. Then Aristides entered the assembly and spoke to the captains. But while they still doubted, a Tenian trireme, commanded by Panaetius, the son of Sôsimenes, deserted from the Persians and joined the Greeks, bringing full intelligence. The Greeks now, not doubting what the Tenians told them, made ready for the coming fight. The fleet had scarce left the land when they were attacked by the barbarians. At once most of the Greeks began to back water and were about touching the shore when Ameinias of Pallêné, one of the Athenian captains, darted forth in front of the line and charged a ship of the enemy. The two vessels became entangled and could not separate, whereupon the rest of the fleet came up to help Ameinias and engaged with the Persians. Such is the account which the Athenians give of the way in which the battle began; but the Eginetans maintain that the vessel which had been to Egina for the Aeacidae was the one that brought on the fight.

231. Far the greater number of the Persians ships engaged in this battle were disabled, either by the Athenians or by the Eginetans. For as the Greeks fought in order and kept their line, while the barbarians were in confusion and had no plan in anything that they did, the issue of the battle could scarce be other than it was. Yet the Persians fought far more bravely here than at Euboea, and indeed surpassed themselves; each did his utmost through fear of Xerxes, for each thought that the king's eye was upon himself.

232. There fell in this combat Ariabignes, one of the chief commanders of the fleet, who was son of Darius and brother of Xerxes; and with him perished a vast number of men of high repute, Persians, Medes, and allies. Of the Greeks there died only a few; for, as they were able to swim, all those that were not slain outright by the enemy escaped from the sinking vessels and swam across to Salamis. But on the side of the barbarians more perished by drowning than in any other way, since they did not know how to swim. The great destruction took place when the ships which had been first engaged began to fly; for they who were stationed in the rear, anxious to display their valour before the eyes of the

king, made every effort to force their way to the front, and thus became entangled with such of their own vessels as were retreating. During the whole time of the battle Xerxes sat at the base of the hill called Aegaleôs, over against Salamis; and whenever he saw any of his own captains perform any worthy exploit he inquired concerning him; and the man's name was taken down by his scribes, together with the names of his father and his city.

233. When the rout of the barbarians began, and they sought to make their escape to Phalêrum, the Eginetans, awaiting them in the channel, performed exploits worthy to be recorded. Through the whole of the confused struggle the Athenians employed themselves in destroying such ships as either made resistance or fled to shore, while the Eginetans dealt with those which endeavoured to escape down the strait; so that the Persian vessels were no sooner clear of the Athenians than forthwith they fell into the hands of the Eginetan squadron. Such of the barbarian vessels as escaped from the battle fled to Phalêrum, and there sheltered themselves under the protection of the land army. The Greeks who gained the greatest glory of all in the sea fight off Salamis were the Eginetans, and after them the Athenians.

234. Xerxes, when he saw the extent of his loss, began to be afraid lest the Greeks might be counselled by the Ionians, or without their advice might determine to sail straight to the Hellespont and break down the bridges there; in which case he would be blocked up in Europe and run great risk of perishing. He therefore made up his mind to fly; but, as he wished to hide his purpose alike from the Greeks and from his own people, he set to work to carry a mound across the channel to Salamis, and at the same time began fastening a number of Phoenician merchant ships together, to serve at once for a bridge and a wall. Mardonius, however, was in no respect deceived; for long acquaintance enabled him to read all the king's thoughts. Meanwhile Xerxes, though engaged in this way, sent off a messenger to carry intelligence of his misfortune to Persia.

235. And now Mardonius, perceiving that Xerxes took the defeat of his fleet greatly to heart, and suspecting that he had made up his mind to leave Athens and fly away, began to think of the likelihood of his being visited with punishment for having persuaded the king to undertake the war. He therefore considered that it would be the best thing for him to adventure further and either become the conqueror of Greece—which was the result he rather expected—or else die gloriously after aspiring to a noble achievement. So with these thoughts in his mind, he said one day to the king: "Make not the Persians, O King, a laughingstock to the Greeks. If thy affairs have succeeded ill, it has not been by their fault; thou canst not say that thy Persians have ever shown themselves cowards. What matters it if Phoenicians and Egyptians, Cyprians and Cilicians, have misbehaved? Their misconduct touches not us. Since then thy Persians are without fault, be advised by me. Depart home, if thou art so minded, and take with thee the bulk of thy army; but first

let me choose out three hundred thousand troops, and let it be my task to bring Greece beneath thy sway." Xerxes, when he heard these words, felt a sense of joy and delight, like a man who is relieved from care.

236. King Xerxes and his army waited but a few days after the sea fight, and then withdrew into Boeotia by the road which they had followed on their advance. It was the wish of Mardonius to escort the king a part of the way; and as the time of year was no longer suitable for carrying on war, he thought it best to winter in Thessaly and wait for the spring before he attempted the Peloponnese. After the army was come into Thessaly, Mardonius made choice of the troops that were to stay with him.

237. Xerxes, after this, left Mardonius in Thessaly and marched away himself, at his best speed, toward the Hellespont. In five-and-forty days he reached the place of passage, where he arrived with scarce a fraction, so to speak, of his former army. All along their line of march, in every country where they chanced to be, his soldiers seized and devoured whatever corn they could find belonging to the inhabitants; while, if no corn was to be found, they gathered the grass that grew in the fields, and stripped the trees, whether cultivated or wild, alike of their bark and of their leaves, and so fed themselves. They left nothing anywhere, so hard were they pressed by hunger. Plague too and dysentery attacked the troops while still upon their march, and greatly thinned their ranks. Many died; others fell sick and were left behind in the different cities that lay upon the route, the inhabitants being strictly charged by Xerxes to tend and feed them.

238. When the spoils had been divided, the Greeks sailed to the Isthmus, where a prize of valour was to be awarded to the man who, of all the Greeks, had shown the most merit during the war. When the chiefs were all come, they met at the altar of Neptune, and took the ballots wherewith they were to give their votes for the first and for the second in merit. Then each man gave himself the first vote, since each considered that he was himself the worthiest; but the second votes were given chiefly to Themistocles. In this way, while the others received but one vote apiece, Themistocles had for the second prize a large majority of the suffrages.

239. Envy, however, hindered the chiefs from coming to a decision, and they all sailed away to their homes without making any award. Nevertheless Themistocles was regarded everywhere as by far the wisest man of all the Greeks; and the whole country rang with his fame.

THE HISTORY OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR

by

THUCYDIDES

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460?–400? B.C.

THE WORK of Thucydides inevitably invites comparison with that of his great predecessor Herodotus. It is pointless to attempt to evaluate the two histories in terms of greater and less great. But it is important to recognize that here are two different *kinds* of history. Whereas Herodotus originally set out to write a predominantly military and political history of the Persian invasion, he subsequently enlarged the scope of his work to take in areas of study which the modern historian designates as social and cultural history. The result was not merely an addition of new elements to the narrative but a complete reintegration of the whole with an appropriate subordination of military and political factors. Thucydides, on the other hand, undertook to analyze and record political and military events as they developed almost literally before his eyes, for during part of the Peloponnesian War he held an important military command; and for the rest he made it his business to visit the scenes of events and to reconstruct those events from accounts of eyewitnesses.

In choosing thus to narrow the scope of his scrutiny Thucydides scarcely needs justification. His history described struggles among the Greeks themselves which took place in his lifetime, and was addressed to the Greeks of his own era. It was unnecessary, therefore, to portray to his readers the very life they lived. But the political and military scene was a different matter altogether. During the course of the war the reporting of events was slow and inaccurate. Embassies and delegations from one city or camp to another often distorted facts for purposes of their own. Deserters from the scene of action carried partial or even wholly false reports. Generals commanding in the various theaters of conflict, with an eye to the changing political situation at home

and the need for sustained support of their operations, were not always quite candid in the reports they dispatched. And the course of long-term developments was often obscured for most of the participants and onlookers by the vivid happenings of the moment. Certain advantages resulted from the limitations which Thucydides accepted. It became possible to describe situations with a degree of detail that would have become tedious had the history encompassed other extensive fields for study. One result of this sharp sustained focus is that the reader is gripped by the pace of the narrative which marches unfaltering to its fateful conclusion. The effect is enhanced by a literary style so compact and precise as to make abridgment exceedingly difficult.

Thucydides, an Athenian, was born around 460 B.C. His father was an Attic citizen whose wealth was derived largely from the operation of gold mines. He grew to manhood during the age of Cimon and Pericles, a time when Attic genius was at the height of its finest flowering. Yet in his history he tells nothing of the art, literature, or social life of this great age. Modern scholars have noted with regret that in the history there is no mention of such contemporaries as the philosophers Socrates and Anaxagoras, the sculptor Phidias, the architect of the Parthenon, Ictinus, nor of Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, or Aristophanes. In alluding to the Parthenon Thucydides merely remarks that it contained the treasury, and that the chryselephantine statue of Athena Parthenos which it sheltered was so constructed that the gold could be removed from it and used at the need of the state. The various structures with which Pericles adorned the Acropopis are merely referred to as works which reduced the surplus funds in the treasury. While the modern reader may regret that Thucydides failed to give an account of the culture and social life of Athens which he knew, it must be acknowledged that his strict adherence to the plan of treatment he adopted resulted in the production of a sinewy and moving narrative.

Thucydides was relieved of his command and exiled by the Athenian Assembly in 427 B.C. or shortly thereafter as a result of his failure to come promptly to the aid of Eucles in the defense of Amphipolis. This failure contributed to the loss of a position of strategic importance. As a result of his exile, he was enabled to visit the Peloponnese and thus to gain an insight into the attitude of Athens' enemies. He visited Syracuse after the siege, studied the topography and peoples of Sicily, and talked with the Athenian prisoners. After much travel, Thucydides seems to have lived on his property in Thrace from 423 to 404 B.C. His account of the war, which

was begun at the time when the various Greek states were beginning to take sides in preparation for what promised to be the greatest struggle in Greek history, carries the record from 431 to 411 B.C. Its sudden termination would seem to suggest that it was still uncompleted when Thucydides met his own end around 399 B.C., probably by assassination. The history was saved from destruction by his daughter.

In this abridgment the history is terminated with the abandonment of the siege of Syracuse and the destruction of the Athenian armies and fleets. It was the crisis of the struggle and the beginning of the end for Athens. This arrangement permits the presentation of a fuller and more satisfying narrative than would have been possible had the history been followed through to its long-drawn-out conclusion, which, in fact, did not occur until seven years beyond the date at which Thucydides' account ends.

THE HISTORY OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR

I

THUCYDIDES, an Athenian, wrote the history of the war between the Peloponnesians and the Athenians, beginning at the moment that it broke out, and believing that it would be a great war, and more worthy of relation than any that had preceded it. This belief was not without its grounds. The preparations of both the combatants were in every department in the last state of perfection; and he could see the rest of the Hellenic race taking sides in the quarrel; those who delayed doing so at once having it in contemplation.

Not many years after the battle of Marathon was fought between the Medes and the Athenians the barbarian returned with the armada for the subjugation of Hellas. In the face of this great danger the command of the confederate Hellenes was assumed by the Lacedaemonians in virtue of their superior power; and the Athenians, having made up their minds to abandon their city, broke up their homes, threw themselves into their ships, and became a naval people. This coalition, after repulsing the barbarian, soon afterwards split into two sections, which included the Hellenes who had revolted from the king, as well as those who had aided him in the war. At the head of the one stood Athens, at the head of the other Lacedaemon, one the first naval, the other the first military power in Hellas. For a short time the league held together, till the Lacedaemonians and Athenians quarrelled, and made war upon each other with their allies, a duel into which all the Hellenes sooner or later were drawn, though some might at first remain neutral.

The Median War, the greatest achievement of past times, yet found a speedy decision in two actions by sea and two by land. The Peloponnesian War was prolonged to an immense length, and, long as it was, it was short without parallel for the misfortunes that it brought upon Hellas. The real cause I consider to be the one which was formally most kept out of sight. The growth of the power of Athens, and the alarm which this inspired in Lacedaemon, made war inevitable. Still it is well to give the grounds alleged by either side, which led to the dissolution of the treaty and the breaking out of the war.

The city of Epidamnus stands on the right of the entrance of the Ionic gulf. Its vicinity is inhabited by the Taulantians, an Illyrian people. The place is a colony from Corcyra, founded by Phalius, who had according to ancient usage been summoned for the purpose from Corinth, the mother country. Now, as time went on, the city of Epidamnus became great and populous; but falling a prey to factions arising, it is said, from a war with her neighbours the barbarians, she became much enfeebled and lost a considerable amount of her power. The last act before the war was the expulsion of the nobles by the people. The exiled party joined the barbarians and proceeded to plunder those in the city by sea and land; and the Epidamnians, finding themselves hard pressed, sent ambassadors to Corcyra beseeching their mother country not to allow them to perish, but to make up matters between them and the exiles, and to rid them of the war with the barbarians. But the Corcyraeans refused to accept their supplication, and they were dismissed without having effected anything.

When the Epidamnians found that no help could be expected from Corcyra, they went to Corinth and delivered over the colony in obedience to the commands of the oracle. They showed that their founder came from Corinth, and they begged them not to allow them to perish, but to assist them. This the Corinthians consented to do.

Advertisement was made for volunteer settlers, and a force was despatched. They marched by land to Apollonia, a Corinthian colony, the route by sea being avoided from fear of Corcyraean interruption. When the Corcyraeans heard of the arrival of the settlers and troops in Epidamnus, and the surrender of the colony to Corinth, they took fire. Instantly putting to sea with five-and-twenty ships, which were quickly followed by others, they insolently commanded the Epidamnians to receive back the banished nobles and to dismiss the Corinthian garrison and settlers. On their refusal the Corcyraeans proceeded to besiege the city, which stands on an isthmus; and the Corinthians, receiving intelligence of the investment of Epidamnus, got together an armament and proclaimed a colony to Epidamnus.

When the Corcyraeans heard of their preparations they came to Corinth with envoys from Lacedaemon and Sicyon, whom they persuaded to accompany them, and bade her recall the garrison and settlers, as she had nothing to do with Epidamnus. If, however, she had any claims to make, they were willing to submit the matter to the arbitration of such of the cities in Peloponnese as should be chosen by mutual agreement, and the colony should remain with the city to whom the arbitrators might assign it. The answer they got from Corinth was that if they would withdraw their fleet and the barbarians from Epidamnus negotiation might be possible; but, while the town was still being besieged, going before arbitrators was out of the question. The Corcyraeans retorted that if Corinth would withdraw her troops from Epidamnus they would withdraw theirs, or they were ready to let both parties remain

in statu quo, an armistice being concluded till judgment could be given.

Turning a deaf ear to all these proposals, when their ships were manned and their allies had come in, the Corinthians sent a herald before them to declare war and, getting under way with seventy-five ships and two thousand heavy infantry, sailed for Epidamnus to give battle to the Corcyraeans. When they had reached Actium, the Corcyraeans sent on a herald in a light boat to warn them not to sail against them. Meanwhile they proceeded to man their ships, all of which had been equipped for action, the old vessels being undergirded to make them seaworthy. On the return of the herald without any peaceful answer from the Corinthians, their ships being now manned, they put out to sea to meet the enemy with a fleet of eighty sail (forty were engaged in the siege of Epidamnus), formed line and went into action, and gained a decisive victory, and destroyed fifteen of the Corinthian vessels. The same day had seen Epidamnus compelled by its besiegers to capitulate; the conditions being that the foreigners should be sold and the Corinthians kept as prisoners of war, till their fate should be otherwise decided.

After the engagement the Corcyraeans set up a trophy on Leukimme, a headland of Corcyra, and slew all their captives except the Corinthians, whom they kept as prisoners of war. Defeated at sea, the Corinthians and their allies repaired home.

Corinth, exasperated by the war with the Corcyraeans, spent the whole of the year after the engagement and that succeeding it in building ships and in straining every nerve to form an efficient fleet, rowers being drawn from Peloponnese and the rest of Hellas by the inducement of large bounties. The Corcyraeans, alarmed at the news of their preparations, being without a single ally in Hellas (for they had not enrolled themselves either in the Athenian or in the Lacedaemonian confederacy), decided to repair to Athens in order to enter into alliance and to endeavour to procure support from her. Corinth also, hearing of their intentions, sent an embassy to Athens to prevent the Corcyraean navy being joined by the Athenian, and her prospect of ordering the war according to her wishes being thus impeded. An assembly was convoked, and the rival advocates appeared; the Corcyraeans spoke as follows:

"It has so happened that our policy as regards you with respect to this request turns out to be inconsistent, and as regards our interests, to be at the present crisis inexpedient. We say inconsistent because a power which has never in the whole of her past history been willing to ally herself with any of her neighbours is now found asking them to ally themselves with her. And we say inexpedient because in our present war with Corinth it has left us in a position of entire isolation, and what once seemed the wise precaution of refusing to involve ourselves in alliances with other powers, lest we should also involve ourselves in risks of their choosing, has now proved to be folly and weakness. It is true that in the late naval engagement we drove back the Corinthians from our shores singlehanded. But they have now got together a still

larger armament from Peloponnese and the rest of Hellas; and we, seeing our utter inability to cope with them without foreign aid, and the magnitude of the danger which subjection to them implies, find it necessary to ask help from you and from every other power. And we hope to be excused if we forswear our old principle of complete political isolation, a principle which was not adopted with any sinister intention, but was rather the consequence of an error in judgment. Yourselves excepted, we are the greatest naval power in Hellas. Moreover, can you conceive a stroke of good fortune more rare in itself, or more disheartening to your enemies, than that the power whose adhesion you would have valued above much material and moral strength should present herself self-invited, should deliver herself into your hands without danger and without expense, and should lastly put you in the way of gaining a high character in the eyes of the world, the gratitude of those whom you shall assist, and a great accession of strength for yourselves? But it will be urged that it is only in the case of a war that we shall be found useful. To this we answer that if any of you imagine that that war is far off he is grievously mistaken, and is blind to the fact that Lacedaemon regards you with jealousy and desires war, and that Corinth is powerful there—the same, remember, that is your enemy, and is even now trying to subdue us as a preliminary to attacking you. And this she does to prevent our becoming united by a common enmity, and her having us both on her hands, and also to insure getting the start of you in one of two ways, either by crippling our power or by making its strength her own. Now it is our policy to be beforehand with her—that is, for Corcyra to make an offer of alliance and for you to accept it; in fact, we ought to form plans against her instead of waiting to defeat the plans she forms against us. You must also remember that your decision is for Athens no less than Corcyra, and that you are not making the best provision for her interests if, at a time when you are anxiously scanning the horizon that you may be in readiness for the breaking out of the war which is all but upon you, you hesitate to attach to your side a place whose adhesion or estrangement is alike pregnant with the most vital consequences. For it lies conveniently for the coast navigation in the direction of Italy and Sicily, being able to bar the passage of naval reinforcements from thence to Peloponnese, and from Peloponnese thither; and it is in other respects a most desirable station. To sum up as shortly as possible, embracing both general and particular considerations, let this show you the folly of sacrificing us. Remember that there are but three considerable naval powers in Hellas, Athens, Corcyra, and Corinth, and that if you allow two of these three to become one, and Corinth to secure us for herself, you will have to hold the sea against the united fleets of Corcyra and Peloponnese. But if you receive us, you will have our ships to reinforce you in the struggle."

Such were the words of the Corcyraeans. After they had finished, the Corinthians spoke as follows:

"The attitude of our colony towards us has always been one of estrangement, and is now one of hostility. If we were in the wrong, it would be honourable in them to give way to our wishes and disgraceful for us to trample on their moderation; but in the pride and licence of wealth they have sinned again and again against us, and never more deeply than when Epidamnus, our dependency, which they took no steps to claim in its distress upon our coming to relieve it, was by them seized and is now held by force of arms. In their case, it was not before they laid siege to the place, but after they at length understood that we should not tamely suffer it, that they thought of the specious word 'arbitration.' And not satisfied with their own misconduct there, they appear here now requiring you to join with them not in alliance but in crime, and to receive them in spite of their being at enmity with us.

"It may be true that one of the provisions of the treaty is that it shall be competent for any state, whose name was not down on the list, to join whichever side it pleases. But this agreement is not meant for those whose object in joining is the injury of other powers. For you cannot become their auxiliary and remain our friend; if you join in their attack, you must share the punishment which the defenders inflict on them. And yet you have the best possible right to be neutral, or, failing this, you should on the contrary join us against them. Corinth is at least in treaty with you; with Corcyra you were never even in truce. When you were in want of ships of war for the war against the Aeginetans, before the Persian invasion, Corinth supplied you with twenty vessels. That good turn, and the line we took on the Samian question, when we were the cause of the Peloponnesians refusing to assist them, enabled you to conquer Aegina and to punish Samos. We now claim to receive the same from you, and protest against your rewarding us for benefiting you by our vote by injuring us by yours. And for these Corcyraeans—neither receive them into alliance in our despite, nor be their abettors in crime."

Such were the words of the Corinthians.

When the Athenians had heard both out, two assemblies were held. In the first there was a manifest disposition to listen to the representations of Corinth; in the second, public feeling had changed, and an alliance with Corcyra was decided on, with certain reservations. It was to be a defensive, not an offensive alliance. It did not involve a breach of the treaty with Peloponnese: Athens could not be required to join Corcyra in any attack upon Corinth. But each of the contracting parties had a right to the other's assistance against invasion, whether of his own territory or that of an ally. For it began now to be felt that the coming of the Peloponnesian war was only a question of time, and no one was willing to see a naval power of such magnitude as Corcyra sacrified to Corinth; though if they could let them weaken each other by mutual conflict, it would be no bad preparation for the struggle which Athens might one day have to wage with Corinth and the other naval powers. At the same time the island seemed to lie conveniently on the coasting passage to

Italy and Sicily. With these views, Athens received Corcyra into alliance and, on the departure of the Corinthians not long afterwards, sent ten ships to their assistance.

Meanwhile the Corinthians completed their preparations and sailed for Corcyra with a hundred and fifty ships. When the Corcyraeans saw them coming, they manned a hundred and ten ships, the ten Athenian ships being present. On Point Leukimme they posted their land forces, and a thousand heavy infantry who had come from Zacynthus to their assistance. Nor were the Corinthians on the mainland without their allies. The barbarians flocked in large numbers to their assistance, the inhabitants of this part of the continent being old allies of theirs. When they perceived each other, both sides formed in order of battle. As soon as the signals were raised on either side, they joined battle. Both sides had a large number of heavy infantry on their decks, and a large number of archers and darters, the old imperfect armament still prevailing. The sea fight was an obstinate one, though not remarkable for its science; indeed it was more like a battle by land. Whenever they charged each other, the multitude and crush of the vessels made it by no means easy to get loose; besides, their hopes of victory lay principally in the heavy infantry on the decks, who stood and fought in order, the ships remaining stationary. The manoeuvre of breaking the line was not tried: in short, strength and pluck had more share in the fight than science. Everywhere tumult reigned, the battle being one scene of confusion; meanwhile the Athenian ships, by coming up to the Corcyraeans whenever they were pressed, served to alarm the enemy, though their commanders could not join in the battle from fear of their instructions.

Seeing the Corcyraeans hard pressed, the Athenians began at length to assist them more unequivocally. At first, it is true, they refrained from charging any ships; but when the rout was becoming patent, and the Corinthians were pressing on, the time at last came when everyone set to, and all distinction was laid aside, and it came to this point, that the Corinthians and Athenians raised their hands against each other. After the Corinthians had chased the Corcyraeans to the land, they turned to the wrecks and their dead, most of whom they succeeded in getting hold of and conveying to Sybota, the rendezvous of the land forces furnished by their barbarian allies. This task over, they mustered anew, and sailed against the Corcyraeans, who on their part advanced to meet them with all their ships that were fit for service and remaining to them, accompanied by the Athenian vessels, fearing that they might attempt a landing in their territory. It was by this time getting late, and the paean had been sung for the attack, when the Corinthians suddenly began to back water. They had observed twenty Athenian ships sailing up, which had been sent out afterwards to reinforce the ten vessels by the Athenians, who feared, as it turned out justly, the defeat of the Corcyraeans and the inability of their handful of ships to protect them. Thus they parted from each other, and the battle ceased with night.

The next day the thirty Athenian vessels put out to sea, accompanied by all the Corcyraean ships that were seaworthy, and sailed to the harbour at Sybota, where the Corinthians lay, to see if they would engage. The Corinthians put out from the land and formed a line in the open sea, but beyond this made no further movement, having no intention of assuming the offensive. What they were thinking more about was how their voyage home was to be effected; they feared that the Athenians might consider that the treaty was dissolved by the collision which had occurred, and forbid their departure. Accordingly they resolved to put some men on board a boat and send them without a herald's wand to the Athenians, as an experiment. Having done so, they spoke as follows: "You do wrong, Athenians, to begin war and break the treaty. Engaged in chastising our enemies, we find you placing yourselves in our path in arms against us. Now if your intentions are to prevent us sailing to Corcyra, or anywhere else that we may wish, and if you are for breaking the treaty, first take us that are here, and treat us as enemies." The Athenians answered as follows: "Neither are we beginning war, Peloponnesians, nor are we breaking the treaty; but these Corcyraeans are our allies, and we are come to help them. So if you want to sail anywhere else, we place no obstacle in your way; but if you are going to sail against Corcyra, or any of her possessions, we shall do our best to stop you."

Receiving this answer from the Athenians, the Corinthians commenced preparations for their voyage home. Both sides claimed the victory.

In this way Corcyra maintained her political existence in the war with Corinth, and the Athenian vessels left the island. This was the first cause of the war that Corinth had against the Athenians, viz., that they had fought against them with the Corcyraeans in time of treaty.

Almost immediately after this, fresh differences arose between the Athenians and Peloponnesians, and contributed their share to the war. Corinth was forming schemes for retaliation, and Athens suspected her hostility. The Potidaeans, who inhabit the isthmus of Pallene, being a Corinthian colony, but tributary allies of Athens, were ordered to raze the wall looking towards Pallene, to give hostages, to dismiss the Corinthian magistrates, and in future not to receive the persons sent from Corinth annually to succeed them. It was feared that they might be persuaded by Perdiccas and the Corinthians to revolt, and might draw the rest of the allies in the direction of Thrace to revolt with them. These precautions against the Potidaeans were taken by the Athenians immediately after the battle at Corcyra. They were just then sending off thirty ships and a thousand heavy infantry for this country under the command of Archestratus, son of Lycomedes, with four colleagues. They instructed the captains to take hostages of the Potidaeans, to raze the wall, and to be on their guard against the revolt of the neighbouring cities.

Meanwhile the Potidaeans sent envoys to Athens on the chance of persuading them to take no new steps in their matters. Failing after

prolonged negotiation to obtain anything satisfactory from the Athenians; being unable, for all they could say, to prevent the vessels that were destined for Macedonia from also sailing against them; and receiving from the Lacedaemonian government a promise to invade Attica, if the Athenians should attack Potidaea, the Potidaeans, thus favoured by the moment, at last entered into league with the Chalcidians and Bottiaeans, and revolted. The thirty ships of the Athenians, arriving before the Thracian places, found Potidaea and the rest in revolt.

Meanwhile the Corinthians, with Potidaea in revolt, and the Athenian ships on the coast of Macedonia, alarmed for the safety of the place, and thinking its danger theirs, sent volunteers from Corinth and mercenaries from the rest of Peloponnese, to the number of sixteen hundred heavy infantry in all, and four hundred light troops. Aristeus, son of Adimantus, who was always a steady friend to the Potidaeans, took command of the expedition, and it was principally for love of him that most of the men from Corinth volunteered. They arrived in Thrace forty days after the revolt of Potidaea.

The Athenians also immediately received the news of the revolt of the cities. On being informed that Aristeus and his reinforcements were on their way, they sent two thousand heavy infantry of their own citizens and forty ships against the places in revolt, under the command of Callias, son of Calliades, and four colleagues. They arrived in Macedonia first, and found the force of a thousand men that had been first sent out just become masters of Therme and besieging Pydna. When Callias, the Athenian general, and his colleagues despatched the Macedonian horse and a few of the allies to Olynthus, to prevent any movement being made from that quarter, the Athenians themselves broke up their camp and marched against Potidaea.

So at length Potidaea was strongly invested on either side, and from the sea by the ships co-operating in the blockade. Aristeus, seeing its investment complete, and having no hope of its salvation, except in the event of some movement from the Peloponnese, or of some other improbable contingency, advised all except five hundred to watch for a wind and sail out of the place, in order that their provisions might last the longer. He was willing to be himself one of those who remained. Unable to persuade them, and desirous of acting on the next alternative, and of having things outside in the best posture possible, he eluded the guard ships of the Athenians and sailed out. Remaining among the Chalcidians, he continued to carry on the war; in particular he laid an ambuscade near the city of the Sermylians, and cut off many of them; he also communicated with Peloponnese and tried to contrive some method by which help might be brought.

The Athenians and Peloponnesians had these antecedent grounds of complaint against each other: the complaint of Corinth was that her colony of Potidaea, and Corinthian and Peloponnesian citizens within it, were being besieged; that of Athens against the Peloponnesians that they had

incited a town of hers, a member of her alliance and a contributor to her revenue, to revolt, and had come and were openly fighting against her on the side of the Potidaeans. For all this, war had not yet broken out: there was still truce for a while; for this was a private enterprise on the part of Corinth.

But the siege of Potidaea put an end to her inaction; she had men inside it: besides, she feared for the place. Immediately summoning the allies to Lacedaemon, she came and loudly accused Athens of breach of the treaty and aggression on the rights of Peloponnese. With her, the Aeginetans, formally unrepresented from fear of Athens, in secret proved not the least urgent of the advocates for war, asserting that they had not the independence guaranteed to them by the treaty. After extending the summons to any of their allies and others who might have complaints to make of Athenian aggression, the Lacedaemonians held their ordinary assembly and invited them to speak. There were many who came forward and made their several accusations; among them the Megarians, in a long list of grievances, called special attention to the fact of their exclusion from the ports of the Athenian empire and the market of Athens, in defiance of the treaty. Last of all the Corinthians came forward and, having let those who preceded them inflame the Lacedaemonians, now followed with a speech.

There happened to be Athenian envoys present at Lacedaemon on other business. On hearing the speech they thought themselves called upon to come before the Lacedaemonians. Their intention was not to offer a defence on any of the charges which the cities brought against them, but to show on a comprehensive view that it was not a matter to be hastily decided on, but one that demanded further consideration. There was also a wish to call attention to the great power of Athens, and to refresh the memory of the old and enlighten the ignorance of the young, from a notion that their words might have the effect of inducing them to prefer tranquillity to war. So they came to the Lacedaemonians and said that they too, if there was no objection, wished to speak to their assembly. They replied by inviting them to come forward.

After the Lacedaemonians had heard the complaints of the allies against the Athenians, and the observations of the latter, they made all withdraw, and consulted by themselves on the question before them. The opinions of the majority all led to the same conclusion; the Athenians were open aggressors, and war must be declared at once. Summoning the allies, they told them that their opinion was that Athens had been guilty of injustice but that they wished to convoke all the allies and put it to the vote; in order that they might make war, if they decided to do so, on a common resolution. Having thus gained their point, the delegates returned home at once; the Athenian envoys a little later, when they had despatched the objects of their mission.

The Lacedaemonians voted that the treaty had been broken and that the war must be declared, not so much because they were persuaded by

the arguments of the allies as because they feared the growth of the power of the Athenians, seeing most of Hellas already subject to them.

II

THE way in which Athens came to be placed in the circumstances under which her power grew was this. After the Medes had returned from Europe, defeated by sea and land by the Hellenes, and after those of them who had fled with their ships to Mycale had been destroyed, Leotychides, king of the Lacedaemonians, departed home with the allies from Peloponnese. But the Athenians and the allies from Ionia and Hellespont, who had now revolted from the king, remained and laid siege to Sestos, which was still held by the Medes. Meanwhile the Athenian people, after the departure of the barbarian from their country, at once proceeded to carry over their children and wives, and such property as they had left, from the places where they had deposited them, and prepared to rebuild their city and their walls. For only isolated portions of the circumference had been left standing, and most of the houses were in ruins; though a few remained, in which the Persian grandees had taken up their quarters.

Perceiving what they were going to do, the Lacedaemonians sent an embassy to Athens. They would have themselves preferred to see neither her nor any other city in possession of a wall; though here they acted principally at the instigation of their allies, who were alarmed at the strength of her newly acquired navy and the valour which she had displayed in the war with the Medes. They begged her not only to abstain from building walls for herself, but also to join them in throwing down the walls that still held together of the ultra-Peloponnesian cities. The real meaning of their advice, the suspicion that it contained against the Athenians, was not proclaimed; it was urged that so the barbarian, in the event of a third invasion, would not have any strong place, such as he now had in Thebes, for his base of operations; and that Peloponnese would suffice for all as a base both for retreat and offence. After the Lacedaemonians had thus spoken, they were, on the advice of Themistocles, immediately dismissed by the Athenians, with the answer that ambassadors should be sent to Sparta to discuss the question. Themistocles told the Athenians to send him off with all speed to Lacedaemon, but not to despatch his colleagues as soon as they had selected them, but to wait until they had raised their wall to the height from which defence was possible. Meanwhile the whole population in the city was to labour at the wall, the Athenians, their wives, and their children, sparing no edifice, private or public, which might be of any use to the work, but throwing all down. After giving these instructions, and adding that he would be responsible for all other matters there, he departed. Arrived at Lacedaemon, he did not seek an audience with the authorities, but tried to gain time and made excuses.

So the Athenians detained the envoys according to his message, and Themistocles had an audience with the Lacedaemonians, and at last openly told them that Athens was now fortified sufficiently to protect its inhabitants; that any embassy which the Lacedaemonians or their allies might wish to send to them should in future proceed on the assumption that the people to whom they were going was able to distinguish both its own and the general interests. That they now thought it fit that their city should have a wall, and that this would be more for the advantage of both the citizens of Athens and the Hellenic confederacy; for without equal military strength it was impossible to contribute equal or fair counsel to the common interest.

The Lacedaemonians did not betray any open signs of anger against the Athenians at what they heard. The envoys of each state departed home without complaint.

In this way the Athenians walled their city in a little while. To this day the building shows signs of the haste of its execution; the foundations are laid of stones of all kinds, and in some places not wrought or fitted, but placed just in the order in which they were brought by the different hands; and many columns, too, from tombs and sculptured stones, were put in with the rest. Themistocles also persuaded them to finish the walls of Piraeus, which had been begun before, in his year of office as archon; being influenced alike by the fineness of a locality that has three natural harbours and by the great start which the Athenians would gain in the acquisition of power by becoming a naval people. For he first ventured to tell them to stick to the sea and forthwith began to lay the foundations of the empire. It was by his advice, too, that they built the walls of that thickness which can still be discerned round Piraeus. The fleet claimed most of his attention. He saw, as I think, that the approach by sea was easier for the king's army than that by land: he also thought Piraeus more valuable than the upper city; indeed, he was always advising the Athenians, if a day should come when they were hard pressed by land, to go down into Piraeus and defy the world with their fleet. Thus, therefore, the Athenians completed their wall and commenced their other buildings immediately after the retreat of the Mede.

Meanwhile Pausanias was sent out from Lacedaemon as commander-in-chief of the Hellenes, with twenty ships from Peloponnese. With him sailed the Athenians with thirty ships and a number of the other allies. They made an expedition against Cyprus and subdued most of the island, and afterwards against Byzantium, which was in the hands of the Medes, and compelled it to surrender. This event took place while the Spartans were still supreme. But the violence of Pausanias had already begun to be disagreeable to the Hellenes, particularly to the Ionians and the newly liberated populations. These resorted to the Athenians and requested them as their kinsmen to become their leaders and to stop any attempt at violence on the part of Pausanias. The Athenians accepted their overtures. In the meantime the Lacedaemonians recalled Pausanias for an

investigation of the reports which had reached them. Manifold and grave accusations had been brought against him by Hellenes arriving in Sparta; and, to all appearance, there had been in him more of the mimicry of a despot than of the attitude of a general. On his arrival at Lacedaemon, he was censured for his private acts of oppression, but was acquitted on the heaviest counts and pronounced not guilty; it must be known that the charge of Medism formed one of the principal, and to all appearance one of the best-founded, articles against him.

The Athenians, having thus succeeded to the supremacy by the voluntary act of the allies through their hatred of Pausanias, fixed which cities were to contribute money against the barbarian, which ships; their professed object being to retaliate for their sufferings by ravaging the king's country. Now was the time that the office of "Treasurers for Hellas" was first instituted by the Athenians. These officers received the tribute, as the money contributed was called. The tribute was first fixed at four hundred and sixty talents. The common treasury was at Delos, and the congresses were held in the temple. Their supremacy commenced with independent allies who acted on the resolutions of a common congress. Of all the causes of defection, that connected with arrears of tribute and vessels, and with failure of service, was the chief; for the Athenians were very severe and exacting, and made themselves offensive by applying the screw of necessity to men who were not used to and in fact not disposed for any continuous labour. In some other respects the Athenians were not the old popular rulers they had been at first; and if they had more than their fair share of service, it was correspondingly easy for them to reduce any that tried to leave the confederacy. For this the allies had themselves to blame; the wish to get off service making most of them arrange to pay their share of the expense in money instead of in ships, and so to avoid having to leave their homes. Thus while Athens was increasing her navy with the funds which they contributed, a revolt always found them without resources or experience for war.

After this, though not many years later, we at length come to what has been already related, the affairs of Corcyra and Potidaea, and the events that served as a pretext for the present war. All these actions of the Hellenes against each other and the barbarian occurred in the fifty years' interval between the retreat of Xerxes and the beginning of the present war. During this interval the Athenians succeeded in placing their empire on a firmer basis, and advanced their own home power to a very great height. The Lacedaemonians, though fully aware of it, opposed it only for a little while, but remained inactive during most of the period, being of old slow to go to war except under the pressure of necessity, and in the present instance being hampered by wars at home; until the growth of the Athenian power could be no longer ignored, and their own confederacy became the object of its encroachments. They then felt that they could endure it no longer, but that the time had come for them to throw themselves heart and soul upon the hostile power and break it, if they could,

by commencing the present war. And though the Lacedaemonians had made up their own minds on the fact of the breach of the treaty and the guilt of the Athenians, still they wished to summon their allies again and to take their vote on the propriety of making war. After the ambassadors from the confederates had arrived and a congress had been convened, they all spoke their minds, most of them denouncing the Athenians and demanding that the war should begin. In particular the Corinthians. They had before on their own account canvassed the cities in detail to induce them to vote for the war, in the fear that it might come too late to save Potidaea; they were present also on this occasion, and came forward the last.

The Lacedaemonians, having now heard all give their opinion, took the vote of all the allied states present in order, great and small alike; and the majority voted for war. This decided, it was still impossible for them to commence at once, from their want of preparation; but it was resolved that the means requisite were to be procured by the different states, and that there was to be no delay. And indeed, in spite of the time occupied with the necessary arrangements, less than a year elapsed before Attica was invaded and the war openly begun.

III

THE war between the Athenians and Peloponnesians and the allies on either side now really begins. For now all intercourse except through the medium of heralds ceased, and hostilities were commenced and prosecuted without intermission. The history follows the chronological order of events by summers and winters.

The thirty years' truce which was entered into after the conquest of Euboea lasted fourteen years. In the fifteenth, and six months after the battle of Potidaea, just at the beginning of spring, a Theban force a little over three hundred strong, about the first watch of the night, made an armed entry into Plataea, a town of Boeotia in alliance with Athens. The gates were opened to them by a Plataean called Naucleides, who, with his party, had invited them in, meaning to put to death the citizens of the opposite party, bring over the city to Thebes, and thus obtain power for themselves. For Plataea had always been at variance with Thebes; and the latter, foreseeing that war was at hand, wished to surprise her old enemy in time of peace, before hostilities had actually broken out. Indeed this was how they got in so easily without being observed, as no guard had been posted. After the soldiers had grounded arms in the market place, those who had invited them in wished them to set to work at once and go to their enemies' houses. This, however, the Thebans refused to do, but determined to make a conciliatory proclamation, and if possible to come to a friendly understanding with the citizens. Their herald accordingly invited any who wished to resume their old place in the con-

federacy of their countrymen to ground arms with them, for they thought that in this way the city would readily join them. But somehow or other, during the negotiations, the Plataeans discovered the scanty numbers of the Thebans and decided that they could easily attack and overpower them; the mass of the Plataeans being averse to revolting from Athens. At all events they resolved to attempt it. Digging through the party walls of the houses, they thus managed to join each other without being seen going through the streets, in which they placed wagons without the beasts in them to serve as a barricade, and arranged everything else as seemed convenient for the occasion. When everything had been done that circumstances permitted, they watched their opportunity and went out of their houses against the enemy. It was still night, though daybreak was at hand: in daylight it was thought that their attack would be met by men full of courage and on equal terms with their assailants, while in darkness it would fall upon panic-stricken troops, who would also be at a disadvantage from their enemy's knowledge of the locality. So they made their assault at once and came to close quarters as quickly as they could.

The Thebans, finding themselves outwitted, immediately closed up to repel all attacks made upon them. Twice or thrice they beat back their assailants. But the men shouted and charged them, the women and slaves screamed and yelled from the houses and pelted them with stones and tiles; besides, it had been raining hard all night; and so at last their courage gave way, and they turned and fled through the town. Most of the fugitives were quite ignorant of the right ways out, and this, with the mud, and the darkness caused by the moon being in her last quarter, and the fact that their pursuers knew their way about and could easily stop their escape, proved fatal to many. The only gate open was the one by which they had entered, and this was shut by one of the Plataeans driving the spike of a javelin into the bar instead of the bolt; so that even here there was no longer any means of exit. They were now chased all over the town. Some got on the wall and threw themselves over, in most cases with a fatal result. One party managed to find a deserted gate and, obtaining an axe from a woman, cut through the bar; but as they were soon observed only a few succeeded in getting out. Others were cut off in detail in different parts of the city.

This done, the Plataeans sent a messenger to Athens, gave back the dead to the Thebans under a truce, and arranged things in the city as seemed best to meet the present emergency. The Athenians meanwhile, having had word of the affair sent them immediately after its occurrence, had instantly seized all the Boeotians in Attica and sent a herald to the Plataeans to forbid their proceeding to extremities with their Theban prisoners without instructions from Athens. The news of the men's death had of course not arrived; the messenger having left Plataea just when the Thebans entered it. Thus the Athenians sent their orders in ignorance of the facts; and the herald on his arrival found the men slain. After this the Athenians marched to Plataea and brought in provisions, and left a

garrison in the place, also taking away the women and children and such of the men as were least efficient. After the affair at Plataea the treaty had been broken by an overt act, and Athens at once prepared for war, as did also Lacedaemon and her allies.

Immediately after the affair at Plataea, Lacedaemon sent round orders to the cities in Peloponnese and the rest of her confederacy to prepare troops and the provisions requisite for a foreign campaign, in order to invade Attica. The several states were ready at the time appointed and assembled at the Isthmus: the contingent of each city being two thirds of its whole force. After the whole army had mustered, the Lacedaemonian king, Archidamus, the leader of the expedition, called together the generals of all the states and the principal persons and officers, and exhorted them.

While the Peloponnesians were still mustering at the Isthmus, or on the march before they invaded Attica, Pericles, son of Xanthippus, one of the ten generals of the Athenians, finding that the invasion was to take place, gave the citizens some advice on their present affairs. They were to prepare for the war and to carry in their property from the country. They were not to go out to battle, but to come into the city and guard it, and get ready their fleet, in which their real strength lay. They were also to keep a tight rein on their allies—the strength of Athens being derived from the money brought in by their payments, and success in war depending principally upon conduct and capital. Here they had no reason to despond.

The Athenians listened to his advice and began to carry in their wives and children from the country, and all their household furniture, even to the woodwork of their houses, which they took down. Their sheep and cattle they sent over to Euboea and the adjacent islands. But they found it hard to move, as most of them had been always used to live in the country. Deep was their trouble and discontent at abandoning their houses and the hereditary temples of the ancient constitution, and at having to change their habits of life and to bid farewell to what each regarded as his native city.

When they arrived at Athens, though a few had houses of their own to go to, or could find an asylum with friends or relatives, by far the greater number had to take up their dwelling in the parts of the city that were not built over and in the temples and chapels of the heroes. Many also took up their quarters in the towers of the walls or wherever else they could. For when they were all come in, the city proved too small to hold them; though afterwards they divided the Long Walls and a great part of Piraeus into lots and settled there. All this while great attention was being given to the war; the allies were being mustered, and an armament of a hundred ships equipped for Peloponnese. Such was the state of preparation at Athens.

Meanwhile the army of the Peloponnesians was advancing. The first town they came to in Attica was Oenoe, where they were to enter the

country. Sitting down before it, they prepared to assault the wall with engines and otherwise. Oenoe, standing upon the Athenian and Boeotian border, was of course a walled town, and was used as a fortress by the Athenians in time of war. So the Peloponnesians prepared for their assault and wasted some valuable time before the place. During this interval the Athenians were carrying in their property; and it was the belief of the Peloponnesians that a quick advance would have found everything still out, had it not been for the procrastination of Archidamus. Such was the feeling of the army towards him during the siege. But after he had assaulted Oenoe, and every possible attempt to take it had failed, as no herald came from Athens, he at last broke up his camp and invaded Attica. This was about eighty days after the Theban attempt upon Plataea, just in the middle of summer, when the corn was ripe. Encamping in Eleusis and the Thriasian plain, the Peloponnesians began their ravages and continued their ravages for a long while.

The reason why Archidamus remained in order of battle at Acharnae during this incursion, instead of descending into the plain, is said to have been this. He hoped that the Athenians might possibly be tempted by the multitude of their youth and the unprecedented efficiency of their service to come out to battle and attempt to stop the devastation of their lands. On the other hand, should the Athenians not take the field during this incursion, he could then fearlessly ravage the plain in future invasions and extend his advance up to the very walls of Athens. The territory of Athens was being ravaged before the very eyes of the Athenians, a sight which the young men had never seen before and the old only in the Median wars; and it was naturally thought a grievous insult, and the determination was universal, especially among the young men, to sally forth and stop it. Knots were formed in the streets and engaged in hot discussion; for if the proposed sally was warmly recommended, it was also in some cases opposed.

The Athenian general Pericles was the object of general indignation; he was abused for not leading out the army which he commanded, and was made responsible for the whole of the public suffering. He, seeing anger and infatuation just now in the ascendant, and confident of his wisdom in refusing a sally, would not call either assembly of meeting of the people, fearing the fatal results of a debate inspired by passion and not by prudence. Accordingly he addressed himself to the defence of the city and kept it as quiet as possible, though he constantly sent out cavalry to prevent raids on the lands near the city from flying parties of the enemy.

Meanwhile the Athenians in the hundred ships round Peloponnese, reinforced by a Corcyraean squadron of fifty vessels and some others of the allies in those parts, cruised about the coasts and ravaged the country. Among other places they landed in Laconia and made an assault upon Methone; there being no garrison in the place, and the wall being weak.

On their journey home they had just reached Aegina and, hearing that the citizens at home were in full force at Megara, now sailed over and joined them. This was without doubt the largest army of Athenians ever assembled, the state being still in the flower of her strength and yet unvisited by the plague. Full ten thousand heavy infantry were in the field, all Athenian citizens, besides the three thousand before Potidaea. Then the resident aliens who joined in the incursion were at least three thousand strong; besides which there was a multitude of light troops. They ravaged the greater part of the territory and then retired. Other incursions into the Megarid were afterwards made by the Athenians annually during the war, sometimes only with cavalry, sometimes with all their forces.

In the same winter the Athenians gave a funeral at the public cost to those who had first fallen in this war. It was a custom of their ancestors, and Pericles, son of Xanthippus, was chosen to pronounce their eulogium. When the proper time arrived, he advanced from the sepulchre to an elevated platform in order to be heard by as many of the crowd as possible, and spoke as follows:

"Most of my predecessors in this place have commended him who made this speech part of the law, telling us that it is well that it should be delivered at the burial of those who fall in battle. For myself, I should have thought that the worth which had displayed itself in deeds would be sufficiently rewarded by honours also shown by deeds; such as you now see in this funeral prepared at the people's cost. And I could have wished that the reputations of many brave men were not to be imperilled in the mouth of a single individual, to stand or fall according as he spoke well or ill. However, since our ancestors have stamped this custom with their approval, it becomes my duty to obey the law and to try to satisfy your several wishes and opinions as best I may.

"That part of our history which tells of the military achievements which gave us our several possessions, or of the ready valour with which either we or our fathers stemmed the tide of Hellenic or foreign aggression, is a theme too familiar to my hearers for me to dilate on, and I shall therefore pass it by. But what was the road by which we reached our position, what the form of government under which our greatness grew, what the national habits out of which it sprang? These are questions which I may try to solve before I proceed to my panegyric upon these men.

"Our constitution does not copy the laws of neighbouring states; we are rather a pattern to others than imitators ourselves. Its administration favours the many instead of the few; this is why it is called a democracy. If we look to the laws, they afford equal justice to all in the settlement of their private differences; advancement in public life falls to reputation for capacity, class considerations not being allowed to interfere with merit; nor again does poverty bar the way, if a man is able to serve the state, he is not hindered by the obscurity of his condition. The freedom which we enjoy in our government extends also to our ordinary life. There, far from exercising a jealous surveillance over each other, we do

not feel called upon to be angry with our neighbour for doing what he likes, or even to indulge in those injurious looks which cannot fail to be offensive, although they inflict no positive penalty. But all this ease in our private relations does not make us lawless as citizens. Against this fear is our chief safeguard, teaching us to obey the magistrates and the laws, particularly such as regard the protection of the injured, whether they are actually on the statute book or belong to that code which, although unwritten, yet cannot be broken without acknowledged disgrace.

"If we turn to our military policy, there also we differ from our antagonists. We throw open our city to the world, and never by alien acts exclude foreigners from any opportunity of learning or observing, although the eyes of an enemy may occasionally profit by our liberality; trusting less in system and policy than to the native spirit of our citizens; while in education, where our rivals from their very cradles by a painful discipline seek after manliness, at Athens we live exactly as we please, and yet are just as ready to encounter every legitimate danger. And yet if with habits not of labour but of ease, and courage not of art but of nature, we are still willing to encounter danger, we have the double advantage of escaping the experience of hardships in anticipation and of facing them in the hour of need as fearlessly as those who are never free from them.

"Nor are these the only points in which our city is worthy of admiration. We cultivate refinement without extravagance and knowledge without effeminacy; wealth we employ more for use than for show, and place the real disgrace of poverty not in owning to the fact but in declining the struggle against it. In generosity we are equally singular, acquiring our friends by conferring, not by receiving, favours. Yet, of course, the doer of the favour is the firmer friend of the two, in order by continued kindness to keep the recipient in his debt; while the debtor feels less keenly from the very consciousness that the return he makes will be a payment, not a free gift. And it is only the Athenians who, fearless of consequences, confer their benefits not from calculations of expediency, but in the confidence of liberality.

"The Athens that I have celebrated is only what the heroism of these and their like have made her, men whose fame, unlike that of most Hellenes, will be found to be only commensurate with their deserts. And if a test of worth be wanted, it is to be found in their closing scene, and this not only in the cases in which it set the final seal upon their merit, but also in those in which it gave the first intimation of their having any. For there is justice in the claim that steadfastness in his country's battles should be as a cloak to cover a man's other imperfections; since the good action has blotted out the bad, and his merit as a citizen more than outweighed his demerits as an individual. But none of these allowed either wealth, with its prospect of future enjoyment, to unnerve his spirit, or poverty, with its hope of a day of freedom and riches, to tempt him to shrink from danger. Thus choosing to die resisting, rather than to live submitting, they fled only from dishonour, but met danger face to face, and after

one brief moment, while at the summit of their fortune, escaped, not from their fear, but from their glory.

"So died these men as became Athenians. You, their survivors, must determine to have as unfaltering a resolution in the field, though you may pray that it may have a happier issue. For this offering of their lives made in common by them all they each of them individually received that renown which never grows old, and for a sepulchre not so much that in which their bones have been deposited, but that noblest of shrines wherein their glory is laid up to be eternally remembered upon every occasion on which deed or story shall call for its commemoration. For heroes have the whole earth for their tomb; and in lands far from their own, where the column with its epitaph declares it, there is enshrined in every breast a record unwritten with no tablet to preserve it, except that of the heart. These take as your model, and judging happiness to be the fruit of freedom and freedom of valour, never decline the dangers of war. For it is not the miserable that would most justly be unsparing of their lives; these have nothing to hope for: it is rather they to whom continued life may bring reverses as yet unknown, and to whom a fall, if it came, would be most tremendous in its consequences.

"Comfort, therefore, not condolence, is what I have to offer to the parents of the dead who may be here. Numberless are the chances to which, as they know, the life of man is subject; but fortunate indeed are they who draw for their lot a death so glorious as that which has caused your mourning, and to whom life has been so exactly measured as to terminate in the happiness in which it has been passed. Still I know that this is a hard saying, especially when those are in question of whom you will constantly be reminded by seeing in the homes of others blessings of which once you also boasted: for grief is felt not so much for the want of what we have never known as for the loss of that to which we have been long accustomed.

"Turning to the sons or brothers of the dead, I see an arduous struggle before you. When a man is gone, all are wont to praise him, and should your merit be ever so transcendent, you will still find it difficult not merely to overtake, but even to approach their renown. The living have envy to contend with, while those who are no longer in our path are honoured with a good will into which rivalry does not enter. If deeds be in question, those who are here interred have received part of their honours already, and for the rest, their children will be brought up till manhood at the public expense: the state thus offers a valuable prize, as the garland of victory in this race of valour, for the reward both of those who have fallen and their survivors. And where the rewards for merit are greatest, there are found the best citizens.

"And now that you have brought to a close your lamentations for your relatives, you may depart."

IV

SUCH was the funeral that took place during this winter, with which the first year of the war came to an end. In the first days of summer the Lacedaemonians and their allies, with two thirds of their forces as before, invaded Attica, and sat down and laid waste the country. Not many days after their arrival in Attica the plague first began to show itself among the Athenians. It was said that it had broken out in many places previously in the neighbourhood of Lemnos and elsewhere; but a pestilence of such extent and mortality was nowhere remembered. Neither were the physicians at first of any service, ignorant as they were of the proper way to treat it, but they died themselves the most thickly, as they visited the sick most often; nor did any human art succeed any better.

It first began, it is said, in the parts of Ethiopia above Egypt, and thence descended into Egypt and Libya and into most of the king's country. Suddenly falling upon Athens, it first attacked the population in Piraeus—which was the occasion of their saying that the Peloponnesians had poisoned the reservoirs, there being as yet no wells there—and afterwards appeared in the upper city, when the deaths became much more frequent. All speculation as to its origin and its causes I leave to other writers, whether lay or professional; for myself, I shall simply set down its nature and explain the symptoms by which perhaps it may be recognized by the student, if it should ever break out again. This I can the better do, as I had the disease myself and watched its operation in the case of others.

As a rule, there was no ostensible cause; but people in good health were all of a sudden attacked by violent heats in the head, and redness and inflammation in the eyes, the inward parts, such as the throat or tongue, becoming bloody and emitting an unnatural and fetid breath. These symptoms were followed by sneezing and hoarseness, after which the pain soon reached the chest and produced a hard cough. When it fixed in the stomach, it upset it; and discharges of bile of every kind named by physicians ensued, accompanied by very great distress. In most cases also an ineffectual retching followed, producing violent spasms, which in some cases ceased soon after, in others much later. Externally the body was not very hot to the touch, nor pale in its appearance, but reddish, livid, and breaking out into small pustules and ulcers. But internally it burned so that the patient could not bear to have on him clothing or linen even of the very lightest description; or indeed to be otherwise than stark naked. What they would have liked best would have been to throw themselves into cold water; as indeed was done by some of the neglected sick, who plunged into the rain tanks in their agonies of unquenchable thirst; though it made no difference whether they drank little or much. Besides this, the miserable feeling of not being able to rest or sleep never ceased to torment them. The body meanwhile did not waste away so long as the distemper was at its

height, but held out to a marvel against its ravages; so that when they succumbed, as in most cases, on the seventh or eighth day to the internal inflammation, they had still some strength in them. But if they passed this stage, and the disease descended further into the bowels, inducing a violent ulceration there, accompanied by severe diarrhoea, this brought on a weakness which was generally fatal. For the disorder first settled in the head, ran its course from thence through the whole of the body, and even where it did not prove mortal, it still left its mark on the extremities; for it settled in the privy parts, the fingers and the toes, and many escaped with the loss of these, some too with that of their eyes. Others again were seized with an entire loss of memory on their first recovery, and did not know either themselves or their friends. All the birds and beasts that prey upon human bodies either abstained from touching them (though there were many lying unburied) or died after tasting them. In proof of this, it was noticed that birds of this kind actually disappeared; they were not about the bodies, or indeed to be seen at all. But of course the effects which I have mentioned could best be studied in a domestic animal like the dog.

An aggravation of the existing calamity was the influx from the country into the city, and this was especially felt by the new arrivals. As there were no houses to receive them, they had to be lodged at the hot season of the year in stifling cabins, where the mortality raged without restraint. The bodies of dying men lay one upon another, and half-dead creatures reeled about the streets and gathered round all the fountains in their longing for water. The sacred places also in which they had quartered themselves were full of corpses of persons that had died there, just as they were; for as the disaster passed all bounds, men, not knowing what was to become of them, became utterly careless of everything, whether sacred or profane. All the burial rites before in use were entirely upset, and they buried the bodies as best they could.

Men now coolly ventured on what they had formerly done in a corner, and not just as they pleased, seeing the rapid transitions produced by persons in prosperity suddenly dying and those who before had nothing succeeding to their property. So they resolved to spend quickly and enjoy themselves, regarding their lives and riches as alike things of a day. Perseverance in what men called honour was popular with none, it was so uncertain whether they would be spared to attain the object; but it was settled that present enjoyment, and all that contributed to it, was both honourable and useful. Fear of gods or law of man there was none to restrain them. As for the first, they judged it to be just the same whether they worshipped them or not, as they saw all alike perishing; and for the last, no one expected to live to be brought to trial for his offences, but each felt that a far severer sentence had been already passed upon them all and hung ever over their heads, and before this fell it was only reasonable to enjoy life a little.

Such was the nature of the calamity, and heavily did it weigh on the

Athenians; death raging within the city and devastation without. For the plague broke out so soon as the Peloponnesians invaded Attica.

After ravaging the plain the Peloponnesians advanced into the Paralian region as far as Laurium, where the Athenian silver mines are, and first laid waste the side looking towards Peloponnese, next that which faces Euboea and Andros. But Pericles, who was still general, held the same opinion as in the former invasion, and would not let the Athenians march out against them.

However, while they were still in the plain and had not yet entered the Paralian land, he had prepared an armament of a hundred ships for Peloponnese, and when all was ready put out to sea. When this Athenian armament put out to sea, they left the Peloponnesians in Attica in the Paralian region. Arriving at Epidaurus in Peloponnese they ravaged most of the territory, and even had hopes of taking the town by an assault: in this, however, they were not successful. Putting out from Epidaurus, they laid waste the territory of Troezen, Halieis, and Hermione, all towns on the coast of Peloponnese, and thence sailing to Prasiai, a maritime town in Laconia, ravaged part of its territory, and took and sacked the place itself; after which they returned home, but found the Peloponnesians gone and no longer in Attica.

After the second invasion of the Peloponnesians a change came over the spirit of the Athenians. Their land had now been twice laid waste; and war and pestilence at once pressed heavy upon them. They began to find fault with Pericles, as the author of the war and the cause of all their misfortunes, and became eager to come to terms with Lacedaemon, and actually sent ambassadors thither, who did not, however, succeed in their mission. Their despair was now complete and all vented itself upon Pericles. When he saw them exasperated at the present turn of affairs and acting exactly as he had anticipated, he called an assembly, being (it must be remembered) still general, with the double object of restoring confidence and of leading them from these angry feelings to a calmer and more hopeful state of mind. He accordingly came forward and spoke as follows:

"I was not unprepared for the indignation of which I have been the object, as I know its causes; and I have called an assembly for the purpose of reminding you upon certain points, and of protesting against your being unreasonably irritated with me, or cowed by your sufferings. I am of opinion that national greatness is more for the advantage of private citizens than any individual well-being coupled with public humiliation. A man may be personally ever so well off, and yet if his country be ruined he must be ruined with it; whereas a flourishing commonwealth always affords chances of salvation to unfortunate individuals. Since then a state can support the misfortunes of private citizens, while they cannot support hers, it is surely the duty of everyone to be forward in her defence, and not like you to be so confounded with your domestic afflictions as to give up all thoughts of the common safety and to blame me for having counselled war and yourselves for having voted it.

"For those of course who have a free choice in the matter, and whose fortunes are not at stake, war is the greatest of follies. But if the only choice was between submission with loss of independence, and danger with the hope of preserving that independence, in such a case it is he who will not accept the risk that deserves blame, not he who will. I am the same man and do not alter, it is you who change, since in fact you took my advice while unhurt, and waited for misfortune to repent of it; and the apparent error of my policy lies in the infirmity of your resolution, since the suffering that it entails is being felt by everyone among you, while its advantage is still remote and obscure to all, and a great and sudden reverse having befallen you, your mind is too much depressed to persevere in your resolves.

"If you shrink before the exertions which the war makes necessary, and fear that after all they may not have a happy result, you know the reasons by which I have often demonstrated to you the groundlessness of your apprehensions. If those are not enough, I will now reveal an advantage arising from the greatness of your dominion. You perhaps think that your empire extends only over your allies; I will declare to you the truth. The visible field of action has two parts, land and sea. In the whole of one of these you are completely supreme, not merely as far as you use it at present, but also to what further extent you may think fit: in fine, your naval resources are such that your vessels may go where they please, without the king or any other nation on earth being able to stop them. So that although you may think it a great privation to lose the use of your land and houses, still you must see that this power is something widely different; and instead of fretting on their account, you should really regard them in the light of the gardens and other accessories that embellish a great fortune, and as, in comparison, of little moment. You should know too that liberty preserved by your efforts will easily recover for us what we have lost, while, the knee once bowed, even what you have will pass from you. Your fathers, receiving these possessions not from others, but from themselves, did not let slip what their labour had acquired, but delivered them safe to you; and in this respect at least you must prove yourselves their equals, remembering that to lose what one has got is more disgraceful than to be baulked in getting, and you must confront your enemies not merely with spirit but with disdain.

"You should remember also that what you are fighting against is not merely slavery as an exchange for independence, but also loss of empire and danger from the animosities incurred in its exercise. Besides, to recede is no longer possible, if indeed any of you in the alarm of the moment has become enamoured of the honesty of such an unambitious part. For what you hold is, to speak somewhat plainly, a tyranny; to take it perhaps was wrong, but to let it go is unsafe. And men of these retiring views, making converts of others, would quickly ruin a state; indeed the result would be the same if they could live independent by themselves; for the retiring and unambitious are never secure without vigorous pro-

tectors at their side. Besides, the hand of Heaven must be borne with resignation, that of the enemy with fortitude; this was the old way at Athens, and do not you prevent it being so still. Remember, too, that if your country has the greatest name in all the world it is because she never bent before disaster; because she has expended more life and effort in war than any other city, and has won for herself a power greater than any hitherto known, the memory of which will descend to the latest posterity. These glories may incur the censure of the slow and unambitious; but in the breast of energy they will awake emulation, and in those who must remain without them an envious regret. Hatred also is short-lived; but that which makes the splendour of the present and the glory of the future remains forever unforgotten. Make your decision, therefore, for glory then and honour now, and attain both objects by instant and zealous effort: do not send heralds to Lacedaemon, and do not betray any sign of being oppressed by your present sufferings, since they whose minds are least sensitive to calamity, and whose hands are most quick to meet it, are the greatest men and the greatest communities."

Such were the arguments by which Pericles tried to cure the Athenians of their anger against him and to divert their thoughts from their immediate afflictions. As a community he succeeded in convincing them; they not only gave up all idea of sending to Lacedaemon, but applied themselves with increased energy to the war; still as private individuals they could not help smarting under their sufferings. In fact, the public feeling against him did not subside until he had been fined. Not long afterwards, however, according to the way of the multitude, they again elected him general and committed all their affairs to his hands, having now become less sensitive to their private and domestic afflictions, and understanding that he was the best man of all for the public necessities. For as long as he was at the head of the state during the peace, he pursued a moderate and conservative policy; and in his time its greatness was at its height. When the war broke out, here also he seems to have rightly gauged the power of his country. He outlived its commencement two years and six months, and the correctness of his previsions respecting it became better known by his death. He told them to wait quietly, to pay attention to their marine, to attempt no new conquests, and to expose the city to no hazards during the war, and, doing this, promised them a favourable result. What they did was the very contrary, allowing private ambitions and private interests, in matters apparently quite foreign to the war, to lead them into projects unjust both to themselves and to their allies—projects whose success would only conduce to the honour and advantage of private persons, and whose failure entailed certain disaster on the country in the war. The causes of this are not far to seek. Pericles indeed, by his rank, ability, and known integrity, was enabled to exercise an independent control over the multitude—in short, to lead them instead of being led by them; for as he never sought power by improper means, he was never compelled to flatter them, but, on the contrary, enjoyed so

high an estimation that he could afford to anger them by contradiction. In short, what was nominally a democracy became in his hands government by the first citizen. With his successors it was different. More on a level with one another, and each grasping at supremacy, they ended by committing even the conduct of state affairs to the whims of the multitude. This, as might have been expected in a great and sovereign state, produced a host of blunders. Nor did they finally succumb till they fell the victims of their own intestine disorders. So superfluously abundant were the resources from which the genius of Pericles foresaw an easy triumph in the war over the unaided forces of the Peloponnesians.

The next summer the Peloponnesians and their allies, instead of invading Attica, marched against Plataea, under the command of Archidamus, son of Zeuxidamus, king of the Lacedaemonians. First he enclosed the town with a palisade formed of the fruit trees which they cut down, to prevent further egress from Plataea; next they threw up a mound against the city, hoping that the largeness of the force employed would ensure the speedy reduction of the place. They accordingly cut down timber from Cithaeron, and built it up on either side, laying it like latticework to serve as a wall to keep the mound from spreading abroad, and carried to it wood and stones and earth and whatever other material might help to complete it. They continued to work at the mound for seventy days and nights without intermission, being divided into relief parties to allow of some being employed in carrying while others took sleep and refreshment. But the Plataeans, observing the progress of the mound, constructed a wall of wood and fixed it upon that part of the city wall against which the mound was being erected, and built up bricks inside it which they took from the neighbouring houses. The timbers served to bind the building together and to prevent its becoming weak as it advanced in height; it had also a covering of skins and hides, which protected the woodwork against the attacks of burning missiles and allowed the men to work in safety. Thus the wall was raised to a great height, and the mound opposite made no less rapid progress. The Plataeans also thought of another expedient; they pulled out part of the wall upon which the mound abutted, and carried the earth into the city.

Discovering this, the Peloponnesians twisted up clay in wattles of reed and threw it into the breach formed in the mound, in order to give it consistency and prevent its being carried away like the soil. Stopped in this way, the Plataeans changed their mode of operation and, digging a mine from the town, calculated their way under the mound and began to carry off its material as before. This went on for a long while without the enemy outside finding it out, so that for all they threw on the top their mound made no progress in proportion, being carried away from beneath and constantly settling down in the vacuum. But the Plataeans, fearing that even thus they might not be able to hold out against the superior numbers of the enemy, had yet another invention. They stopped working at the large building in front of the mound and, starting at either

end of it inside from the old low wall, built a new one in the form of a crescent running in towards the town; in order that in the event of the great wall being taken this might remain, and the enemy have to throw up a fresh mound against it, and as they advanced within might not only have their trouble over again, but also be exposed to missiles on their flanks. After this the Peloponnesians, finding that their mound was met by the counterwork, concluded that their present means of offence were unequal to the taking of the city and prepared for its circumvallation. First, however, they determined to try the effects of fire and see whether they could not, with the help of a wind, burn the town, as it was not a large one; indeed they thought of every possible expedient by which the place might be reduced without the expense of a blockade. They accordingly brought faggots of brushwood and threw them from the mound, first into the space between it and the wall; and this soon becoming full from the number of hands at work, they next heaped the faggots up as far into the town as they could reach from the top, and then lighted the wood by setting fire to it with sulphur and pitch. The consequence was a fire greater than anyone had ever yet seen produced by human agency, though it could not of course be compared to the spontaneous conflagrations sometimes known to occur through the wind rubbing the branches of a mountain forest together. And this fire was not only remarkable for its magnitude, but was also, at the end of so many perils, within an ace of proving fatal to the Plataeans; a great part of the town became entirely inaccessible, and, had a wind blown upon it, in accordance with the hopes of the enemy, nothing could have saved them. As it was, there is also a story of heavy rain and thunder having come on, by which the fire was put out and the danger averted.

Failing in this last attempt, the Peloponnesians left a portion of their forces on the spot, dismissing the rest, and built a wall of circumvallation round the town, dividing the ground among the various cities present; a ditch being made within and without the lines, from which they got their bricks. All being finished by about the rising of Arcturus, they left men enough to man half the wall, the rest being manned by the Boeotians, and, drawing off their army, dispersed to their several cities. The Plataeans had before sent off their wives and children and oldest men and the mass of the non-combatants to Athens; so that the number of the besieged left in the place comprised four hundred of their own citizens, eighty Athenians, and a hundred and ten women to bake their bread. Such were the arrangements made for the blockade of Plataea.

The same summer, not long after this, the Ambraciots and Chaonians, being desirous of reducing the whole of Acarnania and detaching it from Athens, persuaded the Lacedaemonians to equip a fleet from their confederacy and send a thousand heavy infantry to Acarnania, representing that if a combined movement were made by land and sea the coast Acarnanians would be unable to march, and the conquest of Zacynthus and Cephallenia easily following on the possession of Acarnania, the cruise

round Peloponnese would be no longer so convenient for the Athenians. Besides which there was a hope of taking Naupactus. The Lacedaemonians accordingly at once sent off a few vessels with Cnemus, who was still high admiral, and the heavy infantry on board; and sent round orders for the fleet to equip as quickly as possible and sail to Leucas.

The fleet from Corinth and the rest of the confederates in the Crissaean Gulf, which was to have co-operated with Cnemus and prevented the coast Acarnanians from joining their countrymen in the interior, was disabled from doing so by being compelled to fight with Phormio and the twenty Athenian vessels stationed at Naupactus. For they were watched, as they coasted along out of the gulf, by Phormio, who wished to attack in the open sea. But the Corinthians and allies had started for Acarnania without any idea of fighting at sea, and with vessels more like transports for carrying soldiers; besides which, they never dreamed of the twenty Athenian ships venturing to engage their forty-seven. However, while they were coasting along their own shore, there were the Athenians sailing along in line with them; and when they tried to cross over from Patrae in Achaea to the mainland on the other side, on their way to Acarnania, they saw them again coming out from Chalcis and the river Evenus to meet them. They slipped from their moorings in the night, but were observed, and were at length compelled to fight in mid-passage. Each state that contributed to the armament had its own general; the Corinthian commanders were Machaon, Isocrates, and Agatharchidas. The Peloponnesians ranged their vessels in as large a circle as possible without leaving an opening, with the prows outside and the sterns in; and placed within all the small craft in company, and their five best sailers to issue out at a moment's notice and strengthen any point threatened by the enemy.

The Athenians, formed in line, sailed round and round them, and forced them to contract their circle, by continually brushing past and making as though they would attack at once, having been previously cautioned by Phormio not to do so till he gave the signal. He thought that it rested with him to attack when he pleased, as his ships were better sailers, and that an attack timed by the coming of the wind would tell best. When the wind came down, the enemy's ships were now in a narrow space and, what with the wind and the small craft dashing against them, at once fell into confusion: ship fell foul of ship, while the crews were pushing them off with poles and, by their shouting, swearing, and struggling with one another, made captains' orders and boatswains' cries alike inaudible, and through being unable for want of practice to clear their oars in the rough water, prevented the vessels from obeying their helmsmen properly. At this moment Phormio gave the signal and the Athenians attacked. Sinking first one of the admirals, they then disabled all they came across, so that no one thought of resistance for the confusion, but fled for Patrae and Dyme in Achaea. The Athenians gave chase and captured twelve ships, and, taking most of the men out of them, sailed to

Molycrium and, after setting up a trophy on the promontory of Rhium and dedicating a ship to Poseidon, returned to Naupactus.

Thus the summer ended. Winter was now at hand; but Cnemus, Brasidas, and the other Peloponnesian captains allowed themselves to be persuaded by the Megarians to make an attempt upon Piraeus, the port of Athens, which from her decided superiority at sea had been naturally left unguarded and open. Their plan was as follows. The men were each to take their oar, cushion, and rowlock thong, and going overland from Corinth to the sea on the Athenian side, to get to Megara as quickly as they could, and, launching forty vessels, which happened to be in the docks at Nisaea, to sail at once to Piraeus. There was no fleet on the look-out in the harbour, and no one had the least idea of the enemy attempting a surprise; while an open attack would, it was thought, never be deliberately ventured on, or would be speedily known at Athens. Their plan formed, the next step was to put it in execution. Arriving by night and launching the vessels from Nisaea, they sailed, not to Piraeus as they had originally intended, being afraid of the risk, besides which there was some talk of a wind having stopped them, but to the point of Salamis that looks towards Megara; where there was a fort and a squadron of three ships to prevent anything sailing in or out of Megara. This fort they assaulted, and towed off the galleys empty, and, surprising the inhabitants, began to lay waste the rest of the island.

Meanwhile fire signals were raised to alarm Athens, and a panic ensued there as serious as any that occurred during the war. The idea in the city was that the enemy had already sailed into Piraeus: in Piraeus it was thought that they had taken Salamis and might at any moment arrive in the port; as indeed might easily have been done if their hearts had been a little firmer. As soon as day broke the Athenians assembled in full force, launched their ships, and, embarking in haste and uproar, went with the fleet to Salamis, while their soldiery mounted guard in Piraeus. The Peloponnesians, on becoming aware of the coming relief, after they had overrun most of Salamis, hastily sailed off with their plunder and captives and the three ships from Fort Budorum to Nisaea; the state of their ships also causing them some anxiety, as it was a long while since they had been launched, and they were not watertight. Arrived at Megara, they returned back on foot to Corinth. The Athenians, finding them no longer at Salamis, sailed back themselves; and after this made arrangements for guarding Piraeus more diligently in future, by closing the harbours and by other suitable precautions.

The Athenians and Phormio, putting back from Acarnania and arriving at Naupactus, sailed home to Athens in the spring, taking with them the ships that they had captured, and such of the prisoners made in the late actions as were freemen; who were exchanged, man for man. And so ended this winter, and the third year of this war, of which Thucydides was the historian.

V

THE next summer, just as the corn was getting ripe, the Peloponnesians and their allies invaded Attica under the command of Archidamus, son of Zeuxidamus, king of the Lacedaemonians, and sat down and ravaged the land; the Athenian horse as usual attacking them, wherever it was practicable, and preventing the mass of the light troops from advancing from their camp and wasting the parts near the city. After staying the time for which they had taken provisions, the invaders retired and dispersed to their several cities.

The same winter the Plataeans, who were still being besieged by the Peloponnesians and Boeotians, distressed by the failure of their provisions, and seeing no hope of relief from Athens, nor any other means of safety, formed a scheme with the Athenians besieged with them for escaping, if possible, by forcing their way over the enemy's walls; the attempt having been suggested by Theaenetus, son of Tolmides, a soothsayer, and Eupompides, son of Daïmachus, one of their generals. At first all were to join: afterwards, half hung back, thinking the risk great; about two hundred and twenty, however, voluntarily persevered in the attempt, which was carried out in the following way. Ladders were made to match the height of the enemy's wall, which they measured by the layers of bricks, the side turned towards them not being thoroughly whitewashed. These were counted by many persons at once; and though some might miss the right calculation, most would hit upon it, particularly as they counted over and over again, and were no great way from the wall, but could see it easily enough for their purpose. The length required for the ladders was thus obtained, being calculated from the breadth of the brick.

Now the wall of the Peloponnesians was constructed as follows. It consisted of two lines drawn round the place, one against the Plataeans, the other against any attack on the outside from Athens, about sixteen feet apart. The intermediate space of sixteen feet was occupied by huts portioned out among the soldiers on guard, and built in one block, so as to give the appearance of a single thick wall with battlements on either side. At intervals of every ten battlements were towers of considerable size, and the same breadth as the wall, reaching right across from its inner to its outer face, with no means of passing except through the middle. Accordingly on stormy and wet nights the battlements were deserted, and guard kept from the towers, which were not far apart and roofed in above.

Such being the structure of the wall by which the Plataeans were blockaded, when their preparations were completed, they waited for a stormy night of wind and rain and without any moon, and then set out, guided by the authors of the enterprise. Crossing first the ditch that ran round the town, they next gained the wall of the enemy unperceived by the sentinels, who did not see them in the darkness, or hear them, as the wind drowned with its roar the noise of their approach; besides which

they kept a good way off from each other, that they might not be betrayed by the clash of their weapons. They were also lightly equipped, and had only the left foot shod to preserve them from slipping in the mire. They came up to the battlements at one of the intermediate spaces where they knew them to be unguarded: those who carried the ladders went first and planted them; next twelve light-armed soldiers with only a dagger and a breastplate mounted, led by Ammias, son of Coroebus, who was the first on the wall; his followers getting up after him and going six to each of the towers. After these came another party of light troops armed with spears, whose shields, that they might advance the easier, were carried by men behind, who were to hand them to them when they found themselves in presence of the enemy. After a good many had mounted they were discovered by the sentinels in the towers, by the noise made by a tile which was knocked down by one of the Plataeans as he was laying hold of the battlements. The alarm was instantly given, and the troops rushed to the wall, not knowing the nature of the danger, owing to the dark night and stormy weather; the Plataeans in the town having also chosen that moment to make a sortie against the wall of the Peloponnesians upon the side opposite to that on which their men were getting over, in order to divert the attention of the besiegers. Accordingly they remained distracted at their several posts, without any venturing to stir to give help from his own station, and at a loss to guess what was going on.

Meanwhile the first of the scaling party that had got up, after carrying both the towers and putting the sentinels to the sword, posted themselves inside to prevent anyone coming through against them; and, rearing ladders from the wall, sent several men up on the towers, and from their summit and base kept in check all of the enemy that came up, with their missiles, while their main body planted a number of ladders against the wall, and, knocking down the battlements, passed over between the towers; each as soon as he had got over taking up his station at the edge of the ditch, and plying from thence with arrows and darts any who came along the wall to stop the passage of his comrades. When all were over, the party on the towers came down, the last of them not without difficulty, and proceeded to the ditch, just as the three hundred came up carrying torches. The Plataeans, standing on the edge of the ditch in the dark, had a good view of their opponents, and discharged their arrows and darts upon the unarmed parts of their bodies, while they themselves could not be so well seen in the obscurity for the torches; and thus even the last of them got over the ditch, though not without effort and difficulty; as ice had formed in it, not strong enough to walk upon, but of that watery kind which generally comes with a wind more east than north, and the snow which this wind had caused to fall during the night had made the water in the ditch rise, so that they could scarcely breast it as they crossed. However, it was mainly the violence of the storm that enabled them to effect their escape at all.

Starting from the ditch, the Plataeans went all together along the road

leading to Thebes, keeping the chapel of the hero Androcrates upon their right; considering that the last road which the Peloponnesians would suspect them of having taken would be that towards their enemies' country. Indeed they could see them pursuing with torches upon the Athens road towards Cithaeron and Druos-kephalai or Oakheads. After going for rather more than half a mile upon the road to Thebes, the Plataeans turned off and took that leading to the mountain, to Erythrae and Hysiae, and, reaching the hills, made good their escape to Athens, two hundred and twelve men in all.

About the same time in this summer, the Plataeans, being now without provisions, and unable to support the siege, surrendered to the Peloponnesians in the following manner. An assault had been made upon the wall, which the Plataeans were unable to repel. The Lacedaemonian commander, perceiving their weakness, wished to avoid taking the place by storm; his instructions from Lacedaemon having been so conceived, in order that if at any future time peace should be made with Athens, and they should agree each to restore the places that they had taken in the war, Plataea might be held to have come over voluntarily, and not be included in the list. He accordingly sent a herald to them to ask if they were willing voluntarily to surrender the town to the Lacedaemonians, and accept them as their judges, upon the understanding that the guilty should be punished, but no one without form of law. The Plataeans were now in the last state of weakness, and the herald had no sooner delivered his message than they surrendered the town. The Peloponnesians fed them for some days until the judges from Lacedaemon, who were five in number, arrived. Upon their arrival no charge was preferred; they simply called up the Plataeans and asked them whether they had done the Lacedaemonians and allies any service in the war then raging. The Lacedaemonians, upon their saying that they had not, took them out and slew them, all without exception. The number of Plataeans thus massacred was not less than two hundred, with twenty-five Athenians who had shared in the siege. The women were taken as slaves.

The Corcyraean revolution began with the return of the prisoners taken in the sea fights off Epidamnus. These the Corinthians had released, nominally upon the security of eight hundred talents given by their *proxeni,* but in reality upon their engagement to bring over Corcyra to Corinth. These men proceeded to canvass each of the citizens and to intrigue with the view of detaching the city from Athens. The returned prisoners brought Peithias, a volunteer *proxenus* of the Athenians and leader of the commons, to trial, upon the charge of enslaving Corcyra to Athens. He, being acquitted, retorted by accusing five of the richest of their number of cutting stakes in the ground sacred to Zeus and Alcinous; the legal penalty being a stater for each stake. The accused, learning that Peithias had the intention, while still a member of the senate, to persuade the people to conclude a defensive and offensive alliance with Athens, banded together armed with daggers, and, suddenly bursting into the

senate, killed Peithias and sixty others, senators and private persons; some few only of the party of Peithias taking refuge in the Athenian galley, which had not yet departed.

After this outrage, the conspirators summoned the Corcyraeans to an assembly and said that this would turn out for the best, and would save them from being enslaved by Athens: for the future, they moved to receive neither party unless they came peacefully in a single ship, treating any larger number as enemies. Meanwhile a Corinthian galley arriving in the island with Lacedaemonian envoys, the dominant Corcyraean party attacked the commons and defeated them in battle. Night coming on, the commons took refuge in the Acropolis and the higher parts of the city, and concentrated themselves there, having also possession of the Hyllaic harbour; their adversaries occupying the market place, where most of them lived, and the harbour adjoining, looking towards the mainland.

The next day passed in skirmishes of little importance, each party sending into the country to offer freedom to the slaves and to invite them to join them. The mass of the slaves answered the appeal of the commons; their antagonists being reinforced by eight hundred mercenaries from the continent.

After a day's interval hostilities recommenced, victory remaining with the commons, who had the advantage in numbers and position, the women also valiantly assisting them, pelting with tiles from the houses and supporting the mêlée with a fortitude beyond their sex. Towards dusk, the oligarchs in full rout, fearing that the victorious commons might assault and carry the arsenal and put them to the sword, fired the houses round the market place and the lodging houses, in order to bar their advance; sparing neither their own nor those of their neighbours; by which much stuff of the merchants was consumed and the city risked total destruction, if a wind had come to help the flame by blowing on it. Death thus raged in every shape; and, as usually happens at such times, there was no length to which violence did not go; sons were killed by their fathers, and suppliants dragged from the altar or slain upon it; while some were even walled up in the temple of Dionysus and died there.

So bloody was the march of the revolution, and the impression which it made was the greater as it was one of the first to occur. Later on, one may say, the whole Hellenic world was convulsed; struggles being everywhere made by the popular chiefs to bring in the Athenians, and by the oligarchs to introduce the Lacedaemonians. In peace there would have been neither the pretext nor the wish to make such an invitation; but in war, with an alliance always at the command of either faction for the hurt of their adversaries and their own corresponding advantage, opportunities for bringing in the foreigner were never wanting to the revolutionary parties. The sufferings which revolution entailed upon the cities were many and terrible, such as have occurred and always will occur, as long as the nature of mankind remains the same. In peace and prosperity states and individuals have better sentiments, because they do not find them-

selves suddenly confronted with imperious necessities; but war takes away the easy supply of daily wants, and so proves a rough master, that brings most men's characters to a level with their fortunes. Revolution thus ran its course from city to city, and the places which it arrived at last, from having heard what had been done before, carried to a still greater excess the refinement of their inventions, as manifested in the cunning of their enterprises and the atrocity of their reprisals. Words had to change their ordinary meaning and to take that which was now given them.

Thus every form of iniquity took root in the Hellenic countries by reason of the troubles. The ancient simplicity into which honour so largely entered was laughed down and disappeared; and society became divided into camps in which no man trusted his fellow. To put an end to this, there was neither promise to be depended upon, nor oath that could command respect; but all parties, dwelling rather in their calculation upon the hopelessness of a permanent state of things, were more intent upon self-defence than capable of confidence. In this contest the blunter wits were most successful. Apprehensive of their own deficiencies and of the cleverness of their antagonists, they feared to be worsted in debate and to be surprised by the combinations of their more versatile opponents, and so at once boldly had recourse to action. In the confusion into which life was now thrown in the cities, human nature, always rebelling against the law and now its master, gladly showed itself ungoverned in passion, above respect for justice, and the enemy of all superiority; since revenge would not have been set above religion, and gain above justice, had it not been for the fatal power of envy. Indeed men too often take upon themselves in the prosecution of their revenge to set the example of doing away with those general laws to which all alike can look for salvation in adversity, instead of allowing them to subsist against the day of danger when their aid may be required.

VI

THE next summer the Peloponnesians and their allies set out to invade Attica under the command of Agis, son of Archidamus, and went as far as the Isthmus, but, numerous earthquakes occurring, turned back again without the invasion taking place. About the same time that these earthquakes were so common, the sea at Orobiae, in Euboea, retiring from the then line of coast, returned in a huge wave and invaded a great part of the town, and retreated, leaving some of it still under water; so that what was once land is now sea; such of the inhabitants perishing as could not run up to the higher ground in time. A similar inundation also occurred at Atalanta, the island off the Opuntian Locrian coast, carrying away part of the Athenian fort and wrecking one of two ships which were drawn up on the beach.

During the same summer different operations were carried on by the different belligerents in Sicily; by the Siceliots themselves against each

other, and by the Athenians and their allies: I shall, however, confine myself to the actions in which the Athenians took part, choosing the most important. The death of the Athenian general Charoeades, killed by the Syracusans in battle, left Laches in the sole command of the fleet, which he now directed in concert with the allies against Mylae, a place belonging to the Messinese. Two Messinese battalions in garrison at Mylae laid an ambush for the party landing from the ships, but were routed with great slaughter by the Athenians and their allies, who thereupon assaulted the fortification and compelled them to surrender the acropolis and to march with them upon Messina. This town afterwards also submitted upon the approach of the Athenians and their allies, and gave hostages and all other securities required. The winter ensuing, the Athenians in Sicily with their Hellenic allies, and such of the Sicel subjects or allies of Syracuse as had revolted from her and joined their army, marched against the Sicel town Inessa, the acropolis of which was held by the Syracusans and, after attacking it without being able to take it, retired. In the retreat, the allies retreating after the Athenians were attacked by the Syracusans from the fort, and a large part of their army routed with great slaughter. After this, Laches and the Athenians from the ships made some descents in Locris, and, defeating the Locrians, who came against them with Proxenus, son of Capaton, upon the river Caïcinus, took some arms and departed.

The same winter the Athenians in Sicily made a descent from their ships upon the territory of Himera, in concert with the Sicels, who had invaded its borders from the interior, and also sailed to the islands of Aeolus. Upon their return to Rhegium they found the Athenian general, Pythodorus, come to supersede Laches in the command of the fleet. The allies in Sicily had sailed to Athens and induced the Athenians to send out more vessels to their assistance, pointing out that the Syracusans who already commanded their land were making efforts to get together a navy, to avoid being any longer excluded from the sea by a few vessels. The Athenians proceeded to man forty ships to send to them, thinking that the war in Sicily would thus be the sooner ended, and also wishing to exercise their navy. One of the generals, Pythodorus, was accordingly sent out with a few ships; Sophocles, son of Sostratides, and Eurymedon, son of Thucles, being destined to follow with the main body. Meanwhile Pythodorus had taken the command of Laches' ships, and towards the end of winter sailed against the Locrian fort, which Laches had formerly taken, and returned after being defeated in battle by the Locrians. Meanwhile the Athenians sent off the forty ships which they had been preparing to Sicily, with the remaining generals Eurymedon and Sophocles; their colleague Pythodorus having already preceded them thither.

Off Laconia they heard that the Peloponnesian ships were already at Corcyra, upon which Eurymedon and Sophocles wished to hasten to the island, but Demosthenes required them first to touch at Pylos and do what was wanted there, before continuing their voyage. While they were making objections, a squall chanced to come on and carried the fleet into

Pylos. Demosthenes at once urged them to fortify the place, it being for this that he had come on the voyage, and made them observe there was plenty of stone and timber on the spot, and that the place was strong by nature, and together with much of the country round unoccupied; Pylos, or Coryphasium, as the Lacedaemonians call it, being about forty-five miles distant from Sparta, and situated in the old country of the Messenians.

After speaking to the captains of companies on the subject, and failing to persuade either the generals or the soldiers, he remained inactive with the rest from stress of weather; until the soldiers themselves, wanting occupation, were seized with a sudden impulse to go round and fortify the place. Accordingly they set to work in earnest and, having no iron tools, picked up stones and put them together as they happened to fit, and, where mortar was needed, carried it on their backs for want of hods, stooping down to make it stay on, and clasping their hands together behind to prevent it falling off; sparing no effort to be able to complete the most vulnerable points before the arrival of the Lacedaemonians, most of the place being sufficiently strong by nature without further fortifications.

Meanwhile the Lacedaemonians were celebrating a festival, and also at first made light of the news, in the idea that whenever they chose to take the field the place would be immediately evacuated by the enemy or easily taken by force; the absence of their army before Athens having also something to do with their delay. The Athenians fortified the place on the land side and, where it most required it, in six days, and leaving Demosthenes with five ships to garrison it, with the main body of the fleet hastened on their voyage to Corcyra and Sicily.

As soon as the Peloponnesians in Attica heard of the occupation of Pylos, they hurried back home; the Lacedaemonians and their king Agis thinking that the matter touched them nearly. Besides having made their invasion early in the season, and while the corn was still green, most of their troops were short of provisions: the weather also was unusually bad for the time of year, and greatly distressed their army. Many reasons thus combined to hasten their departure and to make this invasion a very short one; indeed they only stayed fifteen days in Attica.

On the return of the Peloponnesians from Attica the Spartans themselves and the nearest of the Perioeci at once set out for Pylos, the other Lacedaemonians following more slowly as they had just come in from another campaign. Word was also sent round Peloponnese to come up as quickly as possible to Pylos; while the sixty Peloponnesian ships were sent for from Corcyra and, being dragged by their crews across the isthmus of Leucas, passed unperceived by the Athenian squadron at Zacynthus, and reached Pylos, where the land forces had arrived before them. Before the Peloponnesian fleet sailed in, Demosthenes found time to send out unobserved two ships to inform Eurymedon and the Athenians on board the fleet at Zacynthus of the danger of Pylos and to summon them to his assistance. While the ships hastened on their voyage in obedience to the

orders of Demosthenes, the Lacedaemonians prepared to assault the fort by land and sea, hoping to capture with ease a work constructed in haste and held by a feeble garrison. Meanwhile, as they expected the Athenian ships to arrive from Zacynthus, they intended, if they failed to take the place before, to block up the entrances of the harbour to prevent their being able to anchor inside it. For the island of Sphacteria, stretching along in a line close in front of the harbour, at once makes it safe and narrows its entrances, leaving a passage for two ships on the side nearest Pylos and the Athenian fortifications, and for eight or nine on that next the rest of the mainland: for the rest, the island was entirely covered with wood, and without paths through not being inhabited, and about one mile and five furlongs in length. The inlets the Lacedaemonians meant to close with a line of ships placed close together, with their prows turned towards the sea, and, meanwhile, fearing that the enemy might make use of the island to operate against them, carried over some heavy infantry thither, stationing others along the coast. By this means the island and the continent would be alike hostile to the Athenians, as they would be unable to land on either; and the shore of Pylos itself outside the inlet towards the open sea having no harbour, and, therefore, presenting no point which they could use as a base to relieve their countrymen, they, the Lacedaemonians, without sea fight or risk would in all probability become masters of the place, occupied as it had been on the spur of the moment, and unfurnished with provisions. This being determined, they carried over to the island the heavy infantry, drafted by lot from all the companies. Some others had crossed over before in relief parties, but these last who were left there were four hundred and twenty in number, with their Helot attendants, commanded by Epitadas, son of Molobrus.

Meanwhile Demosthenes, seeing the Lacedaemonians about to attack him by sea and land at once, himself was not idle. He drew up under the fortification and enclosed in a stockade the galleys remaining to him of those which had been left him, arming the sailors taken out of them with poor shields made most of them of osier, it being impossible to procure arms in such a desert place, and even these having been obtained from a thirty-oared Messenian privateer and a boat belonging to some Messenians who happened to have come to them. Among these Messenians were forty heavy infantry, whom he made use of with the rest. Posting most of his men, unarmed and armed, upon the best-fortified and strong points of the place towards the interior, with orders to repel any attack of the land forces, he picked sixty heavy infantry and a few archers from his whole force, and with these went outside the wall down to the sea, where he thought that the enemy would most likely attempt to land. Although the ground was difficult and rocky, looking towards the open sea, the fact that this was the weakest part of the wall would, he thought, encourage their ardour. At this point, accordingly, going down to the water's edge, he posted his heavy infantry to prevent, if possible, a landing.

Encouraged by Demosthenes, the Athenians felt more confident, and

went down to meet the enemy, posting themselves along the edge of the sea. The Lacedaemonians now put themselves in movement and simultaneously assaulted the fortification with their land forces and with their ships, forty-three in number, under their admiral, Thrasymelidas, son of Cratesicles, a Spartan, who made his attack just where Demosthenes expected. The Athenians had thus to defend themselves on both sides, from the land and from the sea; the enemy rowing up in small detachments, the one relieving the other—it being impossible for many to bring to at once—and showing great ardour and cheering each other on, in the endeavour to force a passage and to take the fortification. He who most distinguished himself was Brasidas. Captain of a galley, and seeing that the captains and steersmen, impressed by the difficulty of the position, hung back even where a landing might have seemed possible, for fear of wrecking their vessels, he shouted out to them that they must never allow the enemy to fortify himself in their country for the sake of saving timber, but must shiver their vessels and force a landing.

Not content with this exhortation, he forced his own steersman to run his ship ashore and, stepping onto the gangway, was endeavouring to land when he was cut down by the Athenians, and after receiving many wounds fainted away. Falling into the bows, his shield slipped off his arm into the sea and, being thrown ashore, was picked up by the Athenians and afterwards used for the trophy which they set up for this attack. The rest also did their best, but were not able to land, owing to the difficulty of the ground and the unflinching tenacity of the Athenians.

After continuing their attacks during that day and most of the next, the Peloponnesians desisted, and the day after sent some of their ships to Asine for timber to make engines, hoping to take by their aid, in spite of its height, the wall opposite the harbour, where the landing was easiest. At this moment the Athenian fleet from Zacynthus arrived, now numbering fifty sail, having been reinforced by some of the ships on guard at Naupactus and by four Chian vessels. The Lacedaemonians did not put out to sea and, having omitted to close the inlets as they had intended, remained quiet on shore, engaged in manning their ships and getting ready, in the case of anyone sailing in, to fight in the harbour, which is a fairly large one.

Perceiving this, the Athenians advanced against them by each inlet, and, falling on the enemy's fleet, most of which was by this time afloat and in line, at once put it to flight, and, giving chase as far as the short distance allowed, disabled a good many vessels and took five, one with its crew on board; dashing in at the rest that had taken refuge on shore, and battering some that were still being manned, before they could put out, and lashing onto their own ships and towing off empty others whose crews had fled. At this sight the Lacedaemonians, maddened by a disaster which cut off their men on the island, rushed to the rescue and, going into the sea with their heavy armour, laid hold of the ships and tried to drag them back, each man thinking that success depended on his individual exer-

tions. Great was the mêlée, and quite in contradiction to the naval tactics usual to the two combatants; the Lacedaemonians in their excitement and dismay being actually engaged in a sea fight on land, while the victorious Athenians, in their eagerness to push their success as far as possible, were carrying on a land fight from their ships. After great exertions and numerous wounds on both sides they separated, the Lacedaemonians saving their empty ships, except those first taken; and both parties returning to their camp, the Athenians set up a trophy, gave back the dead, secured the wrecks, and at once began to cruise round and jealously watch the island, with its intercepted garrison, while the Peloponnesians on the mainland, whose contingents had now all come up, stayed where they were before Pylos.

When the news of what had happened at Pylos reached Sparta, the disaster was thought so serious that the Lacedaemonians resolved that the authorities should go down to the camp and decide on the spot what was best to be done. There, seeing that it was impossible to help their men, and not wishing to risk their being reduced by hunger or overpowered by numbers, they determined, with the consent of the Athenian generals, to conclude an armistice at Pylos and send envoys to Athens to obtain a convention and to endeavour to get back their men as quickly as possible.

Eurymedon and Sophocles put to sea with the Athenian fleet from Pylos on their way to Sicily and, arriving at Corcyra, joined the townsmen in an expedition against the party established on Mount Istone, who had crossed over, as I have mentioned, after the revolution and become masters of the country, to the great hurt of the inhabitants. Their stronghold having been taken by an attack, the garrison took refuge in a body upon some high ground and there capitulated, agreeing to give up their mercenary auxiliaries, lay down their arms, and commit themselves to the discretion of the Athenian people. The generals carried them across under truce to the island of Ptychia, to be kept in custody until they could be sent to Athens, upon the understanding that if any were caught running away all would lose the benefit of the treaty. Meanwhile the leaders of the Corcyraean commons, afraid that the Athenians might spare the lives of the prisoners, had recourse to the following stratagem. They gained over some few men on the island by secretly sending friends with instructions to provide them with a boat and to tell them, as if for their own sakes, that they had best escape as quickly as possible, as the Athenian generals were going to give them up to the Corcyraean people.

These representations succeeding, it was so arranged that the men were caught sailing out in the boat that was provided, and the treaty became void accordingly, and the whole body were given up to the Corcyraeans. For this result the Athenian generals were in a great measure responsible: their evident disinclination to sail for Sicily, and thus to leave to others the honour of conducting the men to Athens, encouraged the intriguers in their design and seemed to affirm the truth of their representations. The prisoners thus handed over were shut up by the Corcyraeans in a

large building, and afterwards taken out by twenties and led past two lines of heavy infantry, one on each side, being bound together, and beaten and stabbed by the men in the lines whenever any saw pass a personal enemy; while men carrying whips went by their side and hastened on the road those that walked too slowly.

As many as sixty men were taken out and killed in this way without the knowledge of their friends in the building, who fancied they were merely being moved from one prison to another. At last, however, someone opened their eyes to the truth, upon which they called upon the Athenians to kill them themselves, if such was their pleasure, and refused any longer to go out of the building, and said they would do all they could to prevent anyone coming in. The Corcyraeans, not liking themselves to force a passage by the doors, got up on the top of the building and, breaking through the roof, threw down the tiles and let fly arrows at them, from which the prisoners sheltered themselves as well as they could. Most of their number, meanwhile, were engaged in despatching themselves by thrusting into their throats the arrows shot by the enemy, and hanging themselves with the cords taken from some beds that happened to be there, and with strips made from their clothing; adopting, in short, every possible means of self-destruction, and also falling victims to the missiles of their enemies on the roof. Night came on while these horrors were enacting, and most of it had passed before they were concluded. When it was day the Corcyraeans threw them in layers upon wagons and carried them out of the city. All the women taken in the stronghold were sold as slaves. In this way the Corcyraeans of the mountain were destroyed by the commons; and so after terrible excesses the party strife came to an end, at least as far as the period of this war is concerned, for of one party there was practically nothing left. Meanwhile the Athenians sailed off to Sicily, their primary destination, and carried on the war with their allies there.

The Lacedaemonians, seeing the Athenians masters of Cythera and expecting descents of the kind upon their coasts, nowhere opposed them in force but sent garrisons here and there through the country, consisting of as many heavy infantry as the points menaced seemed to require, and generally stood very much upon the defensive. After the severe and unexpected blow that had befallen them in the island, the occupation of Pylos and Cythera, and the apparition on every side of a war whose rapidity defied precaution, they lived in constant fear of internal revolution, and now took the unusual step of raising four hundred horse and a force of archers, and became more timid than ever in military matters, finding themselves involved in a maritime struggle, which their organization had never contemplated, and that against Athenians, with whom an enterprise unattempted was always looked upon as a success sacrificed.

The same summer, the inhabitants of Camarina and Gela in Sicily first made an armistice with each other, after which embassies from all the other Sicilian cities assembled at Gela to try to bring about a pacification. After many expressions of opinion on one side and the other, according to

the griefs and pretensions of the different parties complaining, Hermocrates, son of Hermon, a Syracusan, the most influential man among them, addressed the following words to the assembly:

"If I now address you, Sicilians, it is not because my city is the least in Sicily or the greatest sufferer by the war, but in order to state publicly what appears to me to be the best policy for the whole island. That war is an evil is a proposition so familiar to everyone that it would be tedious to develop it.

"I suppose that no one will dispute that we went to war at first, in order to serve our own several interests, that we are now, in view of the same interests, debating how we can make peace; and that if we separate without having as we think our rights, we shall go to war again. And yet, as men of sense, we ought to see that our separate interests are not alone at stake in the present congress: there is also the question whether we have still time to save Sicily, the whole of which in my opinion is menaced by Athenian ambition; and we ought to find in the name of that people more imperious arguments for peace than any which I can advance, when we see the first power in Hellas watching our mistakes with the few ships that she has at present in our waters, and under the fair name of alliance speciously seeking to turn to account the natural hostility that exists between us. If we go to war, and call in to help us a people that are ready enough to carry their arms even where they are not invited; and if we injure ourselves at our own expense, and at the same time serve as the pioneers of their dominion, we may expect when they see us worn out that they will one day come with a larger armament and seek to bring all of us into subjection. These considerations should reconcile individual with individual, and city with city, and unite us in a common effort to save the whole of Sicily. That the Athenians should cherish this ambition and practice this policy is very excusable; and I do not blame those who wish to rule, but those who are overready to serve. It is just as much in men's nature to rule those who submit to them as it is to resist those who molest them; one is not less invariable than the other. Meanwhile all who see these dangers and refuse to provide for them properly, or who have come here without having made up their minds that our first duty is to unite to get rid of the common peril, are mistaken. The quickest way to be rid of it is to make peace with each other; since the Athenians menace us not from their own country, but from that of those who invited them here.

"If there be any here who feels certain either by right or might to effect his object, let not this surprise be to him too severe a disappointment. Vengeance is not necessarily successful because wrong has been done, or strength sure because it is confident; but the incalculable element in the future exercises the widest influence and is the most treacherous, and yet in fact the most useful of all things, as it frightens us all equally and thus makes us consider before attacking each other.

"I am not inclined to ruin myself for the sake of hurting my enemies, or so blinded by animosity as to think myself equally master of my own

plans and of fortune which I cannot command; but I am ready to give up anything in reason. I call upon the rest of you to imitate my conduct of your own free will, without being forced to do so by the enemy. There is no disgrace in connections giving way to one another. We are neighbours, live in the same country, are girt by the same sea, and go by the same name of Sicilians. We shall go to war again, I suppose, when the time comes, and again make peace among ourselves by means of future congresses; but the foreign invader, if we are wise, will always find us united against him, since the hurt of one is the danger of all; and we shall never, in future, invite into the island either allies or mediators. By so acting we shall at the present moment do for Sicily a double service, ridding her at once of the Athenians and of civil war, and in future shall live in freedom at home and be less menaced from abroad."

Such were the words of Hermocrates. The Sicilians took his advice and came to an understanding among themselves to end the war, each keeping what they had, and the allies of the Athenians called the officers in command and told them that they were going to make peace and that they would be included in the treaty. The generals assenting, the peace was concluded, and the Athenian fleet afterwards sailed away from Sicily.

VII

THE same winter Brasidas, with his allies in the Thracian places, marched against Amphipolis, the Athenian colony on the river Strymon. Brasidas marched against this town, starting from Arne in Chalcidice. Arriving about dusk at Aulon and Bromiscus, where the lake of Bolbe runs into the sea, he supped there and went on during the night. The weather was stormy and it was snowing a little, which encouraged him to hurry on, in order, if possible, to take everyone at Amphipolis by surprise, except the party who were to betray it. The plot was carried on by some natives of Argilus, an Andrian colony, residing in Amphipolis, where they had also other accomplices gained over by Perdiccas or the Chalcidians. But the most active in the matter were the inhabitants of Argilus itself, which is close by, who had always been suspected by the Athenians and had had designs on the place. These men now saw their opportunity arrive with Brasidas, and, having for some time been in correspondence with their countrymen in Amphipolis for the betrayal of the town, at once received him into Argilus and revolted from the Athenians, and that same night took him onto the bridge over the river; where he found only a small guard to oppose him, the town being at some distance from the passage, and the walls not reaching down to it as at present. This guard he easily drove in, partly through there being treason in their ranks, partly from the stormy state of the weather and the suddenness of his attack, and so got across the bridge, and immediately became master of all the property outside; the Amphipolitans having houses all over the quarter.

The passage of Brasidas was a complete surprise to the people in the town; and the capture of many of those outside and the flight of the rest within the wall combined to produce great confusion among the citizens; especially as they did not trust one another. It is even said that if Brasidas, instead of stopping to pillage, had advanced straight against the town he would probably have taken it. In fact, however, he established himself where he was and overran the country outside, and for the present remained inactive, vainly awaiting a demonstration on the part of his friends within. Meanwhile the party opposed to the traitors proved numerous enough to prevent the gates being immediately thrown open, and in concert with Eucles, the general, who had come from Athens to defend the place, sent to the other commander in Thrace, Thucydides, son of Olorus, the author of this history, who was at the isle of Thasos, a Parian colony, half a day's sail from Amphipolis, to tell him to come to their relief. On receipt of this message he at once set sail with seven ships which he had with him, in order, if possible, to reach Amphipolis in time to prevent its capitulation, or in any case to save Eion.

Meanwhile Brasidas, afraid of succours arriving by sea from Thasos, and learning that Thucydides possessed the right of working the gold mines in that part of Thrace, and had thus great influence with the inhabitants of the continent, hastened to gain the town, if possible, before the people of Amphipolis should be encouraged by his arrival to hope that he could save them by getting together a force of allies from the sea and from Thrace, and so refuse to surrender. He accordingly offered moderate terms, proclaiming that any of the Amphipolitans and Athenians who chose might continue to enjoy their property with full rights of citizenship; while those who did not wish to stay had five days to depart, taking their property with them.

The bulk of the inhabitants, upon hearing this, began to change their minds, especially as only a small number of the citizens were Athenians, the majority having come from different quarters, and many of the prisoners outside had relations within the walls. They found the proclamation a fair one in comparison of what their fear had suggested; the Athenians being glad to go out, as they thought they ran more risk than the rest, and further, did not expect any speedy relief, and the multitude generally being content at being left in possession of their civic rights, and at such an unexpected reprieve from danger. The partisans of Brasidas now openly advocated this course, seeing that the feeling of the people had changed and that they no longer gave ear to the Athenian general present; and thus the surrender was made and Brasidas was admitted by them on the terms of his proclamation. In this way they gave up the city, and late in the same day Thucydides and his ships entered the harbour of Eion, Brasidas having just got hold of Amphipolis, and having been within a night of taking Eion: had the ships been less prompt in relieving it, in the morning it would have been his.

After this Thucydides put all in order at Eion to secure it against any

present or future attack of Brasidas, and received such as had elected to come there from the interior according to the terms agreed on. Meanwhile Brasidas suddenly sailed with a number of boats down the river to Eion to see if he could not seize the point running out from the wall, and so command the entrance; at the same time he attempted it by land, but was beaten off on both sides and had to content himself with arranging matters at Amphipolis and in the neighbourhood.

The news that Amphipolis was in the hands of the enemy caused great alarm at Athens. Not only was the town valuable for the timber it afforded for shipbuilding, and the money that it brought in; but also, although the escort of the Thessalians gave the Lacedaemonians a means of reaching the allies of Athens as far as the Strymon, yet as long as they were not masters of the bridge but were watched on the side of Eion by the Athenian galleys, and on the land side impeded by a large and extensive lake formed by the waters of the river, it was impossible for them to go any further. Now, on the contrary, the path seemed open. There was also the fear of the allies revolting, owing to the moderation displayed by Brasidas in all his conduct, and to the declarations which he was everywhere making that he was sent out to free Hellas. The towns subject to the Athenians, hearing of the capture of Amphipolis and of the terms accorded to it, and of the gentleness of Brasidas, felt most strongly encouraged to change their condition, and sent secret messages to him, begging him to come on to them; each wishing to be the first to revolt. Indeed there seemed to be no danger in so doing; their mistake in their estimate of the Athenian power was as great as that power afterwards turned out to be, and their judgment was based more upon blind wishing than upon any sound prevision; for it is a habit of mankind to entrust to careless hope what they long for, and to use sovereign reason to thrust aside what they do not fancy. Observing this, the Athenians sent garrisons to the different towns, as far as was possible at such short notice and in winter; while Brasidas sent despatches to Lacedaemon asking for reinforcements, and himself made preparations for building galleys in the Strymon. The Lacedaemonians, however, did not send him any, partly through envy on the part of their chief men, partly because they were more bent on recovering the prisoners of the island and ending the war.

In the spring of the summer following, the Lacedaemonians and Athenians made an armistice for a year; the Athenians thinking that they would thus have full leisure to take their precautions before Brasidas could procure the revolt of any more of their towns, and might also, if it suited them, conclude a general peace; the Lacedaemonians divining the actual fears of the Athenians, and thinking that after once tasting a respite from trouble and misery they would be more disposed to consent to a reconciliation and to give back the prisoners and make a treaty for the longer period. The great idea of the Lacedaemonians was to get back their men while Brasidas' good fortune lasted: further successes might make the struggle a less unequal one in Chalcidice, but would leave them still

deprived of their men, and even in Chalcidice not more than a match for the Athenians and by no means certain of victory. An armistice was accordingly concluded by Lacedaemon and her allies. So ended the winter and the ninth year of this war of which Thucydides is the historian.

The next summer the truce for a year ended, after lasting until the Pythian games. It so happened that directly after the battle of Amphipolis and the retreat of Ramphias from Thessaly, both sides ceased to prosecute the war and turned their attention to peace. Athens had suffered severely at Delium, and again shortly afterwards at Amphipolis, and had no longer that confidence in her strength which had made her before refuse to treat, in the belief of ultimate victory which her success at the moment had inspired; besides, she was afraid of her allies being tempted by her reverses to rebel more generally. Lacedaemon, on the other hand, found the event of the war falsify her notion that a few years would suffice for the overthrow of the power of the Athenians by the devastation of their land. She had suffered on the island a disaster hitherto unknown at Sparta; she saw her country plundered from Pylos and Cythera; the Helots were deserting, and she was in constant apprehension that those who remained in Peloponnese would rely upon those outside and take advantage of the situation to renew their old attempts at revolution. Besides this, as chance would have it, her thirty years' truce with the Argives was upon the point of expiring; and they refused to renew it unless Cynuria were restored to them; so that it seemed impossible to fight Argos and Athens at once. She also suspected some of the cities in Peloponnese of intending to go over to the enemy, as was indeed the case.

These considerations made both sides disposed for an accommodation, the Lacedaemonians being probably the most eager. Accordingly this winter was employed in conferences; and as spring rapidly approached, the Lacedaemonians sent round orders to the cities to prepare for a fortified occupation of Attica, and held this as a sword over the heads of the Athenians to induce them to listen to their overtures; and at last, after many claims had been urged on either side at the conferences, a peace was agreed on upon the following basis. Each party was to restore its conquests, but Athens was to keep Nisaea; her demand for Plataea being met by the Thebans asserting that they had acquired the place not by force or treachery, but by the voluntary adhesion upon agreement of its citizens; and the same, according to the Athenian account, being the history of her acquisition of Nisaea. This arranged, the Lacedaemonians summoned their allies, and all voting for peace except the Boeotians, Corinthians, Eleans, and Megarians, who did not approve of these proceedings.

The allies present in person at Lacedaemon and those who had not accepted the treaty were now asked by the Lacedaemonians to adopt it. This, however, they refused to do, for the same reasons as before, unless a fairer one than the present were agreed upon; and, remaining firm in their determination, were dismissed by the Lacedaemonians, who now decided on forming an alliance with the Athenians, thinking that Argos, who had

refused the application of Ampelidas and Lichas for a renewal of the treaty, would without Athens be no longer formidable, and that the rest of the Peloponnese would be most likely to keep quiet if the coveted alliance of Athens were shut against them. Accordingly, after conference with the Athenian ambassadors, an alliance was agreed upon and oaths were exchanged.

VIII

AFTER the treaty and the alliance between the Lacedaemonians and Athenians, concluded after the ten years' war, the states which had accepted them were at peace; but the Corinthians and some of the cities in Peloponnese trying to disturb the settlement, a fresh agitation was instantly commenced by the allies against Lacedaemon. Further, the Lacedaemonians, as time went on, became suspected by the Athenians through their not performing some of the provisions in the treaty; and though for six years and ten months they abstained from invasion of each other's territory, yet abroad an unstable armistice did not prevent either party doing the other the most effectual injury, until they were finally obliged to break the treaty made after the ten years' war and to have recourse to open hostilities.

The history of this period has been also written by the same Thucydides, an Athenian, in the chronological order of events by summers and winters, to the time when the Lacedaemonians and their allies put an end to the Athenian empire and took the Long Walls and Piraeus. The war had then lasted for twenty-seven years in all. Only a mistaken judgment can object to including the interval of treaty in the war. Looked at by the light of facts, it cannot, it will be found, be rationally considered a state of peace, where neither party either gave or got back all that they had agreed, apart from the violations of it which occurred on both sides. So that the first ten years' war, the treacherous armistice that followed it, and the subsequent war will, calculating by the seasons, be found to make up the number of years which I have mentioned, with the difference of a few days, and to afford an instance of faith in oracles being for once justified by the event. I certainly all along remember from the beginning to the end of the war its being commonly declared that it would last thrice nine years. I lived through the whole of it, being of an age to comprehend events, and giving my attention to them in order to know the exact truth about them. It was also my fate to be an exile from my country for twenty years after my command at Amphipolis; and being present with both parties, and more especially with the Peloponnesians by reason of my exile, I had leisure to observe affairs somewhat particularly.

In the seventeenth year of the war the Athenians resolved to sail again to Sicily, with a greater armament than that under Laches and Eurymedon, and, if possible, to conquer the island; most of them being ignorant of its size and of the number of its inhabitants, Hellenic and barbarian,

and of the fact that they were undertaking a war not much inferior to that against the Peloponnesians. For the voyage round Sicily in a merchantman is not far short of eight days; and yet, large as the island is, there are only two miles of sea to prevent its being mainland.

The Egestaeans had gone to war with their neighbours the Selinuntines upon questions of marriage and disputed territory, and the Selinuntines had procured the alliance of the Syracusans, and pressed Egesta hard by land and sea. The Egestaeans now reminded the Athenians of the alliance made in the time of Laches, during the former Leontine war, and begged them to send a fleet to their aid, and among a number of other considerations urged as a capital argument that, if the Syracusans were allowed to go unpunished for their depopulation of Leontini, to ruin the allies still left to Athens in Sicily, and to get the whole power of the island into their hands, there would be a danger of their one day coming with a large force, as Dorians, to the aid of their Dorian brethren and, as colonists, to the aid of the Peloponnesians who had sent them out, and joining these in pulling down the Athenian empire. The Athenians would, therefore, do well to unite with the allies still left to them, and to make a stand against the Syracusans; especially as they, the Egestaeans, were prepared to furnish money sufficient for the war. The Athenians, hearing these arguments constantly repeated in their assemblies by the Egestaeans and their supporters, voted first to send envoys to Egesta, to see if there was really the money that they talked of in the treasury and temples, and at the same time to ascertain in what posture was the war with the Selinuntines.

Early in the spring of the following summer the Athenian envoys arrived from Sicily, and the Egestaeans with them, bringing sixty talents of uncoined silver, as a month's pay for sixty ships, which they were to ask to have sent them. The Athenians held an assembly, and after hearing from the Egestaeans and their own envoys a report, as attractive as it was untrue, upon the state of affairs generally, and in particular as to the money, of which, it was said, there was abundance in the temples and the treasury, voted to send sixty ships to Sicily, under the command of Alcibiades, Nicias, and Lamachus, who were appointed with full powers to order all matters in Sicily as they should deem best for the interests of Athens.

In the midst of the preparations all the stone Hermae in the city of Athens, that is to say, the customary square figures so common in the doorways of private houses and temples, had in one night most of them their faces mutilated. No one knew who had done it, but large public rewards were offered to find the authors; and it was further voted that anyone who knew of any other act of impiety having been committed should come and give information without fear of consequences, whether he were citizen, alien, or slave. The matter was taken up the more seriously, as it was thought to be ominous for the expedition, and part of a conspiracy to bring about a revolution and to upset the democracy.

Information was given accordingly by some resident aliens and body

servants, not about the Hermae but about some previous mutilations of other images perpetrated by young men in a drunken frolic, and of mock celebrations of the mysteries, averred to take place in private houses. Alcibiades being implicated in this charge, it was taken hold of by those who could least endure him, because he stood in the way of their obtaining the undisturbed direction of the people, and who thought that if he were once removed the first place would be theirs. These accordingly magnified the matter and loudly proclaimed that the affair of the mysteries and the mutilation of the Hermae were part and parcel of a scheme to overthrow the democracy, and that nothing of all this had been done without Alcibiades; the proofs alleged being the general and undemocratic licence of his life and habits.

Alcibiades repelled on the spot the charges in question, and also before going on the expedition, the preparations for which were now complete, offered to stand his trial, that it might be seen whether he was guilty of the acts imputed to him; desiring to be punished if found guilty, but, if acquitted, to take the command. But his enemies feared that he would have the army for him if he were tried immediately, and that the people might relent in favour of the man, and did their utmost to get the proposition rejected, their plan being to have him sent for and brought home for trial upon some graver charge, which they would the more easily get up in his absence. Accordingly it was decreed that he should sail.

After this the departure for Sicily took place, it being now about midsummer. This armament that first sailed out was by far the most costly and splendid Hellenic force that had ever been sent out by a single city up to that time. The expedition was formed in contemplation of a long term of service by land and sea alike, and was furnished with ships and troops so as to be ready for either as required. Indeed the expedition became not less famous for its wonderful boldness and for the splendour of its appearance than for its overwhelming strength as compared with the peoples against whom it was directed, and for the fact that this was the longest passage from home hitherto attempted, and the most ambitious in its objects considering the resources of those who undertook it. The hymn sung and the libations finished, they put out to sea, and, first sailing out in column, then raced each other as far as Aegina, and so hastened to reach Corcyra, where the rest of the allied forces were also assembling.

Meanwhile at Syracuse news came in from many quarters of the expedition, but for a long while met with no credence whatever. Indeed, an assembly was held in which speeches were delivered by different orators, believing or contradicting the report of the Athenian expedition. The people of Syracuse were at great strife among themselves: some contending that the Athenians had no idea of coming; some asking if they did come what harm they could do that would not be repaid them tenfold in return; while others made light of the whole affair and turned it into ridicule. In short, there were few that feared for the future.

In the meantime the Athenians with all their allies had now arrived

at Corcyra. Here the generals began by again reviewing the armament, and made arrangements as to the order in which they were to anchor and encamp, and, dividing the whole fleet into three divisions, allotted one to each of their number, to avoid sailing all together and being thus embarrassed for water, harbourage, or provisions at the stations which they might touch at, and at the same time to be generally better ordered and easier to handle, by each squadron having its own commander. Next they sent on three ships to Italy and Sicily to find out which of the cities would receive them, with instructions to meet them on the way and let them know before they put in to land.

After this the Athenians weighed from Corcyra and proceeded to cross to Sicily with an armament now consisting of one hundred and thirty-four galleys in all (besides two Rhodian fifty-oars), of which one hundred were Athenian vessels—sixty men-of-war, and forty troopships—and the remainder from Chios and the other allies.

The supplies for this force were carried by thirty ships of burden laden with corn, which conveyed the bakers, stonemasons, and carpenters, and the tools for raising fortifications, accompanied by one hundred boats, like the former pressed into the service, besides many other boats and ships of burden which followed the armament voluntarily for purposes of trade; all of which now left Corcyra and struck across the Ionian Sea together. The whole force, making land at the Iapygian promontory and Tarentum, with more or less good fortune, coasted along the shores of Italy, the cities shutting their markets and gates against them, and according them nothing but water and liberty to anchor, and Tarentum and Locri not even that, until they arrived at Rhegium, the extreme point of Italy. Here at length they reunited, and, not gaining admission within the walls, pitched a camp outside the city in the precinct of Artemis, where a market was also provided for them, and drew their ships on shore and kept quiet.

In the meantime came in from all quarters of the Syracusans, as well as from their own officers sent to reconnoitre, the positive tidings that the fleet was at Rhegium; upon which they laid aside their incredulity and threw themselves heart and soul into the work of preparation. Guards or envoys, as the case might be, were sent round to the Sicels, garrisons put into the posts of the Peripoli in the country, horses and arms reviewed in the city to see that nothing was wanting, and all other steps taken to prepare for a war which might be upon them at any moment.

Meanwhile the three ships that had been sent on came from Egesta to the Athenians at Rhegium, with the news that so far from there being the sums promised, all that could be produced was thirty talents.

Alcibiades sailed in his own vessel across to Messina with proposals of alliance, but met with no success, the inhabitants answering that they could not receive him within their walls, though they would provide him with a market outside. Upon this he sailed back to Rhegium. Immediately upon his return the generals manned and victualled sixty

ships out of the whole fleet and coasted along to Naxos, leaving the rest of the armament behind them at Rhegium with one of their number. Received by the Naxians, they then coasted on to Catana, and, being refused admittance by the inhabitants, there being a Syracusan party in the town, went on to the river Terias. Here they bivouacked, and the next day sailed in single file to Syracuse with all their ships. After reconnoitring the city and the harbours, and the features of the country which they would have to make their base of operations in the war, they sailed back to Catana.

An assembly being held here, the inhabitants refused to receive the armament, but invited the generals to come in and say what they desired; and while Alcibiades was speaking and the citizens were intent on the assembly, the soldiers broke down an ill-walled-up postern gate without being observed, and, getting inside the town, flocked into the market place. The Syracusan party in the town no sooner saw the army inside than they became frightened and withdrew, not being at all numerous; while the rest voted for an alliance with the Athenians and invited them to fetch the rest of their forces from Rhegium. After this the Athenians sailed to Rhegium, and put off, this time with all the armament, for Catana, and fell to work at their camp immediately upon their arrival.

There they found the *Salaminia* come from Athens for Alcibiades, with orders for him to sail home to answer the charges which the state brought against him, and for certain others of the soldiers who with him were accused of sacrilege in the matter of the mysteries and of the Hermae. For the Athenians, after the departure of the expedition, had continued as active as ever in investigating the facts of the mysteries and of the Hermae, and, instead of testing the informers, in their suspicious temper welcomed all indifferently, arresting and imprisoning the best citizens upon the evidence of rascals, and preferring to sift the matter to the bottom sooner than to let an accused person of good character pass unquestioned, owing to the rascality of the informer. The commons had heard how oppressive the tyranny of Pisistratus and his sons had become before it ended, and further that that tyranny had been put down at last, not by themselves and Harmodius, but by the Lacedaemonians, and so were always in fear and took everything suspiciously.

Indeed, the daring action of Aristogiton and Harmodius was undertaken in consequence of a love affair, which I shall relate at some length, to show that the Athenians are not more accurate than the rest of the world in their accounts of their own tyrants and of the facts of their own history. Pisistratus, dying at an advanced age in possession of the tyranny, was succeeded by his eldest son, Hippias, and not Hipparchus, as is vulgarly believed. Harmodius was then in the flower of youthful beauty, and Aristogiton, a citizen in the middle rank of life, was his lover and possessed him. Solicited without success by Hipparchus, son of Pisistratus, Harmodius told Aristogiton, and the enraged lover, afraid that the powerful Hipparchus might take Harmodius by force, immediately formed

a design, such as his condition in life permitted, for overthrowing the tyranny.

In this way offended love first led Harmodius and Aristogiton to conspire, and the alarm of the moment to commit the rash action recounted. After this the tyranny pressed harder on the Athenians, and Hippias, now grown more fearful, put to death many of the citizens, and at the same time began to turn his eyes abroad for a refuge in case of revolution. Hippias, after reigning three years longer over the Athenians, was deposed in the fourth by the Lacedaemonians and the banished Alcmaeonidae, and went with a safe-conduct to Sigeum, and to Aeantides at Lampsacus, and from thence to King Darius; from whose court he set out twenty years after, in his old age, and came with the Medes to Marathon.

With these events in their minds, and recalling everything they knew by hearsay on the subject, the Athenian people grew difficult of humour and suspicious of the persons charged in the affair of the mysteries, and persuaded that all that had taken place was part of an oligarchical and monarchical conspiracy. In the state of irritation thus produced, many persons of consideration had been already thrown into prison, and far from showing any signs of abating, public feeling grew daily more savage, and more arrests were made; until at last one of those in custody, thought to be the most guilty of all, was induced by a fellow prisoner to make a revelation, whether true or not is a matter on which there are two opinions, no one having been able, either then or since, to say for certain who did the deed.

To return to Alcibiades: public feeling was very hostile to him, being worked on by the same enemies who had attacked him before he went out; and now that the Athenians fancied that they had got at the truth of the matter of the Hermae, they believed more firmly than ever that the affair of the mysteries also, in which he was implicated, had been contrived by him in the same intention and was connected with the plot against the democracy. It was therefore decided to bring him to trial and execute him, and the *Salaminia* was sent to Sicily for him and the others named in the information, with instructions to order him to come and answer the charges against him, but not to arrest him, because they wished to avoid causing any agitation in the army or among the enemy in Sicily. Alcibiades, with his own ship and his fellow accused, accordingly sailed off with the *Salaminia* from Sicily, as though to return to Athens, and went with her as far as Thurii, and there they left the ship and disappeared, being afraid to go home for trial with such a prejudice existing against them. Alcibiades, now an outlaw, crossed in a boat not long after from Thurii to Peloponnese; and the Athenians passed sentence of death by default upon him and those in his company.

The winter following, the Athenians at once began to prepare for moving on Syracuse, and the Syracusans on their side for marching against them. Aware of this, the Athenian generals determined to draw them

out in mass as far as possible from the city, and themselves in the meantime to sail by night alongshore, and take up at their leisure a convenient position. This they knew they could not so well do if they had to disembark from their ships in front of a force prepared for them, or to go by land openly. The numerous cavalry of the Syracusans (a force which they were themselves without) would then be able to do the greatest mischief to their light troops and the crowd that followed them. In pursuance of their idea, the generals imagined the following stratagem. They sent to Syracuse a man devoted to them, and by the Syracusan generals thought to be no less in their interest; he was a native of Catana and said he came from persons in that place, whose names the Syracusan generals were acquainted with, and whom they knew to be among the members of their party still left in the city. He told them that the Athenians passed the night in the town, at some distance from their arms, and that if the Syracusans would name a day and come with all their people at daybreak to attack the armament, they, their friends, would close the gates upon the troops in the city, and set fire to the vessels, while the Syracusans would easily take the camp by an attack upon the stockade. In this they would be aided by many of the Catanians, who were already prepared to act, and from whom he himself came.

The generals of the Syracusans, who did not want confidence, and who had intended even without this to march on Catana, believed the man without any sufficient inquiry, fixed at once a day upon which they would be there, and dismissed him, and, the Selinuntines and others of their allies having now arrived, gave orders for all the Syracusans to march out in mass. Their preparations completed, and the time fixed for their arrival being at hand, they set out for Catana and passed the night upon the river Symaethus, in the Leontine territory. Meanwhile the Athenians no sooner knew of their approach than they took all their forces and such of the Sicels or others as had joined them, put them on board their ships and boats, and sailed by night to Syracuse. Thus when morning broke the Athenians were landing opposite the Olympieum, ready to seize their camping ground, and the Syracusan horse, having ridden up first to Catana and found that all the armament had put to sea, turned back and told the infantry, and then all turned back together and went to the relief of the city.

In the meantime, as the march before the Syracusans was a long one, the Athenians quietly sat down their army in a convenient position, where they could begin an engagement when they pleased, and where the Syracusan cavalry would have least opportunity of annoying them, either before or during the action, being fenced off on one side by walls, houses, trees, and by a marsh, and on the other by cliffs. They also felled the neighbouring trees and carried them down to the sea, and formed a palisade alongside of their ships, and with stones which they picked up and wood hastily raised a fort at Daskon, the most vulnerable point of their position, and broke down the bridge over the Anapus. These

preparations were allowed to go on without any interruption from the city, the first hostile force to appear being the Syracusan cavalry, followed afterwards by all the foot together.

The next day the Athenians and their allies prepared for battle. The Syracusans were not at that moment expecting an immediate engagement, and some had even gone away to the town, which was close by; these now ran up as hard as they could, and though behind time, took their places here or there in the main body as fast as they joined it. Want of zeal or daring was certainly not the fault of the Syracusans, either in this or the other battles, but although not inferior in courage, so far as their military science might carry them, when this failed them they were compelled to give up their resolution also. On the present occasion, although they had not supposed that the Athenians would begin the attack, and although constrained to stand upon their defence at short notice, they at once took up their arms and advanced to meet them. First, the stone throwers, slingers, and archers of either army began skirmishing, and routed or were routed by one another, as might be expected between light troops; next, soothsayers brought forward the usual victims, and trumpeters urged on the heavy infantry to the charge; and thus they advanced, the Syracusans to fight for their country, and each individual for his safety that day and liberty hereafter; in the enemy's army, the Athenians to make another's country theirs and to save their own from suffering by their defeat. The armies now came to close quarters, and for a long while fought without either giving ground.

At last the Argives drove in the Syracusan left, and after them the Athenians routed the troops opposed to them, and the Syracusan army was thus cut in two and betook itself to flight. The Athenians did not pursue far, being held in check by the numerous and undefeated Syracusan horse, who attacked and drove back any of their heavy infantry whom they saw pursuing in advance of the rest; in spite of which the victors followed so far as was safe in a body, and then went back and set up a trophy. Meanwhile the Syracusans rallied at the Helorine road, where they re-formed as well as they could under the circumstances.

The Athenians collected their dead and laid them upon a pyre, and passed the night upon the field. The next day they gave the enemy back their dead under truce, to the number of about two hundred and sixty, Syracusans and allies, and gathered together the bones of their own, some fifty, Athenians and allies, and, taking the spoils of the enemy, sailed back to Catana. It was now winter; and it did not seem possible for the moment to carry on the war before Syracuse, until horse should have been sent for from Athens and levied among the allies in Sicily—to do away with their utter inferiority in cavalry—and money should have been collected in the country and received from Athens, and until some of the cities, which they hoped would be now more disposed to listen to them after the battle, should have been brought over, and corn and all other necessaries provided, for a campaign in the spring against Syracuse.

With this intention they sailed off to Naxos and Catana for the winter.

In the meantime, while Syracuse pursued her preparations for war, the Athenians were encamped at Naxos, and tried by negotiation to gain as many of the Sicels as possible. Those more in the lowlands, and subjects of Syracuse, mostly held aloof; but the peoples of the interior who had never been otherwise than independent, with few exceptions, at once joined the Athenians, and brought down corn to the army, and in some cases even money. The Athenians marched against those who refused to join, and forced some of them to do so; in the case of others they were stopped by the Syracusans sending garrisons and reinforcements.

The Syracusan envoys despatched to Corinth and Lacedaemon tried as they passed along the coast to persuade the Italiots to interfere with the proceedings of the Athenians, which threatened Italy quite as much as Syracuse, and, having arrived at Corinth, made a speech calling on the Corinthians to assist them on the ground of their common origin. The Corinthians voted at once to aid them heart and soul themselves, and then sent on envoys with them to Lacedaemon, to help them to persuade her also to prosecute the war with the Athenians more openly at home and to send succours to Sicily. The envoys from Corinth, having reached Lacedaemon, found there Alcibiades with his fellow refugees, who had at once crossed over in a trading vessel from Thurii, first to Cyllene in Elis, and afterwards from thence to Lacedaemon; upon the Lacedaemonians' own invitation, after first obtaining a safe-conduct, as he feared them for the part he had taken in the affair of Mantinea. The result was that the Corinthians, Syracusans, and Alcibiades, pressing all the same request in the assembly of the Lacedaemonians, succeeded in persuading them; but as the ephors and the authorities, although resolved to send envoys to Syracuse to prevent their surrendering to the Athenians, showed no disposition to send them any assistance, Alcibiades now came forward and inflamed and stirred the Lacedaemonians by speaking.

The Lacedaemonians, who had themselves before intended to march against Athens, but were still waiting and looking about them, at once became much more in earnest when they received particular information from Alcibiades, and considered that they had heard it from the man who best knew the truth of the matter. Accordingly they now turned their attention to the fortifying of Decelea and sending immediate aid to the Sicilians; and naming Gylippus, son of Cleandridas, to the command of the Syracusans, bade him consult with that people and with the Corinthians and arrange for succours reaching the island, in the best and speediest way possible under the circumstances.

At Syracuse the Athenians began building a wall to the north of the Circle, at the same time collecting stone and timber, which they kept laying down towards Trogilus along the shortest line for their works from the great harbour to the sea; while the Syracusans, guided by their generals, and above all by Hermocrates, instead of risking any more general engagements, determined to build a counterwork in the direction

in which the Athenians were going to carry their wall. If this could be completed in time the enemy's lines would be cut; and meanwhile, if he were to attempt to interrupt them by an attack, they would send a part of their forces against him and would secure the approaches beforehand with their stockade, while the Athenians would have to leave off working with their whole force in order to attend to them. They accordingly sallied forth and began to build, starting from their city, running a cross wall below the Athenian Circle, cutting down the olives, and erecting wooden towers.

The Syracusans now thought the stockades and stonework of their counterwall sufficiently far advanced; and as the Athenians, afraid of being divided and so fighting at a disadvantage, and intent upon their own wall, did not come out to interrupt them, they left one tribe to guard the new work and went back into the city. Meanwhile the Athenians destroyed their pipes of drinking water carried underground into the city.

The Lacedaemonian, Gylippus, and the ships from Corinth were now off Leucas, intent upon going with all haste to the relief of Sicily.

The Corinthian fleet from Leucas made all haste to arrive; and one of their commanders, Gongylus, starting last with a single ship, was the first to reach Syracuse, a little before Gylippus. Gongylus found the Syracusans on the point of holding an assembly to consider whether they should put an end to the war. This he prevented, and reassured them by telling them that more vessels were still to arrive, and that Gylippus, son of Cleandridas, had been despatched by the Lacedaemonians to take the command. Upon this the Syracusans took courage and immediately marched out with all their forces to meet Gylippus, who they found was now close at hand. Meanwhile Gylippus, after taking Ietae, a fort of the Sicels, on his way, formed his army in order of battle and so arrived at Epipolae, and, ascending by Euryelus, as the Athenians had done at first, now advanced with the Syracusans against the Athenian lines. His arrival chanced at a critical moment. The Athenians had already finished a double wall of six or seven furlongs to the great harbour, with the exception of a small portion next the sea, which they were still engaged upon; and in the remainder of the circle towards Trogilus on the other sea, stones had been laid ready for building for the greater part of the distance, and some points had been left half finished, while others were entirely completed. The danger of Syracuse had indeed been great.

Meanwhile the Athenians, recovering from the confusion into which they had been at first thrown by the sudden approach of Gylippus and the Syracusans, formed in order of battle. Gylippus halted at a short distance off and sent on a herald to tell them that if they would evacuate Sicily with bag and baggage within five days' time he was willing to make a truce accordingly. The Athenians treated this proposition with contempt and dismissed the herald without an answer. After this both sides began to prepare for action. Gylippus, observing that the Syracusans were in

disorder and did not easily fall into line, drew off his troops more into the open ground, while Nicias did not lead on the Athenians but lay still by his own wall.

After this the Syracusans and their allies began to carry a single wall, starting from the city, in a slanting direction up Epipolae, in order that the Athenians, unless they could hinder the work, might be no longer able to invest them. Gylippus, meanwhile, went on with the wall across Epipolae, using the stones which the Athenians had laid down for their own wall, and at the same time constantly led out the Syracusans and their allies, and formed them in order of battle in front of the lines, the Athenians forming against him. At last he thought that the moment was come, and began the attack; and a hand-to-hand fight ensued between the lines, where the Syracusan cavalry could be of no use; and the Syracusans and their allies were defeated and took up their dead under truce, while the Athenians erected a trophy. After this Gylippus called the soldiers together and said that the fault was not theirs but his; he had kept their lines too much within the works, and had thus deprived them of the services of their cavalry and darters.

After this he embraced the first opportunity that offered of again leading them against the enemy. Now Nicias and the Athenians were of opinion that even if the Syracusans should not wish to offer battle, it was necessary for them to prevent the building of the cross wall, as it already almost overlapped the extreme point of their own, and if it went any further it would from that moment make no difference whether they fought ever so many successful actions, or never fought at all. They accordingly came out to meet the Syracusans. Gylippus led out his heavy infantry further from the fortifications than on the former occasion, and so joined battle; posting his horse and darters upon the flank of the Athenians in the open space, where the works of the two walls terminated. During the engagement the cavalry attacked and routed the left wing of the Athenians, which was opposed to them; and the rest of the Athenian army was in consequence defeated by the Syracusans and driven headlong within their lines. The night following the Syracusans carried their wall up to the Athenian works and passed them, thus putting it out of their power any longer to stop them, and depriving them, even if victorious in the field, of all chance of investing the city for the future.

Meanwhile Gylippus went into the rest of Sicily to raise land and naval forces, and also to bring over any of the cities that either were lukewarm in the cause or had hitherto kept out of the war altogether. Syracusan and Corinthian envoys were also despatched to Lacedaemon and Corinth to get a fresh force sent over, in any way that might offer.

Nicias, perceiving this, and seeing the strength of the enemy and his own difficulties daily increasing, himself also sent to Athens. He had before sent frequent reports of events as they occurred, and felt it especially incumbent upon him to do so now, as he thought that they were

in a critical position, and that unless speedily recalled or strongly reinforced from home they had no hope of safety.

Summer was now over. The winter ensuing, the persons sent by Nicias, reaching Athens, gave the verbal messages which had been entrusted to them, and answered any questions that were asked them, and delivered the letter. The clerk of the city now came forward and read out to the Athenians the letter, which was as follows:

"Our past operations, Athenians, have been made known to you by many other letters; it is now time for you to become equally familiar with our present condition, and to take your measures accordingly. We had defeated in most of our engagements with them the Syracusans, against whom we were sent, and we built the works which we now occupy, when Gylippus arrived from Lacedaemon with an army obtained from Peloponnese and from some of the cities in Sicily. In our first battle with him we were victorious; in the battle on the following day we were overpowered by a multitude of cavalry and darters, and compelled to retire within our lines. We have now, therefore, been forced by the numbers of those opposed to us to discontinue the work of circumvallation, and to remain inactive; being unable to make use even of all the force we have, since a large portion of our heavy infantry is absorbed in the defence of our lines. Meanwhile the enemy have carried a single wall past our lines, thus making it impossible for us to invest them in future, until this cross wall be attacked by a strong force and captured. So that the besieger in name has become, at least from the land side, the besieged in reality; as we are prevented by their cavalry from even going for any distance into the country."

Such were the contents of Nicias' letter. When the Athenians had heard it they voted to send out another army and navy, drawn partly from the Athenians on the muster roll, partly from the allies. The Athenians also sent twenty vessels round Peloponnese to prevent anyone crossing over to Sicily from Corinth or Peloponnese.

Summer and winter those at Athens were worn out by having to keep guard on the fortifications, during the day by turns, by night all together, the cavalry excepted, at the different military posts or upon the wall. But what most oppressed them was that they had two wars at once, and had thus reached a pitch of frenzy which no one would have believed possible if he had heard of it before it had come to pass. For could anyone have imagined that even when besieged by the Peloponnesians entrenched in Attica they would still, instead of withdrawing from Sicily, stay on there besieging in like manner Syracuse, a town (taken as a town) in no way inferior to Athens, or would so thoroughly upset the Hellenic estimate of their strength and audacity as to give the spectacle of a people which, at the beginning of the war, some thought might hold out one year, some two, none more than three, if the Peloponnesians invaded their country, now seventeen years after the first invasion, after

having already suffered from all the evils of war, going to Sicily and undertaking a new war nothing inferior to that which they already had with the Peloponnesians?

Meanwhile the envoys, who had gone from Syracuse to the cities after the capture of Plemmyrium, had succeeded in their mission, and were about to bring the army that they had collected, when Nicias got scent of it, and sent to the Centoripae and Alicyaeans and other of the friendly Sicels, who held the passes, not to let the enemy through, but to combine to prevent their passing, there being no other way by which they could even attempt it, as the Agrigentines would not give them a passage through their country. Agreeable to this request, the Sicels laid a triple ambuscade for the Siceliots upon their march, and, attacking them suddenly, while off their guard, killed about eight hundred of them and all the envoys, the Corinthian only excepted, by whom fifteen hundred who escaped were conducted to Syracuse. Indeed almost the whole of Sicily, except the Agrigentines, who were neutral, now ceased merely to watch events as it had hitherto done, and actively joined Syracuse against the Athenians.

While the Syracusans after the Sicel disaster put off any immediate attack upon the Athenians, Demosthenes and Eurymedon, whose forces from Corcyra and the continent were now ready, crossed the Ionian Gulf with all their armament.

Meanwhile the Syracusans, hearing of their approach, resolved to make a second attempt with their fleet and their other forces on shore, which they had been collecting for this very purpose in order to do something before their arrival. In addition to other improvements suggested by the former sea fight which they now adopted in the equipment of their navy, they cut down their prows to a smaller compass to make them more solid and made their cheeks stouter, and from these let stays into the vessel's sides for a length of six cubits within and without, in the same way as the Corinthians had altered their prows before engaging the squadron at Naupactus.

With these contrivances to suit their skill and ability, and now more confident after the previous sea fight, the Syracusans attacked by land and sea at once. The town force Gylippus led out a little the first and brought them up to the wall of the Athenians, where it looked towards the city, while the force from the Olympieum, that is to say, the heavy infantry that were there with the horse and the light troops of the Syracusans, advanced against the wall from the opposite side; the ships of the Syracusans and allies sailing out immediately afterwards. The Athenians at first fancied that they were to be attacked by land only, and it was not without alarm that they saw the fleet suddenly approaching as well; and while some were forming upon the walls and in front of them against the advancing enemy, and some marching out in haste against the numbers of horse and darters coming from the Olympieum and from outside, others manned the ships or rushed down to the beach to oppose the

enemy, and when the ships were manned put out with seventy-five sail against about eighty of the Syracusans.

After spending a great part of the day in advancing and retreating and skirmishing with each other, without either being able to gain any advantage worth speaking of, except that the Syracusans sank one or two of the Athenian vessels, they parted, the land force at the same time retiring from the lines. The next day the Syracusans remained quiet and gave no signs of what they were going to do; but Nicias, seeing that the battle had been a drawn one, and expecting that they would attack again, compelled the captains to refit any of the ships that had suffered, and moored merchant vessels before the stockade which they had driven into the sea in front of their ships, to serve instead of an enclosed harbour, at about two hundred feet from each other, in order that any ship that was hard pressed might be able to retreat in safety and sail out again at leisure. These preparations occupied the Athenians all day until nightfall.

The next day the Syracusans began operations at an earlier hour, but with the same plan of attack by land and sea. A great part of the day the rivals spent as before, confronting and skirmishing with each other; until at last Ariston, son of Pyrrhicus, a Corinthian, the ablest helmsman in the Syracusan service, persuaded their naval commanders to send to the officials in the city and tell them to move the sale market as quickly as they could down to the sea, and oblige everyone to bring whatever eatables he had and sell them there, thus enabling the commanders to land the crews and dine at once close to the ships, and shortly afterwards, the selfsame day, to attack the Athenians again when they were not expecting it.

In compliance with this advice a messenger was sent and the market got ready, upon which the Syracusans suddenly backed water and withdrew to the town, and at once landed and took their dinner upon the spot; while the Athenians, supposing that they had returned to the town because they felt they were beaten, disembarked at their leisure and set about getting their dinners and about their other occupations, under the idea that they had done with fighting for that day. Suddenly the Syracusans manned their ships and again sailed against them; and the Athenians, in great confusion and most of them fasting, got on board, and with great difficulty put out to meet them. For some time both parties remained on the defensive without engaging, until the Athenians at last resolved not to let themselves be worn out by waiting where they were, but to attack without delay, and, giving a cheer, went into action. The Syracusans received them, and, charging prow to prow as they had intended, stove in a great part of the Athenian foreships by the strength of their beaks; the darters on the decks also did great damage to the Athenians, but still greater damage was done by the Syracusans, who went about in small boats, ran in upon the oars of the Athenian galleys, and sailed against their sides, and discharged from thence their darts

upon the sailors. At last, fighting hard in this fashion, the Syracusans gained the victory, and the Athenians turned and fled between the merchantmen to their own station.

In the meantime, while the Syracusans were preparing for a second attack upon both elements, Demosthenes and Eurymedon arrived with the succours from Athens, consisting of about seventy-three ships, including the foreigners; nearly five thousand heavy infantry, Athenian and allied; a large number of darters, Hellenic and barbarian, and slingers and archers and everything else upon a corresponding scale. The Syracusans and their allies were for the moment not a little dismayed at the idea that there was to be no term or ending to their dangers, seeing, in spite of the fortification of Decelea, a new army arrive nearly equal to the former, and the power of Athens proving so great in every quarter. On the other hand, the first Athenian armament regained a certain confidence in the midst of its misfortunes. Demosthenes, seeing how matters stood, felt that he could not drag on and fare as Nicias had done, who by wintering in Catana instead of at once attacking Syracuse had allowed the terror of his first arrival to evaporate in contempt, and had given time to Gylippus to arrive with a force from Peloponnese. Well aware that it was now on the first day after his arrival that he like Nicias was most formidable to the enemy, Demosthenes determined to lose no time in drawing the utmost profit from the consternation at the moment inspired by his army. This he took to be the shortest way of ending the war, as he would either succeed and take Syracuse, or would lead back the armament instead of frittering away the lives of the Athenians engaged in the expedition and the resources of the country at large.

First therefore the Athenians went out and laid waste the lands of the Syracusans about the Anapus. Next Demosthenes resolved to attempt the counterwall first by means of engines. As, however, the engines that he brought up were burnt by the enemy fighting from the wall, and the rest of the forces repulsed after attacking at many different points, he determined to delay no longer, and, having obtained the consent of Nicias and his fellow commanders, proceeded to put in execution his plan of attacking Epipolae. As by day it seemed impossible to approach and get up without being observed, he ordered provisions for five days, took all the masons and carpenters, and other things, such as arrows, and everything else that they could want for the work of fortification if successful; and after the first watch set out with Eurymedon and Menander and the whole army for Epipolae, Nicias being left behind in the lines. Having come up by the hill of Euryelus (where the former army had ascended at first), unobserved by the enemy's guards, they went up to the fort which the Syracusans had there, and took it, and put to the sword part of the garrison.

The victors immediately pushed on, eager to achieve the objects of the attack without giving time for their ardour to cool; meanwhile others from the very beginning were taking the counterwall of the Syracusans,

which was abandoned by its garrison, and pulling down the battlements. The Syracusans and the allies, and Gylippus with the troops under his command, advanced to the rescue from the outworks, but engaged in some consternation (a night attack being a piece of audacity which they had never expected), and were at first compelled to retreat. But while the Athenians, flushed with their victory, now advanced with less order, wishing to make their way as quickly as possible through the whole force of the enemy not yet engaged, without relaxing their attack or giving them time to rally, the Boeotians made the first stand against them, attacked them, routed them, and put them to flight.

The Athenians now fell into great disorder and perplexity, so that it was not easy to get from one side or the other any detailed account of the affair. By day certainly the combatants have a clearer notion, though even then by no means of all that takes place, no one knowing much of anything that does not go on in his own immediate neighbourhood; but in a night engagement (and this was the only one that occurred between great armies during the war) how could anyone know anything for certain? Although there was a bright moon they saw each other only as men do by moonlight, that is to say, they could distinguish the form of the body, but could not tell for certain whether it was a friend or an enemy. Both had great numbers of heavy infantry moving about in a small space. Some of the Athenians were already defeated, while others were coming up yet unconquered for their first attack.

The victorious Syracusans and allies were cheering each other on with loud cries, by night the only possible means of communication, and meanwhile receiving all who came against them; while the Athenians were seeking for one another, taking all in front of them for enemies, even although they might be some of their now flying friends; and by constantly asking for the watchword, which was their only means of recognition, not only caused great confusion among themselves by asking all at once, but also made it known to the enemy. A great many of the Athenians and allies were killed, although still more arms were taken than could be accounted for by the number of the dead, as some of those who were obliged to leap down from the cliffs without their shields escaped with their lives and did not perish like the rest.

After this the Syracusans, recovering their confidence at such an unexpected stroke of good fortune, despatched Sicanus with fifteen ships to Agrigentum, where there was a revolution, to induce if possible the city to join them; while Gylippus again went by land into the rest of Sicily to bring up reinforcements, being now in hope of taking the Athenian lines by storm, after the result of the affair on Epipolae.

In the meantime the Athenian generals consulted upon the disaster which had happened, and upon the general weakness of the army. They saw themselves unsuccessful in their enterprises, and the soldiers disgusted with their stay; disease being rife among them, owing to its being the sickly season of the year, and to the marshy and unhealthy nature of

the spot in which they were encamped; and the state of their affairs generally being thought desperate. Accordingly, Demosthenes was of opinion that they ought not to stay any longer. Nicias, without denying the bad state, was unwilling to avow their weakness. Moreover, his own particular information still gave him reason to hope that the affairs of the enemy would soon be in a worse state than their own, if the Athenians persevered in the siege; as they would wear out the Syracusans by want of money, especially with the more extensive command of the sea now given them by their present navy. Besides this, there was a party in Syracuse who wished to betray the city to the Athenians, and kept sending him messages and telling him not to raise the siege. Accordingly, knowing this and really waiting because he hesitated between the two courses and wished to see his way more clearly, in his public speech on this occasion he refused to lead off the army.

While the Athenians lingered on in this way without moving from where they were, Gylippus and Sicanus now arrived at Syracuse. Sicanus had failed to gain Agrigentum, the party friendly to the Syracusans having been driven out while he was still at Gela; but Gylippus was accompanied not only by a large number of troops raised in Sicily but by the heavy infantry sent off in the spring from Peloponnese in the merchantmen, who had arrived at Selinus. Immediately upon their arrival the Syracusans prepared to attack the Athenians again by land and sea at once. The Athenian generals, seeing a fresh army come to the aid of the enemy, and that their own circumstances, far from improving, were becoming daily worse, and above all distressed by the sickness of the soldiers, now began to repent of not having removed before; and Nicias no longer offering the same opposition, except by urging that there should be no open voting, they gave orders as secretly as possible for all to be prepared to sail out from the camp at a given signal. All was at last ready, and they were on the point of sailing away, when an eclipse of the moon, which was then at the full, took place. Most of the Athenians, deeply impressed by this occurrence, now urged the generals to wait; and Nicias, who was somewhat overaddicted to divination and practices of that kind, refused from that moment even to take the question of departure into consideration, until they had waited the thrice nine days prescribed by the soothsayers.

The besiegers were thus condemned to stay in the country; and the Syracusans, getting wind of what had happened, became more eager than ever to press the Athenians, who had now themselves acknowledged that they were no longer their superiors either by sea or by land, as otherwise they would never have planned to sail away. The Syracusans immediately began to sail freely along the harbour, and determined to close up its mouth, so that the Athenians might not be able to steal out in future, even if they wished. They began at once to close up the Great Harbour by means of boats, merchant vessels, and galleys moored broadside across its mouth, which is nearly a mile wide, and made all their other arrange-

ments for the event of the Athenians again venturing to fight at sea. There was, in fact, nothing little in either their plans or their ideas.

The Athenians therefore determined to evacuate their upper lines, and man all the ships, seaworthy or not, with every man that could be spared from the rest of their land forces, to fight it out at sea, and if victorious, to go to Catana, if not, to burn their vessels, form in close order, and retreat by land for the nearest friendly place they could reach, Hellenic or barbarian. They thus succeeded in manning about one hundred and ten ships in all.

When the Athenians came up to the barrier, with the first shock of their charge they overpowered the ships stationed there, and tried to undo the fastenings; after this, as the Syracusans and allies bore down upon them from all quarters, the action spread from the barrier over the whole harbour, and was more obstinately disputed than any of the preceding ones. On either side the rowers showed great zeal in bringing up their vessels at the boatswains' orders, and the helmsmen great skill in manoeuvring, and great emulation one with another; while, the ships once alongside, the soldiers on board did their best not to let the service on deck be outdone by the others; in short, every man strove to prove himself the first in his particular department. And as many ships were engaged in a small compass, the regular attacks with the beak were few, there being no opportunity of backing water or of breaking the line; while the collisions caused by one ship chancing to run foul of another, either in flying from or attacking a third, were more frequent. So long as a vessel was coming up to the charge the men on the decks rained darts and arrows and stones upon her; but once alongside, the heavy infantry tried to board each other's vessel, fighting to hand. In many quarters also it happened, by reason of the narrow room, that a vessel was charging an enemy on one side and being charged herself on another, and that two or sometimes more ships had perforce got entangled round one, obliging the helmsmen to attend to defence here, offence there, not to one thing at once, but to many on all sides; while the huge din caused by the number of ships crashing together not only spread terror, but made the orders of the boatswains inaudible.

Meanwhile the two armies on shore, while victory hung in the balance, were a prey to the most agonizing and conflicting emotions: the natives thirsting for more glory than they had already won, while the invaders feared to find themselves in even worse plight than before. Then all of the Athenians being set upon their fleet, their fear for the event was like nothing they had ever felt; while their view of the struggle was necessarily as chequered as the battle itself. Close to the scene of action and not all looking at the same point at once, some saw their friends victorious and took courage, and fell to calling upon heaven not to deprive them of salvation, while others who had their eyes turned upon the losers wailed and cried aloud, and, although spectators, were more overcome than the actual combatants. In short, in that one Athenian army as long

as the sea fight remained doubtful there was every sound to be heard at once, shrieks, cheers, *"We win," "We lose,"* and all the other manifold exclamations that a great host would necessarily utter in great peril; and with the men in the fleet it was nearly the same; until at last the Syracusans and their allies, after the battle had lasted a long while, put the Athenians to flight, and with much shouting and cheering chased them in open rout to the shore. The naval force, one one way, one another, as many as were not taken afloat, now ran ashore and rushed from on board their ships to their camp; while the army, no more divided, but carried away by one impulse, all with shrieks and groans deplored the event, and ran down, some to help the ships, others to guard what was left of their wall, while the remaining and most numerous part already began to consider how they should save themselves. Indeed, the panic of the present moment had never been surpassed.

Accordingly they all now made up their minds to retreat by land. Meanwhile the Syracusan Hermocrates, suspecting their intention, and impressed by the danger of allowing a force of that magnitude to retire by land, establish itself in some other part of Sicily, and from thence renew the war, went and stated his views to the authorities, and pointed out to them that they ought not to let the enemy get away by night, but that all the Syracusans and their allies should at once march out and block up the roads and seize and guard the passes. He therefore sent, as soon as it was dusk, some friends of his own to the camp with some horsemen who rode up within earshot and called out to some of the men, as though they were well-wishers of the Athenians, and told them to tell Nicias (who had in fact some correspondents who informed him of what went on inside the town) not to lead off the army by night as the Syracusans were guarding the roads, but to make his preparations at his leisure and to retreat by day. After saying this they departed; and their hearers informed the Athenian generals, who put off going for that night on the strength of this message, not doubting its sincerity. Meanwhile the Syracusans and Gylippus marched out and blocked up the roads through the country by which the Athenians were likely to pass, and kept guard at the fords of the streams and rivers, posting themselves so as to receive them and stop the army where they thought best; while their fleet sailed up to the beach and towed off the ships of the Athenians.

After this, Nicias and Demosthenes now thinking that enough had been done in the way of preparation, the removal of the army took place upon the second day after the sea fight. It was a lamentable scene, not merely from the single circumstance that they were retreating after having lost all their ships, their great hopes gone, and themselves and the state in peril; but also in leaving the camp there were things most grievous for every eye and heart to contemplate. The dead lay unburied, and each man as he recognized a friend among them shuddered with grief and horror; while the living whom they were leaving behind, wounded or sick, were to the living far more shocking than the dead, and more to be pitied than

those who had perished. These fell to entreating and bewailing until their friends knew not what to do, begging them to take them and loudly calling to each individual comrade or relative whom they could see, hanging upon the necks of their tentfellows in the act of departure, and following as far as they could, and, when their bodily strength failed them, calling again and again upon heaven and shrieking aloud as they were left behind. All carried anything they could which might be of use, and the heavy infantry and troopers, contrary to their wont while under arms, carried their own victuals. Yet even thus they did not carry enough, as there was no longer food in the camp.

When they arrived at the ford of the river Anapus they found drawn up a body of the Syracusans and allies, and, routing these, made good their passage and pushed on, harassed by the charges of the Syracusan horse and by the missiles of their light troops. On that day they advanced about four miles and a half. On the next they started early and got on about two miles further, and descended into a place in the plain and there encamped, in order to procure some eatables from the houses. The Syracusans meanwhile went on and fortified the pass in front, where there was a steep hill with a rocky ravine on each side of it, called the Acraean cliff. The next day the Athenians, advancing, found themselves impeded by the missiles and charges of the horse and darters, both very numerous, of the Syracusans and allies; and after fighting for a long while, at length retired to the same camp, where they had no longer provisions as before, it being impossible to leave their position by reason of the cavalry.

When they advanced the next day the Syracusans surrounded and attacked them on every side, and disabled many of them, falling back if the Athenians advanced and coming on if they retired, and in particular assaulting their rear, in the hope of routing them in detail, and thus striking a panic into the whole army. For a long while the Athenians persevered in this fashion, but after advancing for four or five furlongs halted to rest in the plain, the Syracusans also withdrawing to their own camp.

During the night Nicias and Demosthenes, seeing the wretched condition of their troops, now in want of every kind of necessary, and numbers of them disabled in the numerous attacks of the enemy, determined to light as many fires as possible, and to lead off the army, no longer by the same route as they had intended, but towards the sea in the opposite direction to that guarded by the Syracusans. They accordingly lit a number of fires and set out by night. By morning they reached the sea, and, getting into the Helorine Road, pushed on in order to reach the river Cacyparis, and to follow the stream up through the interior, where they hoped to be met by the Sicels whom they had sent for. Arrived at the river, they found there also a Syracusan party engaged in barring the passage of the ford with a wall and a palisade, and, forcing this guard, crossed the river and went on to another called the Erineus, according to the advice of their guides.

When day came and the Syracusans and allies found that the Atheni-

ans were gone, most of them accused Gylippus of having let them escape on purpose, and, hastily pursuing by the road which they had no difficulty in finding that they had taken, overtook them about dinnertime. They first came up with the troops under Demosthenes, who were behind and marching somewhat slowly and in disorder, owing to the night panic above referred to, and at once attacked and engaged them, the Syracusan horse surrounding them with more ease now that they were separated from the rest, and hemming them in on one spot. The division of Nicias was five or six miles on in front, as he led them more rapidly, thinking that under the circumstances their safety lay not in staying and fighting, unless obliged, but in retreating as fast as possible, and only fighting when forced to do so. On the other hand, Demosthenes was, generally speaking, harassed more incessantly, as his post in the rear left him the first exposed to the attacks of the enemy; and now, finding that the Syracusans were in pursuit, he omitted to push on, in order to form his men for battle, and so lingered until he was surrounded by his pursuers and himself and the Athenians with him placed in the most distressing position, being huddled into an enclosure with a wall all round it, a road on this side and on that, and olive trees in great number, where missiles were showered in upon them from every quarter. This mode of attack the Syracusans had with good reason adopted in preference to fighting at close quarters, as to risk a struggle with desperate men was now more for the advantage of the Athenians than for their own.

In fact, after plying the Athenians and allies all day long from every side with missiles, they at length saw that they were worn out with their wounds and other sufferings; and Gylippus and the Syracusans and their allies made a proclamation, offering their liberty to any of the islanders who chose to come over to them; and some few cities went over. Afterwards a capitulation was agreed upon for all the rest with Demosthenes, to lay down their arms on condition that no one was to be put to death either by violence or imprisonment or want of the necessaries of life. Upon this they surrendered to the number of six thousand in all, laying down all the money in their possession, which filled the hollows of four shields, and were immediately conveyed by the Syracusans to the town.

Meanwhile Nicias with his division arrived that day at the river Erineus, crossed over, and posted his army upon some high ground upon the other side. Food and necessaries were as miserably wanting to the troops of Nicias as they had been to their comrades; nevertheless they watched for the quiet of the night to resume their march. But as they were taking up their arms the Syracusans perceived it and raised their paean, upon which the Athenians, finding that they were discovered, laid them down again, except about three hundred men who forced their way through the guards and went on during the night as they were able.

As soon as it was day Nicias put his army in motion, pressed, as before, by the Syracusans and their allies, pelted from every side by their missiles, and struck down by their javelins. The Athenians pushed on for

the Assinarus, impelled by the attacks made upon them from every side by a numerous cavalry and the swarm of other arms, fancying that they should breathe more freely if once across the river, and driven on also by their exhaustion and craving for water. Once there, they rushed in, and all order was at an end, each man wanting to cross first, and the attacks of the enemy making it difficult to cross at all; forced to huddle together, they fell against and trod down one another, some dying immediately upon the javelins, others getting entangled together and stumbling over the articles of baggage, without being able to rise again. Meanwhile the opposite bank, which was steep, was lined by the Syracusans, who showered missiles down upon the Athenians, most of them drinking greedily and heaped together in disorder in the hollow bed of the river. The Peloponnesians also came down and butchered them, especially those in the water, which was thus immediately spoiled, but which they went on drinking just the same, mud and all, bloody as it was, most even fighting to have it.

At last, when many dead now lay piled one upon another in the stream, and part of the army had been destroyed at the river, and the few that escaped from thence cut off by the cavalry, Nicias surrendered himself to Gylippus, whom he trusted more than he did the Syracusans, and told him and the Lacedaemonians to do what they liked with him, but to stop the slaughter of the soldiers. Gylippus, after this, immediately gave orders to make prisoners; upon which the rest were brought together alive except a large number secreted by the soldiery.

The Syracusans and their allies now mustered and took up the spoils and as many prisoners as they could, and went back to the city. The rest of their Athenian and allied captives were deposited in the quarries, this seeming the safest way of keeping them; but Nicias and Demosthenes were butchered, against the will of Gylippus, who thought that it would be the crown of his triumph if he could take the enemy's generals to Lacedaemon. One of them, as it happened, Demosthenes, was one of her greatest enemies, on account of the affair of the island and of Pylos; while the other, Nicias, was for the same reasons one of her greatest friends, owing to his exertions to procure the release of the prisoners by persuading the Athenians to make peace. For these reasons the Lacedaemonians felt kindly towards him; and it was in this that Nicias himself mainly confided when he surrendered to Gylippus. But some of the Syracusans who had been in correspondence with him were afraid, it was said, of his being put to the torture and troubling their success by his revelations; others, especially the Corinthians, of his escaping, as he was wealthy, by means of bribes, and living to do them further mischief; and these persuaded the allies and put him to death. This or the like was the cause of the death of a man who, of all the Hellenes in my time, least deserved such a fate, seeing that the whole course of his life had been regulated with strict attention to virtue.

The prisoners in the quarries were at first hardly treated by the

Syracusans. Crowded in a narrow hole, without any roof to cover them, the heat of the sun and the stifling closeness of the air tormented them during the day, and then the nights, which came on autumnal and chilly, made them ill by the violence of the change; besides, as they had to do everything in the same place for want of room, and the bodies of those who died of their wounds or from the variation in the temperature, or from similar causes, were left heaped together one upon another, intolerable stenches arose; while hunger and thirst never ceased to afflict them, each man during eight months having only half a pint of water and a pint of corn given him daily. In short, no single suffering to be apprehended by men thrust into such a place was spared them. For some seventy days they thus lived all together, after which all, except the Athenians and any Siceliots or Italiots who had joined in the expedition, were sold. The total number of prisoners taken it would be difficult to state exactly, but it could not have been less than seven thousand.

This was the greatest Hellenic achievement of any in this war, or, in my opinion, in Hellenic history; at once most glorious to the victors and most calamitous to the conquered. They were beaten at all points and altogether; all that they suffered was great; they were destroyed, as the saying is, with a total destruction, their fleet, their army, everything was destroyed, and few out of many returned home.

COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WARS

by

CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR

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100–44 B.C.

THE CROWNING ACT in the career of Julius Caesar was his overthrow of the Roman Republic and the setting up in its place of a form of dictatorship to which he gave his name. Caesars ruled the Latin-speaking West for five centuries and the Greek-speaking East for fifteen. But in history no situation is completely simple and there are innumerable approaches to every fact. While it is perhaps formally correct to say that Julius Caesar put an end to the existence of the Roman Republic, it is proper to note that he but destroyed a corpse, for the republic was already dead.

The strength of the old republic lay in the character of its citizens and the fitness of its institutions. The Senate, whose members were selected from among the old landed families, provided capable and wise leadership in war and in peace. The plebeians, protected against encroachments upon their rights in the day-to-day progress of events by Tribunes of the People, made known their will through the Assembly of the Plebes by direct participation, and in the election of the senators. In the heyday of the republic, both classes exhibited a quality which the Romans called *virtue,* a public spirit which subordinated the individual's freedom of action to the public good, which acknowledged that self-restraint, discipline, and occasional sacrifice on the part of the citizen were obligations he readily assumed in the interest of maintaining an ordered and free society.

When Rome had conquered Italy and began to extend her dominion beyond the shores of the peninsula she extended Roman citizenship to her Italian allies, partly in recognition of their loyalty to her and partly that, as Romans, they might share in the profits as well as the hardships of warfare. But the ancient world never developed the institution of *represent-*

ative self-government as we know it in the modern world. In order to be heard in the councils of his government, it was necessary for the Italian to come to Rome, raise his voice in the Assembly, and cast his vote. Few found the privilege worth the bother.

As the city of Rome developed into a world metropolis, the character of her citizens changed. Generals like Marius and Sulla obtained for their veteran troops not only bonuses and pensions, but grants of Roman citizenship as well. As a result, provincials and adventurers who had won citizenship through military service often flocked to Rome after dissipating their resources. Countrymen, who had lost their small farms or found country life dull after the excitement of foreign campaigns, drifted into the big city. Their economic insecurity caused this unstable element to favor political candidates who promised them government hand-outs and who amused them with public entertainments—bread and circuses. Meanwhile the senatorial class, burdened by the increasing cost of political campaigns, their wealth diminished by comparison with the fortunes being accumulated through government contracts and international trade and finance by a new middle class, the Equestrians, increasingly preoccupied themselves with the restoration of their own fortunes through a scramble for those offices which would enable them to exploit the provinces. By these and similar means were both Roman character and Roman institutions corrupted.

The evil consequences which might result from these trends were perceived and attempts made to check them. The popular leadership of the brothers Gracchi brought only temporary reform. After a period of civil strife Sulla re-established the power of the Senate. But when Pompey returned from the East, quietly disbanded his armies, and submitted the question of compensation for his veterans, the Senate demonstrated its incapacity by debating the matter for two years. The opportunity was seized by Julius Caesar to champion Pompey's cause, as a result of which he and his wealthy patron Crassus formed an alliance with Rome's most popular general. This alliance is known as the First Triumvirate. The influence of the Triumvirate obtained for Caesar command of the Roman armies in Gaul. The step was essential if Caesar were to obtain for himself a position of first importance in the state. By his conquest of Gaul he might obtain an army of seasoned veterans loyal to himself and dependent upon him for rewards for their services. With such an army at his back he might defy the Senate.

Caesar further used the occasion to dictate a history of

the Gallic Wars which would provide a valuable historical record of an important military conquest and settlement. Circulated at Rome, the history would also disclose to the Roman people the military and political capacity of the general in command of those campaigns. The history was sent in installments to Rome. The military feats of its author were confirmed by the arrival in Rome of shipments of loot and treasure which were then the accepted rewards of military victories. In this way Caesar assured himself of the acclaim of the Roman populace while his friends in Rome reported to him the growing suspicion and apprehension of the senators.

The force, clarity, and concision of Caesar's prose is not always apparent in translation, for the structure of the Latin language provided him with several linguistic devices not well developed in English. As a result, the translator, when confronting the double demand of fidelity in rendition and clarity, has occasionally adopted the awkward device of brackets: He [Caesar] then addressed him [Vercingetorix], demanding that, etc. Despite such minor irritations, however, the compression, force, and order of Caesar's narrative are apparent.

COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WARS

I

All Gaul is divided into three parts, one of which the Belgae inhabit, the Aquitani another, those who in their own language are called Celts, in ours Gauls, the third. All these differ from each other in language, customs and laws. The river Garonne separates the Gauls from the Aquitani; the Marne and the Seine separate them from the Belgae. Of all these, the Belgae are the bravest, because they are farthest from the civilisation and refinement of [our] Province, and merchants least frequently resort to them and import those things which tend to effeminate the mind; and they are the nearest to the Germans, who dwell beyond the Rhine, with whom they are continually waging war; for which reason the Helvetii also surpass the rest of the Gauls in valour, as they contend with the Germans in almost daily battles, when they either repel them from their own territories, or themselves wage war on their frontiers.

Among the Helvetii, Orgetŏrix was by far the most distinguished and wealthy. He, when Marcus Messàla and Marcus Piso were consuls, incited by lust of sovereignty, formed a conspiracy among the nobility, and persuaded the people to go forth from their territories with all their possessions, [saying] that it would be very easy, since they excelled all in valour, to acquire the supremacy of the whole of Gaul. To this he the more easily persuaded them, because the Helvetii are confined on every side by the nature of their situation; on one side by the Rhine, a very broad and deep river, which separates the Helvetian territory from the Germans; on a second side by the Jura, a very high mountain which is [situated] between the Sequăni and the Helvetii; on a third by the Lake of Geneva, and by the river Rhone, which separates our Province from the Helvetii.

When this scheme was disclosed to the Helvetii by informers, they, according to their custom, compelled Orgetŏrix to plead his cause in chains; it was the law that the penalty of being burned by fire should await him if condemned. On the day appointed for the pleading of his

cause, Orgetŏrix drew together from all quarters to the court all his vassals to the number of ten thousand persons; and led together to the same place all his dependants and debtor-bondsmen, of whom he had a great number; by means of these he rescued himself from [the necessity of] pleading his cause. While the state, incensed at this act, was endeavouring to assert its right by arms, and the magistrates were mustering a large body of men from the country, Orgetŏrix died; and there is not wanting a suspicion, as the Helvetii think, of his having committed suicide.

After his death, the Helvetii nevertheless attempt to do that which they had resolved on, namely, to go forth from their territories. When they thought that they were at length prepared for this undertaking, they set fire to all their towns, in number about twelve—to their villages about four hundred—and to the private dwellings that remained; they burn up all the corn, except what they intend to carry with them; that after destroying the hope of a return home, they might be the more ready for undergoing all dangers.

There were in all two routes by which they could go forth from their country—one through the Sequăni, narrow and difficult, between Mount Jura and the river Rhone (by which scarcely one waggon at a time could be led; there was, moreover, a very high mountain overhanging, so that a very few might easily intercept them); the other, through our Province, much easier and freer from obstacles, because the Rhone flows between the boundaries of the Helvetii and those of the Allobrŏges, who had lately been subdued, and is in some places crossed by a ford.

When it was reported to Caesar that they were attempting to make their route through our Province, he hastens to set out from the city, and, by as great marches as he can, proceeds to Further Gaul, and arrives at Geneva. He orders the whole Province [to furnish] as great a number of soldiers as possible, as there was in all only one legion in Further Gaul: he orders the bridge at Geneva to be broken down. When the Helvetii are apprised of his arrival, they send to him, as ambassadors, the most illustrious men of their state (in which embassy Numeius and Verudoctius held the chief place), to say "that it was their intention to march through the Province without doing any harm, because they had" [according to their own representations] "no other route:—that they requested they might be allowed to do so with his consent."

Meanwhile, with the legion which he had with him and the soldiers who had assembled from the Province, he carries along for nineteen [Roman, not quite eighteen English] miles a wall, to the height of sixteen feet, and a trench, from the lake of Geneva, which flows into the river Rhone, to Mount Jura, which separates the territories of the Sequăni from those of the Helvetii. When that work was finished, he distributes garrisons, and closely fortifies redoubts, in order that he may the more easily intercept them, if they should attempt to cross over against his will. When the day which he had appointed with the ambassadors came, and they returned to him, he says that he cannot, consistently with the custom and

precedent of the Roman people, grant any one a passage through the Province; and he gives them to understand that, if they should attempt to use violence, he would oppose them. The Helvetii, disappointed in this hope, tried if they could force a passage (some by means of a bridge of boats and numerous rafts constructed for the purpose; others, by the fords of the Rhone, where the depth of the river was least, sometimes by day, but more frequently by night), but being kept at bay by the strength of our works, and by the concourse of the soldiers, and by the missiles, they desisted from this attempt.

It is again told Caesar that the Helvetii intend to march through the country of the Sequăni and the Aedui into the territories of the Santŏnes, which are not far distant from those boundaries of the Tolōsātes, which [viz. Tolōsa, Toulouse] is a state in the Province. If this took place, he saw that it would be attended with great danger to the Province to have warlike men, enemies of the Roman people, bordering upon an open and very fertile tract of country. For these reasons he appointed Titus Labienus, his lieutenant, to the command of the fortification which he had made. He himself proceeds to Italy by forced marches, and there levies two legions, and leads out from winter-quarters three which were wintering around Aquileia, and with these five legions marches rapidly by the nearest route across the Alps into Further Gaul.

There is a river [called] the Saône, which flows through the territories of the Aedui and Sequăni into the Rhone with such incredible slowness, that it cannot be determined by the eye in which direction it flows. This the Helvetii were crossing by rafts and boats joined together. When Caesar was informed by spies that the Helvetii had already conveyed three parts of their forces across that river, but that the fourth part was left behind on this side of the Saône, he set out from the camp with three legions during the third watch, and came up with that division which had not yet crossed the river. Attacking them, encumbered with baggage, and not expecting him, he cut to pieces a great part of them; the rest betook themselves to flight, and concealed themselves in the nearest woods.

This battle ended, that he might be able to come up with the remaining forces of the Helvetii, he procures a bridge to be made across the Saône, and thus leads his army over. The Helvetii, confused by his sudden arrival, when they found that he had effected in one day what they themselves had with the utmost difficulty accomplished in twenty, namely, the crossing of the river, send ambassadors to him; at the head of which embassy was Divĭco, who had been commander of the Helvetii in the war against Cassius. He thus treats with Caesar:—that, "if the Roman people would make peace with the Helvetii they would go to that part and there remain, where Caesar might appoint and desire them to be; but if he should persist in persecuting them with war, that he ought to remember both the ancient disgrace of the Roman people and the characteristic valour of the Helvetii. As to his having attacked one canton by surprise, [at a time] when those who had crossed the river could not bring assistance to

their friends, that he ought not on that account to ascribe very much to his own valour, or despise them; that they had so learned from their sires and ancestors, as to rely more on valour than on artifice or stratagem.

On the following day they move their camp from that place; Caesar does the same, and sends forward all his cavalry, to the number of four thousand (which he had drawn together from all parts of the Province and from the Aedui and their allies), to observe towards what parts the enemy are directing their march. They marched for about fifteen days in such a manner that there was not more than five or six miles between the enemy's rear and our van.

Meanwhile, Caesar kept daily importuning the Aedui for the corn which they had promised in the name of their state; for, in consequence of the coldness (Gaul being, as before said, situated towards the north), not only was the corn in the fields not ripe, but there was not in store a sufficiently large quantity even of fodder: besides he was unable to use the corn which he had conveyed in ships up the river Saône, because the Helvetii, from whom he was unwilling to retire, had diverted their march from the Saône. The Aedui kept deferring from day to day, and saying that it was being "collected—brought in—on the road." When he saw that he was put off too long, and that the day was close at hand on which he ought to serve out the corn to his soldiers, he severely reprimands them, because he is not assisted by them on so urgent an occasion, when the enemy were so close at hand, and when [corn] could neither be bought nor taken from the fields, particularly as, in a great measure urged by their prayers, he had undertaken the war; much more bitterly, therefore, does he complain of his being forsaken.

Then at length Liscus, moved by Caesar's speech, discloses what he had hitherto kept secret:—that "there are some whose influence with the people is very great, who, though private men, have more power than the magistrates themselves: that these by seditious and violent language are deterring the populace from contributing the corn which they ought to supply; [by telling them] that, if they cannot any longer retain the supremacy of Gaul, it were better to submit to the government of Gauls than of Romans, nor ought they to doubt that, if the Romans should overpower the Helvetii, they would wrest their freedom from the Aedui together with the remainder of Gaul. By these very men [said he] are our plans, and whatever is done in the camp, disclosed to the enemy; that they could not be restrained by *him:* nay more, he was well aware that, though compelled by necessity, he had disclosed the matter to Caesar, at how great a risk he had done it; and for that reason, he had been silent as long as he could."

Caesar perceived that, by this speech of Liscus, Dumnŏrix, the brother of Divitiăcus, was indicated; he inquires from him when alone, about those things which he had said in the meeting. He [Liscus] speaks more unreservedly and boldly. He [Caesar] makes inquiries on the same points privately of others, and discovers that it is all true; that "Dumnŏrix is the per-

son, a man of the highest daring, in great favour with the people on account of his liberality, a man eager for a revolution: that for a great many years he has been in the habit of contracting for the customs and all the other taxes of the Aedui at a small cost, because when *he* bids, no one dares to bid against him. By these means he has both increased his own private property and amassed great means for giving largesses; that he maintains constantly at his own expense and keeps about his own person a great number of cavalry, and that not only at home, but even among the neighbouring states, he has great influence, and for the sake of strengthening this influence has given his mother in marriage among the Biturĭges to a man the most noble and most influential there; that he has himself taken a wife from among the Helvetii, and has given his sister by the mother's side and his female relations in marriage into other states; that he favours and wishes well to the Helvetii on account of this connection; and that he hates Caesar and the Romans, on his own account, because by their arrival his power was weakened, and his brother, Divitiăcus, restored to his former position of influence and dignity: that, if anything should happen to the Romans, he entertains the highest hope of gaining the sovereignty by means of the Helvetii, but that under the government of the Roman people he despairs not only of royalty but even of that influence which he already has." Caesar discovered too, on inquiring into the unsuccessful cavalry engagement which had taken place a few days before, that the commencement of that flight had been made by Dumnŏrix and his cavalry (for Dumnŏrix was in command of the cavalry which the Aedui had sent for aid to Caesar); that by their flight the rest of the cavalry was dismayed.

After learning these circumstances, since to these suspicions the most unequivocal facts were added, viz., that he had led the Helvetii through the territories of the Sequăni, he [Caesar] considered that there was sufficient reason why he should either punish him himself, or order the state to do so. One thing [however] stood in the way of all this—that he had learned by experience his brother Divitiăcus's very high regard for the Roman people, his great affection towards him, his distinguished faithfulness, justice, and moderation; for he was afraid lest by the punishment of this man, he should hurt the feelings of Divitiăcus. Therefore, before he attempted anything, he orders Divitiăcus to be summoned to him, and when the ordinary interpreters had been withdrawn, converses with him through Caius Valerius Procillus, chief of the province of Gaul; he begs and exhorts him, that, without offence to his feelings, he may either himself pass judgment on him [Dumnŏrix] after trying the case, or else order the [Aeduan] state to do so.

Divitiăcus, embracing Caesar, begins to implore him, with many tears, that "he would not pass any very severe sentence upon his brother; saying, that he knows that those [charges] are true, and that nobody suffered more pain on that account than he himself did; for he [Dumnŏrix] had become powerful through his means, which power and strength he used not only to the lessening of his [Divitiăcus'] popularity, but almost

to his ruin; that he, however, was influenced both by fraternal affection and by public opinion. But if anything very severe from Caesar should befall him [Dumnŏrix], no one would think that it had been done without his consent, since he himself held such a place in Caesar's friendship; from which circumstance it would arise that the affections of the whole of Gaul would be estranged from him." As he was with tears begging these things of Caesar in many words, Caesar takes his right hand, and, comforting him, begs him to make an end of entreating, and assures him that his regard for him is so great that he forgives both the injuries of the republic and his private wrongs, at his desire and prayers. He summons Dumnŏrix to him; he brings in his brother; he points out what he censures in him; he lays before him what he of himself perceives, and what the state complains of; he warns him for the future to avoid all grounds of suspicion; he says that he pardons the past, for the sake of his brother, Divitiăcus. He sets spies over Dumnŏrix that he may be able to know what he does, and with whom he communicates.

The Helvetii, either because they thought that the Romans, struck with terror, were retreating from them, or because they flattered themselves that they might be cut off from the provisions, altering their plan and changing their route, began to pursue and to annoy our men in the rear. Caesar, when he observes this, draws off his forces to the next hill, and sent the cavalry to sustain the attack of the enemy. He himself, meanwhile, drew up on the middle of the hill a triple line of his four veteran legions in such a manner that he placed above him on the very summit the two legions which he had lately levied in Hither Gaul, and all the auxiliaries; and he ordered that the whole mountain should be covered with men, and that meanwhile the baggage should be brought together into one place, and the position be protected by those who were posted in the upper line. The Helvetii, having followed with all their waggons, collected their baggage into one place: they themselves, after having repulsed our cavalry and formed a phalanx, advanced up to our front line in very close order.

Caesar, having removed out of sight first his own horse, then those of all, that he might make the danger of all equal, and do away with the hope of flight, after encouraging his men, joined battle. His soldiers, hurling their javelins from the higher ground, easily broke the enemy's phalanx. That being dispersed, they made a charge on them with drawn swords. At length, worn out with wounds, they began to give way, and as there was in the neighbourhood a mountain about a mile off, to betake themselves thither. When the mountain had been gained, and our men were advancing up, the Boii and Tulingi, who with about 15,000 men closed the enemy's line of march and served as a guard to their rear, having assailed our men on the exposed flank as they advanced [prepared] to surround them; upon seeing which, the Helvetii, who had betaken themselves to the mountain, began to press on again and renew the battle. The Romans having faced about, advanced to the attack in two divisions;

the first and second line to withstand those who had been defeated and driven off the field; the third to receive those who were just arriving.

Thus was the contest long and vigorously carried on with doubtful success. When they could no longer withstand the attacks of our men, the one division, as they had begun to do, betook themselves to the mountain; the other repaired to their baggage and waggons. For during the whole of this battle, although the fight lasted from the seventh hour [*i.e.* 12 (noon) —1 P.M.] to eventide, no one could see an enemy with his back turned. After the fight had lasted some time, our men gained possession of their baggage and camp. There the daughter and one of the sons of Orgetŏrix were taken. After that battle about 130,000 men [of the enemy] remained alive, who marched incessantly during the whole of that night; and after a march discontinued for no part of the night, arrived in the territories of the Lingŏnes on the fourth day. The Helvetii, compelled by the want of everything, sent ambassadors to Caesar about a surrender. He ordered the Helvetii, the Tulingi, and the Latobrĭgi to return to their territories from which they had come, and as there was at home nothing whereby they might support their hunger, all the productions of the earth having been destroyed, he commanded the Allobrŏges to let them have a plentiful supply of corn; and ordered them to rebuild the towns and villages which they had burnt. This he did, chiefly on this account, because he was unwilling that the country, from which the Helvetii had departed, should be untenanted, lest the Germans, who dwell on the other side of the Rhine, should, on account of the excellence of the lands, cross over from their own territories into those of the Helvetii, and become borderers upon the province of Gaul and the Allobrŏges.

II

When the war with the Helvetii was concluded, ambassadors from almost all parts of Gaul, the chiefs of states, assembled to congratulate Caesar, [saying] that they were well aware, that, although he had taken vengeance on the Helvetii in war, for the old wrongs done by them to the Roman people, yet that circumstance had happened no less to the benefit of the land of Gaul than of the Roman people, because the Helvetii, while their affairs were most flourishing, had quitted their country with the design of making war upon the whole of Gaul, and seizing the government of it, and selecting, out of a great abundance, that spot for an abode which they should judge to be the most convenient and most productive of all Gaul, and hold the rest of the states as tributaries.

When that assembly was dismissed, the same chiefs of states, who had before been to Caesar, returned, and asked that they might be allowed to treat with him privately (in secret) concerning the safety of themselves and of all. That request having been obtained, they all threw themselves in tears at Caesar's feet, [saying] that they no less begged and earnestly

desired that what they might say should not be disclosed than that they might obtain those things which they wished for; inasmuch as they saw that, if a disclosure were made, they should be put to the greatest tortures. For these Divitiăcus the Aeduan spoke and told him:—"That there were two parties in the whole of Gaul: that the Aedui stood at the head of one of these, the Arverni of the other. After these had been violently struggling with one another for the superiority for many years, it came to pass that the Germans were called in for hire by the Arverni and the Sequăni. That about 15,000 of them [*i.e.* of the Germans] had at first crossed the Rhine: but after that these wild and savage men had become enamoured of the lands and the refinement and the abundance of the Gauls, more were brought over, that there were now as many as 120,000 of them in Gaul: that with these the Aedui and their dependents had repeatedly struggled in arms,—that they had been routed and had sustained a great calamity—had lost all their nobility, all their senate, all their cavalry. But a worse thing had befallen the victorious Sequăni than the vanquished Aedui, for Ariovistus, the king of the Germans, had settled in their territories, and had seized upon a third of their land, which was the best in the whole of Gaul, and was now ordering them to depart from another third part, because a few months previously 24,000 men of the Harūdes had come to him. Unless there was some aid in Caesar and the Roman people, the Gauls must all do the same thing that the Helvetii had done, [viz.] emigrate from their country, and seek another dwelling place, other settlements remote from the Germans, and try whatever fortune may fall to their lot."

Caesar, on being informed of these things, cheered the minds of the Gauls with his words, and promised that this affair should be an object of his concern, [saying] that he had great hopes that Ariovistus, induced both by his kindness and his power, would put an end to his oppression. After delivering this speech, he dismissed the assembly. Many circumstances induced him to think that this affair ought to be considered and taken up by him; especially as he saw that the Aedui, styled [as they had been] repeatedly by the senate "brethren" and "kinsmen," were held in the thraldom and dominion of the Germans, and understood that their hostages were with Ariovistus and the Sequăni, which in so mighty an empire [as that] of the Roman people he considered very disgraceful to himself and the republic. That, moreover, the Germans should by degrees become accustomed to cross the Rhine, and that a great body of them should come into Gaul, he saw [would be] dangerous to the Roman people, and judged that wild and savage men would not be likely to restrain themselves, after they had possessed themselves of all Gaul, from going forth into the province and thence marching into Italy (as the Cimbri and Teutŏnes had done before them).

He therefore determined to send ambassadors to Ariovistus to demand of him to name some intermediate spot for a conference between the two, [saying] that he wished to treat with him on state-business and

matters of the highest importance to both of them. To this embassy Ariovistus replied, that if he himself had had need of anything from Caesar, he would have gone to him; and that if Caesar wanted anything from him he ought to come to him. That, besides, it appeared strange what business either Caesar or the Roman people at all had in his own Gaul, which he had conquered in war.

When these answers were reported to Caesar, he sends ambassadors to him a second time with this message: "Since, after having been treated with so much kindness by himself and the Roman people he makes this recompense to [Caesar] himself and the Roman people, [viz.] that when invited to a conference he demurs, and does not think that it concerns him to advise and inform himself about an object of mutual interest, these are the things which he requires of him; first, that he do not any more bring over any body of men across the Rhine into Gaul; in the next place, that he restore the hostages which he has from the Aedui, and grant the Sequăni permission to restore to them with his consent those hostages which they have, and that he neither provoke the Aedui by outrage nor make war upon them or their allies; if he would accordingly do this," [Caesar says] that "he himself and the Roman people will entertain a perpetual feeling of favour and friendship towards him; but that if he [Caesar] does not obtain [his desires], that he will not overlook the wrongs of the Aedui."

To this Ariovistus replied, that "the right of war was, that they who had conquered should govern those whom they had conquered, in what manner they pleased. As to Caesar's threatening him that he would not overlook the wrongs of the Aedui, [he said] that no one had ever entered into a contest with *him* [Ariovistus] without utter ruin to himself. That Caesar might enter the lists when he chose; he would feel what the invincible Germans, well-trained [as they were] beyond all others to arms, who for fourteen years had not been beneath a roof, could achieve by their valour."

Caesar thought that he ought to use all despatch, lest, if a new band should unite with the old troops of Ariovistus, he [Ariovistus] might be less easily withstood. Having, therefore, as quickly as he could, provided a supply of corn, he hastened to Ariovistus by forced marches. When he had proceeded three days' journey, word was brought to him that Ariovistus was hastening with all his forces to seize on Vesontio, which is the largest town of the Sequăni, and had advanced three days' journey from his territories. Caesar thought that he ought to take the greatest precautions lest this should happen, for there was in that town a most ample supply of everything which was serviceable for war; and so fortified was it by the nature of the ground as to afford a great facility for protracting the war, inasmuch as the river Doubs almost surrounds the whole town, as though it were traced round it with a pair of compasses. Hither Caesar hastens by forced marches by night and day, and, after having seized the town, stations a garrison there.

Having had the road carefully reconnoitred by Divitiăcus, because in him of all others he had the greatest faith, [he found] that by a circuitous route of more than fifty miles he might lead his army through open parts; he then set out in the fourth watch, as he had said [he would]. On the seventh day, as he did not discontinue his march, he was informed by scouts that the forces of Ariovistus were only four and twenty miles distant from ours.

Upon being apprised of Caesar's arrival, Ariovistus sends ambassadors to him, [saying] that what he had before requested as to a conference, might now, as far as his permission went, take place, since he [Caesar] had approached nearer, and he considered that he might now do it without danger.

There was a large plain, and in it a mound of earth of considerable size. This spot was at nearly an equal distance from both camps. Thither, as had been appointed, they came for the conference. Caesar stationed the legion, which he had brought [with him] on horseback, 200 paces from this mound. The cavalry of Ariovistus also took their stand at an equal distance. Ariovistus then demanded that they should confer on horseback, and that, besides themselves, they should bring with them ten men each to the conference. When they were come to the place, Caesar, in the opening of his speech, detailed his own and the senate's favours towards him [Ariovistus]. He informed him too, how old and how just were the grounds of connexion that existed between themselves [the Romans] and the Aedui, what decrees of the senate had been passed in their favour, and how frequent and how honourable; how from time immemorial the Aedui had held the supremacy of the whole of Gaul; even [said Caesar] before they had sought *our* friendship. He then made the same demands which he had commissioned the ambassadors to make, that [Ariovistus] should not make war either upon the Aedui or their allies, that he should restore the hostages; that, if he could not send back to their country any part of the Germans, he should at all events suffer none of them any more to cross the Rhine.

Ariovistus replied briefly to the demands of Caesar; but expatiated largely on his own virtues. As to his leading over a host of Germans into Gaul, he was doing this with a view of securing himself, not of assaulting Gaul: that there was evidence of this, in that he did not come without being invited, and in that he did not make war, but merely warded it off. That he had come into Gaul before the Roman people. That never before this time did a Roman army go beyond the frontiers of the province of Gaul. What [said he] does [Caesar] desire?—why come into his [Ariovistus's] domains?—that this was his province of Gaul, just as that is ours. As it ought not to be pardoned in him, if he were to make an attack upon our territories; so, likewise, that we were unjust to obstruct him in his prerogative.

Many things were stated by Caesar to the effect that neither his nor the Roman people's practice would suffer him to abandon most meritori-

ous allies, nor did he deem that Gaul belonged to Ariovistus rather than to the Roman people; that the Arverni and the Rutēni had been subdued in war by Quintus Fabius Maximus, and that the Roman people had pardoned them and had not reduced them into a province or imposed a tribute upon them.

While these things are being transacted in the conference, it was announced to Caesar that the cavalry of Ariovistus were approaching nearer the mound, and were riding up to our men, and casting stones and weapons at them. Caesar made an end of his speech and betook himself to his men; and commanded them that they should by no means return a weapon upon the enemy.

Two days after, Ariovistus sends ambassadors to Caesar, to state "that he wished to treat with him about those things which had been begun to be treated of between them, but had not been concluded." There did not appear to Caesar any good reason for holding a conference; and the more so as the day before the Germans could not be restrained from casting weapons at our men. It seemed [therefore] most proper to send to him C. Valerius Procillus, the son of C. Valerius Caburus, a young man of the highest courage and accomplishments, both on account of his fidelity and on account of his knowledge of the Gallic language, which Ariovistus, by long practice, now spoke fluently, and [as his colleague] M. Mettius, who had shared the hospitality of Ariovistus. He commissioned them to learn what Ariovistus had to say, and to report to him. But when Ariovistus saw them before him in his camp, he cried out in the presence of his army, "Why were they come to him? was it for the purpose of acting as spies?" He stopped them when attempting to speak, and cast them into chains.

The day following he led his forces past Caesar's camp, and encamped two miles beyond him; with this design—that he might cut off Caesar from the corn and provisions which might be conveyed to him from the Sequăni and the Aedui. For five successive days from that day, Caesar drew out his forces before the camp, and put them in battle order, that, if Ariovistus should be willing to engage in battle, an opportunity might not be wanting to him. Ariovistus all this time kept his army in camp: but engaged daily in cavalry skirmishes. The method of battle in which the Germans had practised themselves was this. There were 6000 horse, and as many very active and courageous foot, one of whom each of the horse selected out of the whole army for his own protection. By these [foot] they were constantly accompanied in their engagements; to these the horse retired; these on any emergency rushed forward; if any one, upon receiving a very severe wound, had fallen from his horse, they stood around him: if it was necessary to advance farther than usual, or to retreat more rapidly, so great, from practice, was their swiftness, that, supported by the manes of the horses, they could keep pace with their speed.

Caesar left what seemed sufficient as a guard for both camps; [and then] drew up all the auxiliaries in sight of the enemy, before the lesser camp, because he was not very powerful in the number of legionary sol-

diers, considering the number of the enemy; that [thereby] he might make use of his auxiliaries for appearance. He himself, having drawn up his army in three lines, advanced to the camp of the enemy. Then at last of necessity the Germans drew their forces out of camp, and disposed them canton by canton, at equal distances, the Harūdes, Marcomanni, Tribocci, Vangiones, Nemetes, Sedusii, Suevi; and surrounded their whole army with their chariots and waggons, that no hope might be left in flight. On these they placed their women, who, with dishevelled hair and in tears, entreated the soldiers, as they went forward to battle, not to deliver them into slavery to the Romans.

Caesar appointed over each legion a lieutenant and a questor, that every one might have them as witnesses of his valour. He himself began the battle at the head of the right wing, because he had observed that part of the enemy to be the least strong. Accordingly our men, upon the signal being given, vigorously made an attack upon the enemy, and the enemy so suddenly and rapidly rushed forward, that there was no time for casting the javelins at them. Throwing aside [therefore] their javelins, they fought with swords hand to hand. But the Germans, according to their custom, rapidly forming a phalanx, sustained the attack of our swords. There were found very many of our soldiers who leaped upon the phalanx, and with their hands tore away the shields, and wounded the enemy from above. Although the army of the enemy was routed on the left wing and put to flight, they [still] pressed heavily on our men from the right wing, by the great number of their troops. On observing which, P. Crassus, a young man, who commanded the cavalry—as he was more disengaged than those who were employed in the fight—sent the third line as a relief to our men who were in distress.

Thereupon the engagement was renewed, and all the enemy turned their backs, nor did they cease to flee until they arrived at the river Rhine, about fifty miles from that place. There some few, either relying on their strength, endeavoured to swim over, or, finding boats, procured their safety. Among the latter was Ariovistus, who meeting with a small vessel tied to the bank, escaped in it: our horse pursued and slew all the rest of them. C. Valerius Procillus, as he was being dragged by his guards in the flight, bound with a triple chain, fell into the hands of Caesar himself, as he was pursuing the enemy with his cavalry. This circumstance indeed afforded Caesar no less pleasure than the victory itself, because he saw a man of the first rank in the province of Gaul, his intimate acquaintance and friend, rescued from the hand of the enemy, and restored to him, and that fortune had not diminished aught of the joy and exultation [of that day] by his destruction.

This battle having been reported beyond the Rhine, the Suevi, who had come to the banks of that river, began to return home, when the Ubii, who dwelt nearest to the Rhine, pursuing them, while much alarmed, slew a great number of them. Caesar having concluded two very important wars in one campaign, conducted his army into winter quarters among the

Sequăni, a little earlier than the season of the year required. He appointed Labienus over the winter quarters, and set out in person for Hither Gaul to hold the assizes.

III

While Caesar was in winter quarters in Hither Gaul, as we have shown above, frequent reports were brought to him, and he was also informed by letters from Labienus, that all the Belgae, who we have said are a third part of Gaul, were entering into a confederacy against the Roman people, and giving hostages to one another; that the reasons of the confederacy were these—first, because they feared that, after all [Celtic] Gaul was subdued, our army would be led against them; secondly, because they were instigated by several of the Gauls; some of whom as [on the one hand] they had been unwilling that the Germans should remain any longer in Gaul, so [on the other] they were dissatisfied that the army of the Roman people should pass the winter in it, and settle there. [The Belgae were instigated] by several, also, because the government in Gaul was generally seized upon by the more powerful persons and by those who had the means of hiring troops, and they could less easily effect this object under our dominion.

Alarmed by these tidings and letters, Caesar levied two new legions in Hither Gaul, and, at the beginning of summer, sent Q. Pedius, his lieutenant, to conduct them further into Gaul. He himself, as soon as there began to be plenty of forage, came to the army. Then, indeed, he thought that he ought not to hesitate about proceeding towards them, and having provided supplies, moves his camp, and in about fifteen days arrives at the territories of the Belgae.

As he arrived there unexpectedly and sooner than any one anticipated, the Remi, who are the nearest of the Belgae to [Celtic] Gaul, sent to him Iccius and Antebrogius, [two of] the principal persons of the state, as their ambassadors: to tell him that they surrendered themselves and all their possessions to the protection and disposal of the Roman people. When Caesar inquired of them what states were in arms, how powerful they were, and what they could do in war, he received the following information: that the greater part of the Belgae were sprung from the Germans, and that having crossed the Rhine at an early period, they had settled there, on account of the fertility of the country, and had driven out the Gauls who inhabited those regions; that their king at present was Galba; that the direction of the whole war was conferred by the consent of all upon him, on account of his integrity and prudence.

Caesar, having encouraged the Remi and addressed them courteously, ordered the whole senate to assemble before him, and the children of their chief men to be brought to him as hostages; all which commands they punctually performed by the day [appointed]. After he perceived that all the forces of the Belgae, which had been collected in one place, were ap-

proaching towards him, and learnt from the scouts whom he had sent out, and [also] from the Remi, that they were not then far distant, he hastened to lead his army over the Aisne, which is on the borders of the Remi, and there pitched his camp.

There was a town of the Remi, by name Bibrax, eight miles distant from this camp. This the Belgae on their march began to attack with great vigour. [The assault] was with difficulty sustained for that day. When night had put an end to the assault, Iccius, who was then in command of the town, one of the Remi, a man of the highest rank and influence amongst his people, sends messengers to him, [to report] "That, unless assistance were sent to him, he could not hold out any longer."

Thither immediately after midnight, Caesar, using as guides the same persons who had come to him as messengers from Iccius, sends some Numidian and Cretan archers, and some Baleārian slingers as a relief to the townspeople, by whose arrival both a desire to resist together with the hope of [making good their] defence was infused into the Remi, and, for the same reason, the hope of gaining the town abandoned the enemy. Therefore, after staying a short time before the town, they hastened with all their forces to the camp of Caesar, and encamped within less than two miles [of it]; and their camp, as was indicated by the smoke and fires, extended more than eight miles in breadth.

Caesar at first determined to decline a battle, as well on account of the great number of the enemy as their distinguished reputation for valour: daily, however, in cavalry actions, he strove to ascertain by frequent trials what the enemy could effect by their prowess and what our men would dare. When he perceived that our men were not inferior, as the place before the camp was naturally convenient and suitable for marshalling an army, on either side he drew a cross trench of about four hundred paces, and at the extremities of that trench built forts, and placed there his military engines, lest, after he had marshalled his army, the enemy, since they were so powerful in point of number, should be able to surround his men in the flank, while fighting. After doing this, and leaving in the camp the two legions which he had last raised, that, if there should be any occasion, they might be brought as a reserve, he formed the other six legions in order of battle before the camp. The enemy, likewise, had drawn up their forces which they had brought out of the camp.

There was a marsh of no great extent between our army and that of the enemy. The latter were waiting to see if our men would pass this; our men, also, were ready in arms to attack them while disordered, if the first attempt to pass should be made by them. In the meantime battle was commenced between the two armies by a cavalry action. When neither army began to pass the marsh, Caesar, upon the skirmishes of the horse [proving] favourable to our men, led back his forces into the camp. The enemy immediately hastened from that place to the river Aisne, which it has been stated was behind our camp. Finding a ford there, they endeavoured to lead a part of their forces over it; with the design, that, if they could,

they might carry by storm the fort which Q. Titurius, Caesar's lieutenant, commanded, and might cut off the bridge.

Caesar, being apprised of this by Titurius, leads all his cavalry and light-armed Numidians, slingers and archers, over the bridge, and hastens towards them. There was a severe struggle in that place. Our men, attacking in the river the disordered enemy, slew a great part of them. By the immense number of their missiles they drove back the rest, who in a most courageous manner were attempting to pass over their bodies, and surrounded with their cavalry, and cut to pieces those who had first crossed the river. The enemy, when they perceived that their hopes had deceived them both with regard to their taking the town by storm and also their passing the river, and did not see our men advance to a more disadvantageous place for the purpose of fighting, and when provisions began to fail them, having called a council, determined that it was best for each to return to his country, and resolved to assemble from all quarters to defend those into whose territories the Romans should first march an army.

On the day following, before the enemy could recover from their terror and flight, Caesar led his army into the territories of the Suessiŏnes, which are next to the Remi, and having accomplished a long march, hastens to the town named Noviodunum. Having attempted to take it by storm on his march, because he heard that it was destitute of [sufficient] defenders, he was not able to carry it by assault, on account of the breadth of the ditch and the height of the wall, though few were defending it. Therefore, having fortified the camp, he began to bring up the vineae, [i.e., movable shelters used by besiegers], and to provide whatever things were necessary. In the meantime, the Suessiŏnes, after their flight, came the next night into the town. The vineae having been quickly brought up against the town, a mound thrown up, and towers built, the Gauls, amazed by the greatness of the works, such as they had neither seen nor heard of before, and struck, also, by the despatch of the Romans, send ambassadors to Caesar respecting a surrender, and succeed in consequence of the Remi requesting that they [the Suessiŏnes] might be spared. For these Divitiăcus pleads (for after the departure of the Belgae, having dismissed the troops of the Aedui, he had returned to Caesar).

Caesar said that on account of his respect for Divitiăcus and the Aeduans, he would receive them into his protection, and would spare them; but, because the state was of great influence among the Belgae, and preeminent in the number of its population, he demanded 600 hostages. When these were delivered, and all the arms in the town collected, he went from that place into the territories of the Ambiăni, who, without delay, surrendered themselves and all their possessions.

These things being achieved, [and] all Gaul being subdued, so high an opinion of this war was spread among the barbarians, that ambassadors were sent to Caesar by those nations who dwelt beyond the Rhine, to promise that they would give hostages and execute his commands. Which embassies Caesar, because he was hastening into Italy and Illyricum, or-

dered to return to him at the beginning of the following summer. He himself, having led his legions into winter-quarters among the Carnutes, the Andes, and the Turŏnes, which states were close to those regions in which he had waged war, set out for Italy.

IV

WHILE Caesar had every reason to suppose that Gaul was reduced to a state of tranquillity, the Belgae being overcome, the Germans expelled, the Sedūni among the Alps defeated, and when he had, therefore, set out for Illyricum, a sudden war sprang up in Gaul. The occasion of that war was this: P. Crassus, a young man, had taken up his winter quarters with the seventh legion among the Andes, who border upon the [Atlantic] ocean. He, as there was a scarcity of corn in those parts, sent out some officers of cavalry and several military tribunes amongst the neighbouring states, for the purpose of procuring corn and provision; in which number T. Terrasidius was sent amongst the Esubii; M. Trebius Gallus amongst the Curiosolītae; Q. Velanius, with T. Silius, amongst the Venĕti.

The influence of this state is by far the most considerable of any of the countries on the whole seacoast, because the Venĕti both have a very great number of ships, with which they have been accustomed to sail to Britain, and [thus] excel the rest in their knowledge and experience of nautical affairs; and as only a few ports lie scattered along that stormy and open sea, of which they are in possession, they hold as tributaries almost all those who are accustomed to traffic in that sea. With them arose the beginning [of the revolt] by their detaining Silius and Velanius; for they thought that they should recover by their means the hostages which they had given to Crassus. The neighbouring people, led on by their influence (as the measures of the Gauls are sudden and hasty), detain Trebius and Terrasidius for the same motive; and quickly sending ambassadors, by means of their leading men, they enter into a mutual compact to do nothing except by general consent, and abide the same issue of fortune; and they solicit the other states to choose rather to continue in that liberty which they had received from their ancestors, than endure slavery under the Romans. All the seacoast being quickly brought over to their sentiments, they send a common embassy to P. Crassus [to say], "If he wished to receive back his officers, let him send back to them their hostages."

Caesar, being informed of these things by Crassus, since he was so far distant himself, orders ships of war to be built in the meantime on the river Loire, which flows into the ocean; rowers to be raised from the province; sailors and pilots to be provided. These matters being quickly executed, he himself, as soon as the season of the year permits, hastens to the army. The Venĕti, and the other states also, being informed of Caesar's arrival, when they reflected how great a crime they had committed, in that the ambassadors (a character which had amongst all nations ever been

sacred and inviolable) had by them been detained and thrown into prison, resolve to prepare for a war in proportion to the greatness of their danger, and especially to provide those things which appertain to the service of a navy, with the greater confidence, inasmuch as they greatly relied on the nature of their situation. They knew that the passes by land were cut off by estuaries, that the approach by sea was most difficult, by reason of our ignorance of the localities, [and] the small number of the harbours, and they trusted that our army would not be able to stay very long among them, on account of the insufficiency of corn; and again, even if all these things should turn out contrary to their expectation, yet they were very powerful in their navy. They well understood that the Romans neither had any number of ships, nor were acquainted with the shallows, the harbours, or the islands of those parts where they would have to carry on the war; and that navigation was very different in a narrow sea from what it was in the vast and open ocean. Having come to this resolution, they fortify their towns, convey corn into them from the country parts, bring together as many ships as possible to Venetia, where it appeared Caesar would at first carry on the war. They unite to themselves allies for that war; and send for auxiliaries from Britain, which is situated over against those regions.

There were these difficulties which we have mentioned above, in carrying on the war, but many things, nevertheless, urged Caesar to that war;—the open insult offered to the state in the detention of the Roman knights, the rebellion raised after surrendering, the revolt after hostages were given, the confederacy of so many states, but principally, lest if [the conduct of] this part was overlooked, the other nations should think that the same thing was permitted them. Wherefore, since he reflected that almost all the Gauls were fond of revolution, and easily and quickly excited to war; that all men likewise, by nature, love liberty and hate the condition of slavery, he thought he ought to divide and more widely distribute his army, before more states should join the confederation.

He therefore sends T. Labienus, his lieutenant, with the cavalry to the Treviri, who are nearest to the river Rhine. He charges him to visit the Remi and the other Belgians, and to keep them in their allegiance and repel the Germans (who were said to have been summoned by the Belgae to their aid) if they attempted to cross the river by force in their ships. He orders P. Crassus to proceed into Aquitania with twelve legionary cohorts and a great number of the cavalry, lest auxiliaries should be sent into Gaul by these states, and such great nations be united. He sends Q. Titurius Sabinus, his lieutenant, with three legions, among the Unelli, the Curiosolītae, and the Lexovii, to take care that their forces should be kept separate from the rest. He appoints D. Brutus, a young man, over the fleet and those Gallic vessels which he had ordered to be furnished by the provinces which remained at peace; and commands him to proceed towards the Venĕti, as soon as he could. He himself hastens thither with the land forces.

The sites of their towns were generally such that, being placed on extreme points [of land] and on promontories, they neither had an approach by land when the tide had rushed in from the main ocean, which always happens twice in the space of twelve hours; nor by ships, because, upon the tide ebbing again, the ships were likely to be dashed upon the shoals. Thus, by either circumstance, was the storming of their towns rendered difficult; and if at any time perchance the Venĕti, overpowered by the greatness of our works (the sea having been excluded by a mound and large dams, and the latter being made almost equal in height to the walls of the town), had begun to despair of their fortunes, bringing up a large number of ships, of which they had a very great quantity, they carried off all their property and betook themselves to the nearest towns; there they again defended themselves by the same advantages of situation. They did this the more easily during a great part of the summer, because our ships were kept back by storms, and the difficulty of sailing was very great in that vast and open sea, with its strong tides and its harbours far apart and exceedingly few in number.

For their ships were built and equipped after this manner. The keels were somewhat flatter than those of our ships, whereby they could more easily encounter the shallows and the ebbing of the tide: the prows were raised very high, and in like manner the sterns were adapted to the force of the waves and storms [which they were formed to sustain]. The ships were built wholly of oak, and designed to endure any force and violence whatever; the benches, which were made of planks a foot in breadth, were fastened by iron spikes of the thickness of a man's thumb; the anchors were secured fast by iron chains instead of cables, and for sails they used skins and thin dressed leather. The encounter of our fleet with these ships was of such a nature that our fleet excelled in speed alone, and the plying of the oars; other things, considering the nature of the place [and] the violence of the storms, were more suitable and better adapted on their side; for neither could our ships injure theirs with their beaks (so great was their strength), nor on account of their height was a weapon easily cast up to them; and for the same reason they were less readily locked in by rocks. To this was added, that whenever a storm began to rage and they ran before the wind, they both could weather the storm more easily and heave to securely in the shallows, and when left by the tide feared nothing from rocks and shelves: the risk of all which things was much to be dreaded by our ships.

Caesar, after taking many of their towns, perceiving that so much labour was spent in vain and that the flight of the enemy could not be prevented on the capture of their towns, and that injury could not be done them, he determined to wait for his fleet. As soon as it came up and was first seen by the enemy, about 220 of their ships, fully equipped and appointed with every kind of [naval] implement, sailed forth from the harbour, and drew up opposite to ours; nor did it appear clear to Brutus, who commanded the fleet, or to the tribunes of the soldiers and the centurions,

to whom the several ships were assigned, what to do, or what system of tactics to adopt; for they knew that damage could not be done by their beaks; and that, although turrets were built [on their decks], yet the height of the stems of the barbarian ships exceeded these; so that weapons could not be cast up from [our] lower position with sufficient effect, and those cast by the Gauls fell the more forcibly upon us. One thing provided by our men was of great service, [viz.] sharp hooks inserted into and fastened upon poles, of a form not unlike the hooks used in attacking town walls. When the ropes which fastened the sail-yards to the masts were caught by them and pulled, and our vessel vigorously impelled with the oars, they [the ropes] were severed; and when they were cut away, the yards necessarily fell down; so that as all the hope of the Gallic vessels depended on their sails and rigging, upon these being cut away, the entire management of the ships was taken from them at the same time. The rest of the contest depended on courage; in which our men decidedly had the advantage; and the more so because the whole action was carried on in the sight of Caesar and the entire army; so that no act, a little more valiant than ordinary, could pass unobserved, for all the hills and higher grounds, from which there was a near prospect of the sea, were occupied by our army.

The sail-yards [of the enemy], as we have said, being brought down, although two and [in some cases] three ships [of theirs] surrounded each one [of ours], the soldiers strove with the greatest energy to board the ships of the enemy: and, after the barbarians observed this taking place, as a great many of their ships were beaten, and as no relief for that evil could be discovered, they hastened to seek safety in flight. And, having now turned their vessels to that quarter in which the wind blew, so great a calm and lull suddenly arose, that they could not move out of their place, which circumstance, truly, was exceedingly opportune for finishing the business; for our men gave chase and took them one by one, so that very few out of all the number, [and those] by the intervention of night, arrived at the land, after the battle had lasted almost from the fourth hour till sunset.

By this battle the war with the Veněti and the whole of the seacoast was finished; for both all the youth, and all, too, of more advanced age, in whom there was any discretion or rank, had assembled in that battle; and they had collected in that one place whatever naval forces they had anywhere; and when these were lost, the survivors had no place to retreat to, nor means of defending their towns. They accordingly surrendered themselves and all their possessions to Caesar, on whom Caesar thought that punishment should be inflicted the more severely, in order that for the future the rights of ambassadors might be more carefully respected by barbarians: having, therefore, put to death all their senate, he sold the rest for slaves.

V

THE following winter (this was the year in which Cn. Pompey and M. Crassus were consuls), those Germans [called] the Usipětes, and likewise the Tenchtheri, with a great number of men, crossed the Rhine, not far from the place at which that river discharges itself into the sea.

Caesar, when informed of these matters, fearing the fickle disposition of the Gauls, who are easily prompted to take up resolutions, and much addicted to change, considered that nothing was to be entrusted to them. Being aware of their custom, in order that he might not encounter a more formidable war, he sets forward to the army earlier in the year than he was accustomed to do. When he had arrived there, he discovered that those things, which he had suspected would occur, had taken place; that embassies had been sent to the Germans by some of the states, and that they had been entreated to leave the Rhine, and had been promised that all things which they desired should be provided by the Gauls. Allured by this hope, the Germans were then making excursions to greater distances. After summoning the chiefs of Gaul, Caesar thought proper to pretend ignorance of the things which he had discovered; and having conciliated and confirmed their minds, and ordered some cavalry to be raised, resolved to make war against the Germans.

Having provided corn and selected his cavalry, he began to direct his march towards those parts in which he heard the Germans were. When he was distant from them only a few days' march, ambassadors come to him from their state; whose speech was as follows: "That the Germans neither make war upon the Roman people first, nor do they decline, if they are provoked, to engage with them in arms; for that this was the custom of the Germans handed down to them from their forefathers—to resist whatsoever people make war upon them and not to avert it by entreaty; this, however, they confessed,—that they had come hither reluctantly, having been expelled from their country. If the Romans were disposed to accept their friendship, they might be serviceable allies to them; and let them either assign them lands, or permit them to retain those which they had acquired by their arms."

To these remarks Caesar replied in such terms as he thought proper; but the conclusion of his speech was, "That he could make no alliance with them, if they continued in Gaul; that it was not probable that they who were not able to defend their own territories, should get possession of those of others, nor were there any lands lying waste in Gaul which could be given away, especially to so great a number of men, without doing wrong [to others]; but they might, if they were desirous, settle in the territories of the Ubii; whose ambassadors were then with him, and were complaining of the aggressions of the Suevi, and requesting assistance from him."

When Caesar was not more than twelve miles distant from the enemy, the ambassadors return to him, as had been arranged; who meeting him on the march, earnestly entreated him not to advance any farther. When they could not obtain this, they begged him to send on a despatch to those who had marched in advance of the main army, and forbid them to engage; and grant them permission to send ambassadors to the Ubii, and if the princes and senate of the latter would give them security by oath, they assured Caesar that they would accept such conditions as might be proposed by him; and requested that he would give them the space of three days for negotiating these affairs. Caesar thought that these things tended to the self-same point [as their other proposal]; [namely] that, in consequence of a delay of three days intervening, their horse which were at a distance might return; however, he said, that he would not that day advance farther than four miles for the purpose of procuring water; he ordered that they should assemble at that place in as large a number as possible the following day, that he might inquire into their demands. In the meantime he sends messengers to the officers who had marched in advance with all the cavalry to order them not to provoke the enemy to an engagement, and if they themselves were assailed, to sustain the attack until he came up with the army.

But the enemy, as soon as they saw our horse, made an onset on our men, and soon threw them into disorder. When our men, in their turn, made a stand, they, according to their practice, leaped from their horses to their feet, and stabbing our horses in the belly and overthrowing a great many of our men, put the rest to flight, and drove them forward so much alarmed that they did not desist from their retreat till they had come in sight of our army.

After this engagement, Caesar considered that neither ought ambassadors to be received to audience, nor conditions be accepted by him from those who, after having sued for peace by way of stratagem and treachery, had made war without provocation. And to wait till the enemy's forces were augmented and their cavalry had returned, he concluded, would be the greatest madness; and knowing the fickleness of the Gauls, he felt how much influence the enemy had already acquired among them by this one skirmish. He [therefore] deemed that no time for concerting measures ought to be afforded them. After having resolved on these things and communicated his plans to his lieutenants and quaestor in order that he might not suffer any opportunity for engaging to escape him, a very seasonable event occurred, namely, that on the morning of the next day, a large body of Germans, consisting of their princes and old men, came to the camp to him to practise the same treachery and dissimulation; but, as they asserted, for the purpose of acquitting themselves for having engaged in a skirmish the day before, contrary to what had been agreed and also if they could by any means obtain a truce by deceiving him. Caesar, rejoicing that they had fallen into his power, ordered them to be detained. He then drew all his forces out of the camp, and commanded the cavalry, because

he thought they were intimidated by the late skirmish, to follow in the rear.

Having marshalled his army in three lines, and in a short time performed a march of eight miles, he arrived at the camp of the enemy before the Germans could perceive what was going on. Their consternation being made apparent by their noise and tumult, our soldiers, excited by the treachery of the preceding day, rushed into the camp: such of them as could readily get their arms for a short time withstood our men, and gave battle among their carts and baggage-waggons; but the rest of the people, [consisting] of boys and women (for they had left their country and crossed the Rhine with all their families), began to fly in all directions; in pursuit of whom Caesar sent the cavalry.

The Germans when, upon hearing a noise behind them, [they looked and] saw that their families were being slain, throwing away their arms and abandoning their standards, fled out of the camp, and when they had arrived at the confluence of the Meuse and the Rhine, the survivors despairing of farther escape, as a great number of their countrymen had been killed, threw themselves into the river and there perished, overcome by fear, fatigue, and the violence of the stream. Our soldiers, after the alarm of so great a war, for the number of the enemy amounted to 430,000, returned to their camp, all safe to a man, very few being even wounded. Caesar granted those whom he had detained in the camp liberty of departing. They however, dreading revenge and torture from the Gauls, whose lands they had harassed, said that they desired to remain with him. Caesar granted them permission. During the short part of summer which remained, Caesar, although in these countries, as all Gaul lies towards the north, the winters are early, nevertheless resolved to proceed into Britain, because he discovered that in almost all the wars with the Gauls succours had been furnished to our enemy from that country.

He sends before him Caius Volusenus with a ship of war, to acquire a knowledge of these particulars before he in person should make a descent into the island, as he was convinced that this was a judicious measure. He orders ships from all parts of the neighbouring countries, and the fleet which the preceding summer he had built for the war with the Venĕti, to assemble in this place. In the meantime, his purpose having been discovered, and reported to the Britons by merchants, ambassadors come to him from several states of the island, to promise that they will give hostages, and submit to the government of the Roman people. While Caesar remains in these parts for the purpose of procuring ships, ambassadors come to him from a great portion of the Morini, to plead their excuse respecting their conduct on the late occasion; alleging that it was as men uncivilised, and as those who were unacquainted with our custom, that they had made war upon the Roman people, and promising to perform what he should command. Caesar, thinking that this had happened fortunately enough for him, because he neither wished to leave an enemy behind him, nor had an opportunity for carrying on a war, by reason of

the time of year, imposes a large number of hostages; and when these were brought, he received them to his protection. Having collected together and provided about eighty transport ships, as many as he thought necessary for conveying over two legions, he assigned such [ships] of war as he had besides to the quaestor, his lieutenants, and officers of cavalry.

These matters being arranged, finding the weather favourable for his voyage, he set sail about the third watch, and ordered the horse to march forward to the farther port, and there embark and follow him. As this was performed rather tardily by them, he himself reached Britain with the first squadron of ships, about the fourth hour of the day, and there saw the forces of the enemy drawn up in arms on all the hills. The nature of the place was this: the sea was confined by mountains so close to it that a dart could be thrown from their summit upon the shore. Considering this by no means a fit place for disembarking, he remained at anchor till the ninth hour, for the other ships to arrive there. Having in the meantime assembled the lieutenants and military tribunes, he told them both what he had learnt from Volusenus, and what he wished to be done. Having dismissed them, meeting both with wind and tide favourable at the same time, the signal being given and the anchor weighed, he advanced about seven miles from that place, and stationed his fleet over against an open and level shore.

But the barbarians, upon perceiving the design of the Romans, sent forward their cavalry and charioteers, a class of warriors of whom it is their practice to make great use in their battles, and following with the rest of their forces, endeavoured to prevent our men landing. In this was the greatest difficulty, for the following reasons, namely, because our ships, on account of their great size, could be stationed only in deep water; and our soldiers, in places unknown to them, with their hands embarrassed, oppressed with a large and heavy weight of armour, had at the same time to leap from the ships, stand amidst the waves, and encounter the enemy; whereas they, either on dry ground, or advancing a little way into the water, free in all their limbs, in places thoroughly known to them, could confidently throw their weapons and spur on their horses, which were accustomed to this kind of service. Dismayed by these circumstances and altogether untrained in this mode of battle, our men did not all exert the same vigour and eagerness which they had been wont to exert in engagements on dry ground.

When Caesar observed this, he ordered the ships of war, the appearance of which was somewhat strange to the barbarians and the motion more ready for service, to be withdrawn a little from the transport vessels, and to be propelled by their oars, and be stationed towards the open flank of the enemy, and the enemy to be beaten off and driven away with slings, arrows, and engines: which plan was of great service to our men; for the barbarians being startled by the form of our ships and the motions of our oars and the nature of our engines, which was strange to them, stopped, and shortly after retreated a little. The battle was maintained

vigorously on both sides. Our men, however, as they could neither keep their ranks, nor get firm footing, nor follow their standards, and as one from one ship and another from another assembled around whatever standards they met, were thrown into great confusion. When Caesar observed this, he ordered the boats of the ships of war and the spy sloops to be filled with soldiers, and sent them up to the succour of those whom he had observed in distress. Our men, as soon as they made good their footing on dry ground, and all their comrades had joined them, made an attack upon the enemy, and put them to flight, but could not pursue them very far, because the horse had not been able to maintain their course at sea and reach the island. This alone was wanting to Caesar's accustomed success.

The enemy being thus vanquished in battle, as soon as they recovered after their flight, instantly sent ambassadors to Caesar to negotiate about peace. They promised to give hostages and perform what he should command.

A peace being established by these proceedings four days after we had come into Britain, the eighteen ships, to which reference has been made above, and which conveyed the cavalry, set sail from the upper port with a gentle gale; when, however, they were approaching Britain and were seen from the camp, so great a storm suddenly arose that none of them could maintain their course at sea; and some were taken back to the same port from which they had started;—others, to their great danger, were driven to the lower part of the island, nearer to the west; which, however, after having cast anchor, as they were getting filled with water, put out to sea through necessity in a stormy night, and made for the continent.

It happened that night to be full moon, which usually occasions very high tides in that ocean; and that circumstance was unknown to our men. Thus, at the same time, the tide began to fill the ships of war which Caesar had provided to convey over his army, and which he had drawn up on the strand; and the storm began to dash the ships of burden which were riding at anchor against each other; nor was any means afforded our men of either managing them or of rendering any service. A great many ships having been wrecked, inasmuch as the rest, having lost their cables, anchors, and other tackling, were unfit for sailing, a great confusion, as would necessarily happen, arose throughout the army; for there were no other ships in which they could be conveyed back, and all things which are of service in repairing vessels were wanting, and corn for the winter had not been provided in those places, because it was understood by all that they would certainly winter in Gaul.

On discovering these things the chiefs of Britain, who had come up after the battle was fought to perform those conditions which Caesar had imposed, held a conference, when they perceived that cavalry, and ships, and corn were wanting to the Romans, and discovered the small number of our soldiers from the small extent of the camp (which, too, was on this

account more limited than ordinary because Caesar had conveyed over his legions without baggage), and thought that the best plan was to renew the war, and cut off our men from corn and provisions and protract the affair till winter; because they felt confident that, if they were vanquished or cut off from a return, no one would afterwards pass over into Britain for the purpose of making war. Therefore, again entering into a conspiracy, they began to depart from the camp by degrees and secretly bring up their people from the country parts.

But Caesar, although he had not as yet discovered their measures, yet, both from what had occurred to his ships, and from the circumstance that they had neglected to give the promised hostages, suspected that the thing would come to pass which really did happen. He therefore provided remedies against all contingencies; for he daily conveyed corn from the country parts into the camp, used the timber and brass of such ships as were most seriously damaged for repairing the rest, and ordered whatever things besides were necessary for this object to be brought to him from the continent. And thus, since that business was executed by the soldiers with the greatest energy, he effected that, after the loss of twelve ships, a voyage could be made well enough in the rest.

Caesar doubled the number of hostages which he had before demanded; and ordered that they should be brought over to the continent, because, since the time of the equinox was near, he did not consider that, with his ships out of repair, the voyage ought to be deferred till winter. Having met with favourable weather he set sail a little after midnight, and all his fleet arrived safe at the continent, except two of the ships of burden which could not make the same port which the other ships did, and were carried a little lower down.

VI

GAUL being tranquil, Caesar, as he had determined, sets out for Italy to hold the provincial assizes. There he receives intelligence of the death of Clodius; and, being informed of the decree of the senate [to the effect] that all the youth of Italy should take the military oath, he determined to hold a levy throughout the entire province. Report of these events is rapidly borne into Transalpine Gaul. The Gauls themselves add to the report, and invent what the case seemed to require, [namely] that Caesar was detained by commotions in the city, and could not, amidst so violent dissensions, come to his army. Animated by this opportunity, they who already, previously to this occurrence, were indignant that they were reduced beneath the dominion of Rome, begin to organize their plans for war more openly and daringly. The leading men of Gaul, having convened councils among themselves in the woods, and retired places, bewail the unhappy fate of Gaul; and by every sort of promises and rewards, they earnestly solicit some to begin the war, and assert the freedom of Gaul at

the hazard of their lives. They say that special care should be paid to this, that Caesar should be cut off from his army, before their secret plans should be divulged. That this was easy, because neither would the legions, in the absence of their general, dare to leave their winter quarters, nor could the general reach his army without a guard: finally, that it was better to be slain in battle than not to recover their ancient glory in war, and that freedom which they had received from their forefathers.

Whilst these things are in agitation, the Carnūtes declare "that they would decline no danger for the sake of the general safety," and promise that they would be the first of all to begin the war.

When the appointed day came, the Carnūtes, under the command of Cotuatus and Conetodunus, desperate men, meet together at Genabum, and slay the Roman citizens who had settled there for the purpose of trading (among the rest, Caius Fusius Cita, a distinguished Roman knight, who by Caesar's orders had presided over the provision department), and plunder their property. The report is quickly spread among all the states of Gaul; for, whenever a more important and remarkable event takes place, they transmit the intelligence through their lands and districts by a shout; the others take it up in succession, and pass it to their neighbours, as happened on this occasion; for the things which were done at Genabum at sunrise were heard in the territories of the Arverni before the end of the first watch, which is an extent of more than a hundred and sixty miles.

There in like manner, Vercingetorix the Arvernian, a young man of the highest power (whose father had held the supremacy of entire Gaul, and had been put to death by his fellow citizens, for this reason, because he aimed at sovereign power), summoned together his dependents, and easily excited them. On his design being made known, they rush to arms: he is expelled from the town of Gergovia by his uncle Gobanitio and the rest of the nobles, who were of opinion, that such an enterprise ought not to be hazarded: he did not however desist, but held in the country a levy of the needy and desperate. Having collected such a body of troops, he brings over to his sentiments such of his fellow citizens as he has access to: he exhorts them to take up arms in behalf of the general freedom, and having assembled great forces he drives from the state his opponents, by whom he had been expelled a short time previously. He is saluted king by his partisans; he sends ambassadors in every direction, he conjures them to adhere firmly to their promise, the supreme command is conferred on him by unanimous consent. On obtaining this authority, he demands hostages from all the states, he orders a fixed number of soldiers to be sent to him immediately; he determines what quantity of arms each state shall prepare at home, and before what time; he pays particular attention to the cavalry. To the utmost vigilance he adds the utmost rigour of authority; and by the severity of his punishments brings over the wavering: for on the commission of a greater crime he puts the perpetrators to death by fire and every sort of tortures; for a slighter cause, he sends home the offenders with their ears cut off, or one of their eyes put out, that they

may be an example to the rest, and frighten others by the severity of their punishment.

These affairs being announced to Caesar in Italy at the time when he understood that matters in the city had been reduced to a more tranquil state by the energy of Cneius Pompey, he set out for Transalpine Gaul. After he had arrived there, he was greatly at a loss to know by what means he could reach his army. For if he should summon the legions into the province, he was aware that on their march they would have to fight in his absence; he foresaw too, that if he himself should endeavour to reach the army, he would act injudiciously, in trusting his safety even to those who seemed to be tranquillized.

Caesar marches into the country of the Helvii; although Mount Cevennes, which separates the Arverni from the Helvii, blocked up the way with very deep snow, as it was the severest season of the year; yet having cleared away the snow to the depth of six feet, and having opened the roads, he reaches the territories of the Arverni, with infinite labour to his soldiers. This people being surprised, because they considered themselves defended by the Cevennes as by a wall, and the paths at this season of the year had never before been passable even to individuals, he orders the cavalry to extend themselves as far as they could, and strike as great a panic as possible into the enemy. These proceedings are speedily announced to Vercingetorix by rumour and his messengers. Around him all the Arverni crowd in alarm, and solemnly entreat him to protect their property, and not to suffer them to be plundered by the enemy, especially as he saw that all the war was transferred into their country. Being prevailed upon by their entreaties he moves his camp from the country of the Bituriges in the direction of the Arverni.

Caesar, having delayed two days in that place, because he had anticipated that, in the natural course of events, such would be the conduct of Vercingetorix, leaves the army under pretence of raising recruits and cavalry. Having arranged matters, he marches to Vienna by as long journeys as he can, when his own soldiers did not expect him. Finding there a fresh body of cavalry, which he had sent on to that place several days before, marching incessantly night and day, he advanced rapidly through the territory of the Aedui into that of the Lingŏnes, in which two legions were wintering, that, if any plan affecting his own safety should have been organised by the Aedui, he might defeat it by the rapidity of his movements. When he arrived there, he sends information to the rest of the legions, and gathers all his army into one place before intelligence of his arrival could be announced to the Arverni.

Vercingetorix, on hearing this circumstance, leads back his army into the country of the Bituriges; and after marching from it to Gergovia, a town of the Boii, whom Caesar had settled there after defeating them in the Helvetian war, and had rendered tributary to the Aedui, he determined to attack it.

This action caused great perplexity to Caesar in the selection of his plans; [he feared] lest, if he should confine his legions in one place for the remaining portion of the winter, all Gaul should revolt when the tributaries of the Aedui were subdued, because it would appear that there was in him no protection for his friends; but if he should draw them too soon out of their winter quarters, he might be distressed by the want of provisions, in consequence of the difficulty of conveyance. It seemed better, however, to endure every hardship than to alienate the affections of all his allies, by submitting to such an insult. Having, therefore, impressed on the Aedui the necessity of supplying him with provisions, he sends forward messengers to the Boii to inform them of his arrival, and encourage them to remain firm in their allegiance, and resist the attack of the enemy with great resolution. Having left two legions and the luggage of the entire army at Agendicum, he marches to the Boii.

On the second day, when he came to Vellaunodunum, a town of the Senones, he determined to attack it, in order that he might not leave an enemy in his rear, and might the more easily procure supplies of provisions, and drew a line of circumvallation around it in two days: on the third day, ambassadors being sent from the town to treat of a capitulation, he orders their arms to be brought together, their cattle to be brought forth, and six hundred hostages to be given. He leaves Caius Trebonius, his lieutenant, to complete these arrangements; he himself sets out with the intention of marching as soon as possible to Genabum, a town of the Carnūtes, who having then for the first time received information of the siege of Vellaunodunum, as they thought that it would be protracted to a longer time, were preparing a garrison to send to Genabum for the defence of that town. Caesar arrived here in two days; after pitching his camp before the town, being prevented by the time of the day, he defers the attack to the next day, and orders his soldiers to prepare whatever was necessary for that enterprise; and as a bridge over the Loire connected the town of Genabum with the opposite bank, fearing lest the inhabitants should escape by night from the town, he orders two legions to keep watch under arms. The people of Genabum came forth silently from the city before midnight, and began to cross the river. When this circumstance was announced by scouts, Caesar, having set fire to the gates, sends in the legions which he had ordered to be ready, and obtains possession of the town so completely, that very few of the whole number of the enemy escaped being taken alive, because the narrowness of the bridge and the roads prevented the multitude from escaping. He pillages and burns the town, gives the booty to the soldiers, then leads his army over the Loire, and marches into the territories of the Bituriges.

Vercingetorix, when he ascertained the arrival of Caesar, desisted from the siege [of Gergovia], and marched to meet Caesar. The latter had commenced to besiege Noviodunum; and when ambassadors came from this town to beg that he would pardon them and spare their lives, in

order that he might execute the rest of his designs with the rapidity by which he had accomplished most of them, he orders their arms to be collected, their horses to be brought forth, and hostages to be given. A part of the hostages being now delivered up, when the rest of the terms were being performed, a few centurions and soldiers being sent into the town to collect the arms and horses, the enemy's cavalry, which had outstripped the main body of Vercingetorix's army, was seen at a distance; as soon as the townsmen beheld them, and entertained hopes of assistance, raising a shout, they began to take up arms, shut the gates, and line the walls. When the centurions in the town understood from the signal-making of the Gauls that they were forming some new design, they drew their swords and seized the gates, and recovered all their men safe.

Caesar orders the horse to be drawn out of the camp, and commences a cavalry action. His men being now distressed, Caesar sends to their aid about four hundred German horse, which he had determined, at the beginning, to keep with himself. The Gauls could not withstand their attack, but were put to flight, and retreated to their main body, after losing a great number of men. When they were routed, the townsmen, again intimidated, arrested those persons by whose exertions they thought that the mob had been roused, and brought them to Caesar, and surrendered themselves to him. When these affairs were accomplished, Caesar marched to the town of Avaricum, which was the largest and best fortified town in the territories of the Bituriges, and situated in a most fertile tract of country; because he confidently expected that on taking that town, he would reduce beneath his dominion the state of the Bituriges.

Vercingetorix, after sustaining such a series of losses at Vellaunodunum, Genabum, and Noviodunum, summons his men to a council. He impresses on them "that the war must be prosecuted on a very different system from that which had been previously adopted; but they should by all means aim at this object, that the Romans should be prevented from foraging and procuring provisions; that this was easy, because they themselves were well supplied with cavalry and were likewise assisted by the season of the year; that forage could not be cut; that the enemy must necessarily disperse, and look for it in the houses, that all these might be daily destroyed by the horse. Besides that the interests of private property must be neglected for the sake of the general safety; that the villages and houses ought to be fired, over such an extent of country in every direction from Boia, as the Romans appeared capable of scouring in their search for forage. If these sacrifices should appear heavy or galling, that they ought to consider it much more distressing that their wives and children should be dragged off to slavery, and themselves slain; the evils which must necessarily befall the conquered.

This opinion having been approved of by unanimous consent, more than twenty towns of the Bituriges are burnt in one day. Conflagrations are beheld in every quarter; and although all bore this with great regret,

yet they laid before themselves this consolation, that, as the victory was certain, they could quickly recover their losses.

Caesar pitching his camp at that side of the town [of Avaricum] which was not defended by the river and marsh, and had a very narrow approach, began to raise the vineae and erect two towers; for the nature of the place prevented him from drawing a line of circumvallation. He never ceased to importune the Boii and Aedui for supplies of corn; of whom the one [the Aedui], because they were acting with no zeal, did not aid him much; the others [the Boii], as their resources were not great, quickly consumed what they had. Although the army was distressed by the greatest want of corn, through the poverty of the Boii, the apathy of the Aedui, and the burning of the houses, to such a degree, that for several days the soldiers were without corn, and satisfied their extreme hunger with cattle driven from the remote villages; yet no language was heard from them unworthy of the majesty of the Roman people and their former victories. Moreover, when Caesar addressed the legions, one by one, when at work, and said that he would raise the siege, if they felt the scarcity too severely, they unanimously begged him "not to do so; that they had served for several years under his command in such a manner, that they never submitted to insult, and never abandoned an enterprise without accomplishing it; that they should consider it a disgrace if they abandoned the siege after commencing it; that it was better to endure every hardship than not to avenge the manes of the Roman citizens who perished at Genabum by the perfidy of the Gauls."

When the towers had now approached the walls, Caesar ascertained from the captives that Vercingetorix, after destroying the forage, had pitched his camp nearer Avaricum. To the extraordinary valour of our soldiers, devices of every sort were opposed by the Gauls; since they are a nation of consummate ingenuity, for they turned aside the hooks with nooses, and when they had caught hold of them firmly, drew them on by means of engines, and undermined the mound the more skilfully on this account, because there are in their territories extensive iron mines, and consequently every description of mining operations is known and practised by them. They had furnished, moreover, the whole wall on every side with turrets, and had covered them with skins. Besides, in their frequent sallies by day and night, they attempted either to set fire to the mound, or attack our soldiers when engaged in the works; and, moreover, by splicing the upright timbers of their own towers, they equalled the height of ours, as fast as the mound had daily raised them, and countermined our mines, and impeded the working of them by stakes bent and sharpened at the ends, and boiling pitch, and stones of very great weight, and prevented them from approaching the walls.

The siege having been impeded by so many disadvantages, the soldiers, although they were retarded during the whole time, by the mud, cold, and constant showers, yet by their incessant labour overcame all these obstacles, and in twenty-five days raised a mound three hundred

and thirty feet broad and eighty feet high. When it almost touched the enemy's walls, Caesar, according to his usual custom, kept watch at the work, and encouraged the soldiers not to discontinue the work for a moment.

The next day Caesar, the tower being advanced, and the works which he had determined to raise being arranged, a violent storm arising, thought this no bad time for executing his designs, because he observed the guards arranged on the walls a little too negligently, and therefore ordered his own men to engage in their work more remissly, and pointed out what he wished to be done. He drew up his soldiers in a secret position within the vineae, and exhorts them to reap, at least, the harvest of victory proportionate to their exertions. He proposed a reward for those who should first scale the walls, and gave the signal to the soldiers. They suddenly flew out from all quarters and quickly filled the wall.

The enemy being alarmed by the suddenness of the attack, were dislodged from the wall and towers, and drew up, in form of a wedge, in the market-place and the open streets, with this intention that, if an attack should be made on any side, they should fight with their line drawn up to receive it. When they saw no one descending to the level ground, and the enemy extending themselves along the entire wall in every direction, fearing lest every hope of flight should be cut off, they cast away their arms, and sought, without stopping, the most remote parts of the town. A part was then slain by the infantry when they were crowding upon one another in the narrow passage of the gates; and a part having got without the gates, were cut to pieces by the cavalry: nor was there one who was anxious for the plunder. Thus, being excited by the massacre at Genabum and the fatigue of the siege, they spared neither those worn out with years, women, or children. Finally, out of all that number, which amounted to about forty thousand, scarcely eight hundred, who fled from the town when they heard the first alarm, reached Vercingetorix in safety.

Caesar, after delaying several days at Avaricum, and finding there the greatest plenty of corn and other provisions, refreshed his army after their fatigue and privation. The winter being almost ended, when he was invited by the favourable season of the year to prosecute the war and march against the enemy, [and try] whether he could draw them from the marshes and woods, or else press them by a blockade. Vercingetorix, on learning this circumstance, broke down all the bridges over the river and began to march on the other bank of the Allier.

When each army was in sight of the other, and was pitching their camp almost opposite that of the enemy, scouts being distributed in every quarter, lest the Romans should build a bridge and bring over their troops; it was to Caesar a matter attended with great difficulties, lest he should be hindered from passing the river during the greater part of the summer, as the Allier cannot generally be forded before the autumn. Therefore, that this might not happen, having pitched his camp in a woody place opposite to one of those bridges which Vercingetorix

had taken care should be broken down, the next day he stopped behind with two legions in a secret place: he sent on the rest of the forces as usual, with all the baggage, after having selected some cohorts, that the number of the legions might appear to be complete. Having ordered these to advance as far as they could, when now, from the time of day, he conjectured they had come to an encampment, he began to rebuild the bridge on the same piles, the lower part of which remained entire. Having quickly finished the work and led his legions across, he selected a fit place for a camp, and recalled the rest of his troops. Vercingetorix, on ascertaining this fact, went before him by forced marches, in order that he might not be compelled to come to an action against his will.

Caesar, in five days' march, went from that place to Gergovia, and after engaging in a slight cavalry skirmish that day, on viewing the situation of the city, which, being built on a very high mountain, was very difficult of access, he despaired of taking it by storm, and determined to take no measures with regard to besieging it before he should secure a supply of provisions. But Vercingetorix, having pitched his camp on the mountain near the town, placed the forces of each state separately and at small intervals around himself, and having occupied all the hills of that range as far as they commanded a view [of the Roman encampment], he presented a formidable appearance; he ordered the rulers of the states, whom he had selected as his council of war, to come to him daily at the dawn, whether any measure seemed to require deliberation or execution.

Whilst these affairs were going on in the town of Gergovia, Convictolitanis, the Aeduan, to whom the magistracy was adjudged by Caesar, being bribed by the Arverni, holds a conference with certain young men, the chief of whom were Litavicus and his brothers, who were born of a most noble family. He shares the bribe with them, and exhorts them to "remember that they were free and born for empire; that the state of the Aedui was the only one which retarded the most certain victory of the Gauls; that the rest were held in check by its authority; and, if it was brought over, the Romans would not have room to stand on in Gaul." The young men being easily won over by the speech of the magistrate and the bribe, when they declared that they would even be leaders in the plot, a plan for accomplishing it was considered, because they were confident their state could not be induced to undertake the war on slight grounds. It was resolved that Litavicus should have the command of the ten thousand which were being sent to Caesar for the war, and should have charge of them on their march, and that his brothers should go before him to Caesar. They arrange the other measures, and the manner in which they should have them done.

Litavicus, having received the command of the army, suddenly convened the soldiers, when he was about thirty miles distant from Gergovia, and, weeping, said, "Soldiers, whither are we going? All our knights and all our nobles have perished. Eporedorix and Viridomarus,

the principal men of the state, being accused of treason, have been slain by the Romans without even permission to plead their cause. Learn this intelligence from those who have escaped from the massacre; for I, since my brothers and all my relations have been slain, am prevented by grief from declaring what has taken place." Persons are brought forward whom he had instructed in what he would have them say, and make the same statements to the soldiery as Litavicus had made: that all the knights of the Aedui were slain because they were said to have held conferences with the Arverni; that they had concealed themselves among the multitude of soldiers, and had escaped from the midst of the slaughter. The Aedui shout aloud and conjure Litavicus to provide for their safety. "As if," said he, "it were a matter of deliberation, and not of necessity, for us to go to Gergovia and unite ourselves to the Arverni. Or have we any reasons to doubt that the Romans, after perpetrating the atrocious crime, are now hastening to slay us? Therefore, if there be any spirit in us, let us avenge the death of those who have perished in a most unworthy manner, and let us slay these robbers." He points to the Roman citizens, who had accompanied them, in reliance on his protection. He immediately seizes a great quantity of corn and provisions, cruelly tortures them, and then puts them to death, sends messengers throughout the entire state of the Aedui, and rouses them completely by the same falsehood concerning the slaughter of their knights and nobles; he earnestly advises them to avenge, in the same manner as he did, the wrongs which they had received.

Caesar felt great anxiety on this intelligence, because he had always especially indulged the state of the Aedui, and, without any hesitation, draws out from the camp four light-armed legions and all the cavalry: nor had he time, at such a crisis, to contract the camp, because the affair seemed to depend upon despatch. He leaves Caius Fabius, his lieutenant, with two legions to guard the camp. When he ordered the brothers of Litavicus to be arrested, he discovers that they had fled a short time before to the camp of the enemy. He encouraged his soldiers "not to be disheartened by the labour of the journey on such a necessary occasion," and, after advancing twenty-five miles, all being most eager, he came in sight of the army of the Aedui, and, by sending on his cavalry, retards and impedes their march; he then issues strict orders to all his soldiers to kill no one. He commands Eporedorix and Viridomarus, who they thought were killed, to move among the cavalry and address their friends. When they were recognized and the treachery of Litavicus discovered, the Aedui began to extend their hands to intimate submission, and, laying down their arms, to deprecate death. Litavicus, with his clansmen, who after the custom of the Gauls consider it a crime to desert their patrons, even in extreme misfortune, flees forth to Gergovia.

Caesar, after sending messengers to the state of the Aedui, to inform them that they whom he could have put to death by the right of war were spared through his kindness, and after giving three hours of the night to his army for his repose, directed his march to Gergovia. The Aedui, on

receiving the first announcements from Litavicus, leave themselves no time to ascertain the truth of these statements. Some are stimulated by avarice, others by revenge and credulity, which is an innate propensity in that race of men to such a degree that they consider a slight rumour as an ascertained fact. They plunder the property of the Roman citizens, and either massacre them or drag them away to slavery.

In the meantime, when intelligence was brought that all their soldiers were in Caesar's power, they run in a body to Aristius; they assure him that nothing had been done by public authority; they order an inquiry to be made about the plundered property; they confiscate the property of Litavicus and his brothers; they send ambassadors to Caesar for the purpose of clearing themselves. They do all this with a view to recover their soldiers; but being contaminated by guilt, and charmed by the gains arising from the plundered property, as that act was shared in by many, and being tempted by the fear of punishment, they began to form plans of war and stir up the other states by embassies. Although Caesar was aware of this proceeding, yet he addresses the ambassadors with as much mildness as he can: "That he did not think worse of the state on account of the ignorance and fickleness of the mob, nor would diminish his regard for the Aedui." He himself, fearing a greater commotion in Gaul, in order to prevent his being surrounded by all the states, began to form plans as to the manner in which he should return from Gergovia and again concentrate his forces, lest a departure arising from the fear of a revolt should seem like a flight.

Whilst he was considering these things an opportunity of acting successfully seemed to offer. For, when he had come into the smaller camp for the purpose of securing the works, he noticed that the hill in the possession of the enemy was stript of men, although, on the former days, it could scarcely be seen on account of the numbers on it. Being astonished, he inquires the reason of it from the deserters, a great number of whom flocked to him daily. They all concurred in asserting, what Caesar himself had already ascertained by his scouts, that the back of that hill was almost level; but likewise woody and narrow, by which there was a pass to the other side of the town; that they had serious apprehensions for this place; that they were all summoned by Vercingetorix to fortify this place.

Caesar, on being informed of this circumstance, sends several troops of horse to the place immediately after midnight; he orders them to range in every quarter with more tumult than usual. At dawn he orders a large quantity of baggage to be drawn out of the camp, and the muleteers with helmets, in the appearance and guise of horsemen, to ride round the hills. To these he adds a few cavalry, with instructions to range more widely to make a show. He orders them all to seek the same quarter by a long circuit; these proceedings were seen at a distance from the town, as Gergovia commanded a view of the camp, nor could the Gauls ascertain at so great a distance what certainty there was in the manoeuvre. He

sends one legion to the same hill, and after it had marched a little, stations it in the lower ground, and conceals it in the woods. The suspicions of the Gauls are increased, and all their forces are marched to that place to defend it. Caesar, having perceived the camp of the enemy deserted, covers the military insignia of his men, conceals the standards, and transfers his soldiers in small bodies from the greater to the less camp, and points out to the lieutenants whom he had placed in command over the respective legions, what he should wish to be done; he particularly advises them to restrain their men from advancing too far, through their desire of fighting, or their hope of plunder. After stating these particulars, he gives the signal for action, and detaches the Aedui at the same time by another ascent on the right.

The town wall was 1200 paces distant from the plain and foot of the ascent. But almost in the middle of the hill, the Gauls had previously built a wall six feet high, made of large stones, and extending in length as far as the nature of the ground permitted, as a barrier to retard the advance of our men; and leaving all the lower space empty, they had filled the upper part of the hill, as far as the wall of the town, with their camps very close to one another. The soldiers, on the signal being given, quickly advance to this fortification, and passing over it, make themselves masters of the separate camps. And so great was their activity in taking the camps, that Teutomarus, the king of the Nitiobriges, being suddenly surprised in his tent, as he had gone to rest at noon, with difficulty escaped from the hands of the plunderers, with the upper part of his person naked, and his horse wounded.

Caesar, having accomplished the object which he had in view, ordered the signal to be sounded for a retreat; and the soldiers of the tenth legion, by which he was then accompanied, halted. But the soldiers of the other legions, not hearing the sound of the trumpet, because there was a very large valley between them, were however kept back by the tribunes of the soldiers and the lieutenants, according to Caesar's orders; but being animated by the prospect of speedy victory, and the flight of the enemy, and the favourable battles of former periods, they thought nothing so difficult that their bravery could not accomplish it; nor did they put an end to the pursuit, until they drew nigh to the wall of the town and the gates.

In the meantime those who had gone to the other part of the town to defend it, as we have mentioned above, at first, aroused by hearing the shouts, and, afterwards, by frequent accounts that the town was in possession of the Romans, sent forward their cavalry, and hastened in larger numbers to that quarter. As each first came he stood beneath the wall, and increased the number of his countrymen engaged in action. Neither in position nor in numbers was the contest an equal one to the Romans; at the same time, being exhausted by running and the long continuation of the fight, they could not easily withstand fresh and vigorous troops.

Caesar, when he perceived that his soldiers were fighting on unfavour-

able ground, and that the enemy's forces were increasing, being alarmed for the safety of his troops, sent orders to Titus Sextius, one of his lieutenants, whom he had left to guard the smaller camp, to lead out his cohorts quickly from the camp, and post them at the foot of the hill, on the right wing of the enemy; that if he should see our men driven from the ground, he should deter the enemy from following too closely.

Our soldiers, being hard pressed on every side, were dislodged from their position, with the loss of forty-six centurions; but the tenth legion, which had been posted in reserve on ground a little more level, checked the Gauls in their eager pursuit. It was supported by the cohorts of the thirteenth legion, which, being led from the smaller camp, had, under the command of Titus Sextius, occupied the higher ground. The legions, as soon as they reached the plain, halted and faced the enemy. Vercingetorix led back his men from the part of the hill within the fortifications. On that day little less than seven hundred of the soldiers were missing.

On the next day, Caesar, having called a meeting, censured the rashness and avarice of his soldiers, "In that they had judged for themselves how far they ought to proceed, or what they ought to do, and could not be kept back by the tribunes of the soldiers and the lieutenants"; and stated, "That as much as he admired the greatness of their courage, since neither the fortifications of the camp, nor the height of the mountain, nor the wall of the town could retard them; in the same degree he censured their licentiousness and arrogance, because they thought that they knew more than their general concerning victory, and the issue of actions: and that he required in his soldiers forbearance and self-command, not less than valour and magnanimity."

Having then held an interview with Viridomarus and Eporedorix the Aeduans, he learns that Litavicus had set out with all the cavalry to raise the Aedui; that it was necessary that they too should go before him to confirm the state in their allegiance. Although he now saw distinctly the treachery of the Aedui in many things, and was of opinion that the revolt of the entire state would be hastened by their departure; yet he thought that they should not be detained, lest he should appear either to offer an insult, or betray some suspicion of fear. He briefly states to them when departing his services towards the Aedui: in what a state and how humbled he had found them, driven into their towns, deprived of their lands, stripped of all their forces, a tribute imposed on them, and hostages wrested from them with the utmost insult; and to what condition and to what greatness he had raised them, [so much so] that they had not only recovered their former position, but seemed to surpass the dignity and influence of all the previous eras of their history. After giving these admonitions he dismissed them.

Noviodunum was a town of the Aedui, advantageously situated on the banks of the Loire. Caesar had conveyed hither all the hostages of Gaul, the corn, public money, a great part of his own baggage and that of his army; he had sent hither a great number of horses, which he had

purchased in Italy and Spain on account of this war. When Eporedorix and Viridomarus came to this place, and received information of the disposition of the state, that Litavicus had been admitted by the Aedui into Bibracte, which is a town of the greatest importance among them, that Convictolitanis the chief magistrate and a great part of the senate had gone to meet him, that ambassadors had been publicly sent to Vercingetorix to negotiate a peace and alliance; they thought that so great an opportunity ought not to be neglected. Therefore, having put to the sword the garrison of Noviodunum and those who had assembled there for the purpose of trading or were on their march, they divided the money and horses among themselves; they took care that the hostages of the [different] states should be brought to Bibracte, to the chief magistrate; they burnt the town to prevent its being of any service to the Romans, as they were of opinion that they could not hold it; they carried away in their vessels whatever corn they could in the hurry. They themselves began to collect forces from the neighbouring country, to place guards and garrisons in different positions along the banks of the Loire, and to display the cavalry on all sides to strike terror into the Romans, [to try] if they could cut them off from a supply of provisions. In which expectation they were much aided, from the circumstance that the Loire had swollen to such a degree from the melting of the snows, that it did not seem capable of being forded at all.

Caesar on being informed of these movements was of opinion that he ought to make haste, even if he should run some risk in completing the bridges, in order that he might engage before greater forces of the enemy should be collected in that place. For no one even then considered it an absolutely necessary act, that changing his design he should direct his march into the Province, both because the infamy and disgrace of the thing, and the intervening Mount Cevennes, and the difficulty of the roads prevented him; and especially because he had serious apprehensions for the safety of Labienus whom he had detached, and those legions whom he had sent with him. Therefore, having made very long marches by day and night, he came to the river Loire, contrary to the expectation of all; and having by means of the cavalry found out a ford, suitable enough considering the emergency, of such depth that their arms and shoulders could be above water for supporting their accoutrements, he dispersed his cavalry in such a manner as to break the force of the current, and having confounded the enemy at the first sight, led his army across the river in safety; and finding corn and cattle in the fields, after refreshing his army with them, he determined to march into the country of the Senones.

The revolt of the Aedui being known, the war grows more dangerous. Embassies are sent by them in all directions: as far as they can prevail by influence, authority, or money, they strive to excite the state [to revolt]. Having got possession of the hostages whom Caesar had deposited with them, they terrify the hesitating by putting them to death. The Aedui request Vercingetorix to come to them and communicate his plans of

conducting the war. On obtaining this request they insist that the chief command should be assigned to them; and when the affair became a disputed question, a council of all Gaul is summoned to Bibracte. They come together in great numbers and from every quarter to the same place. The decision is left to the votes of the mass: all to a man approve of Vercingetorix as their general. The Aedui are highly indignant at being deprived of the chief command; they lament the change of fortune, and miss Caesar's indulgence towards them; however, after engaging in the war, they do not dare to pursue their own measures apart from the rest. Eporedorix and Viridomarus, youths of the greatest promise, submit reluctantly to Vercingetorix.

The latter demands hostages from the remaining states: nay, more, appointed a day for this proceeding; he orders all the cavalry, fifteen thousand in number, to quickly assemble here; he says that he will be content with the infantry which he had before, and would not tempt fortune nor come to a regular engagement; but since he had abundance of cavalry, it would be very easy for him to prevent the Romans from obtaining forage or corn, provided that they themselves should resolutely destroy their corn and set fire to their houses, by which sacrifice of private property they would evidently obtain perpetual dominion and freedom. Caesar, as he perceived that the enemy were superior in cavalry, and he himself could receive no aid from the province or Italy, while all communication was cut off, sends across the Rhine into Germany to those states which he had subdued in the preceding campaigns, and summons from them cavalry and the light-armed infantry, who were accustomed to engage among them. On their arrival, as they were mounted on unserviceable horses, he takes horses from the military tribunes and the rest, nay, even from the Roman knights and veterans, and distributes them among the Germans.

In the meantime, whilst these things are going on, the forces of the enemy from the Arverni, and the cavalry which had been demanded from all Gaul, meet together. A great number of these having been collected, when Caesar was marching into the country of the Sequani, through the confines of the Lingones, in order that he might the more easily render aid to the province, Vercingetorix encamped in three camps, about ten miles from the Romans: and having summoned the commanders of the cavalry to a council, he shows that the time of victory was come.

On the next day the cavalry were divided into three parts, and two of these divisions made a demonstration on our two flanks; while one in front began to obstruct our march. On this circumstance being announced, Caesar orders his cavalry also to form three divisions and charge the enemy. Then the action commences simultaneously in every part: the main body halts; the baggage is received within the ranks of the legions. If our men seemed to be distressed, or hard pressed in any quarter, Caesar usually ordered the troops to advance, and the army to wheel round in that quarter; which conduct retarded the enemy in the pursuit, and

encouraged our men by the hope of support. At length the Germans, on the right wing, having gained the top of the hill, dislodge the enemy from their position and pursue them even as far as the river at which Vercingetorix with the infantry was stationed, and slay several of them. The rest, on observing this action, fearing lest they should be surrounded, betake themselves to flight. A slaughter ensues in every direction, and three of the noblest of the Aedui are taken and brought to Caesar: Cotus, the commander of the cavalry, who had been engaged in the contest with Convictolitanis the last election, Cavarillus, who had held the command of the infantry after the revolt of Litavicus, and Eporedorix, under whose command the Aedui had engaged in war against the Sequani, before the arrival of Caesar.

All his cavalry being routed, Vercingetorix led back his troops in the same order as he had arranged them before the camp, and immediately began to march to Alesia, which is a town of the Mandubii, and ordered the baggage to be speedily brought forth from the camp, and follow him closely. Caesar, having conveyed his baggage to the nearest hill, and having left two legions to guard it, pursued as far as the time of day would permit, and after slaying about three thousand of the rear of the enemy, encamped at Alesia on the next day. On reconnoitring the situation of the city, finding that the enemy were panic-stricken, because the cavalry in which they placed their chief reliance were beaten, he encouraged his men to endure the toil, and began to draw a line of circumvallation round Alesia.

The town itself was situated on the top of a hill, in a very lofty position, so that it did not appear likely to be taken, except by a regular siege. Two rivers, on two different sides, washed the foot of the hill. Before the town lay a plain of about three miles in length; on every other side hills at a moderate distance, and of an equal degree of height, surrounded the town. The army of the Gauls had filled all the space under the wall, comprising the part of the hill which looked to the rising sun, and had drawn in front a trench and a stone wall six feet high. The circuit of that fortification, which was commenced by the Romans, comprised eleven miles. The camp was pitched in a strong position, and twenty-three redoubts were raised in it, in which sentinels were placed by day, lest any sally should be made suddenly; and by night the same were occupied by watches and strong guards.

The work having been begun, a cavalry action ensues in that plain, which we have already described as broken by hills, and extending three miles in length. The contest is maintained on both sides with the utmost vigour; Caesar sends the Germans to aid our troops when distressed, and draws up the legions in front of the camp, lest any sally should be suddenly made by the enemy's infantry. The courage of our men is increased by the additional support of the legions; the enemy being put to flight, hinder one another by their numbers, and as only the narrower gates were left open, are crowded together in them; then the Germans pursue them

with vigour even to the fortifications. A great slaughter ensues; some leave their horses, and endeavour to cross the ditch and climb the wall. Caesar orders the legions which he had drawn up in front of the rampart to advance a little. The Gauls, who were within the fortifications, were no less panic-stricken, thinking that the enemy were coming that moment against them, and unanimously shout "to arms"; some in their alarm rush into the town; Vercingetorix orders the gates to be shut, lest the camp should be left undefended. The Germans retreat, after slaying many and taking several horses.

Vercingetorix adopts the design of sending away all his cavalry by night, before the fortifications should be completed by the Romans. He charges them when departing "that each of them should go to his respective state, and press for the war all who were old enough to bear arms; he states his own merits, and conjures them to consider his safety, and not surrender him, who had deserved so well of the general freedom, to the enemy for torture; he points out to them that, if they should be remiss, eighty thousand chosen men would perish with him; that, upon making a calculation, he had barely corn for thirty days, but could hold out a little longer by economy." After giving these instructions he silently dismisses the cavalry in the second watch, [on that side] where our works were not completed; he orders all the corn to be brought to himself; he ordains capital punishment to such as should not obey; he distributes among them, man by man, the cattle, great quantities of which had been driven there by the Mandubii; he began to measure out the corn sparingly, and by little and little; he receives into the town all the forces which he had posted in front of it. In this manner he prepares to await the succours from Gaul, and carry on the war.

Caesar, on learning these proceedings from the deserters and captives, adopted the following system of fortification; he dug a trench twenty feet deep, with perpendicular sides, in such a manner that the base of this trench should extend so far as the edges were apart at the top. He raised all his other works at a distance of four hundred feet from that ditch; [he did] that with this intention, lest (since he necessarily embraced so extensive an area, and the whole works could not be easily surrounded by a line of soldiers) a large number of the enemy should suddenly, or by night, sally against the fortifications; or lest they should by day cast weapons against our men while occupied with the works. Having left this interval, he drew two trenches fifteen feet broad, and of the same depth; the innermost of them, being in low and level ground, he filled with water conveyed from the river. Behind these he raised a rampart and wall twelve feet high; to this he added a parapet and battlements, with large stakes cut like stags' horns, projecting from the junction of the parapet and battlements, to prevent the enemy from scaling it, and surrounded the entire work with turrets, which were eighty feet distant from one another.

It was necessary, at one and the same time, to procure timber [for

the rampart], lay in supplies of corn, and raise also extensive fortifications, and the available troops were in consequence of this reduced in number, since they used to advance to some distance from the camp, and sometimes the Gauls endeavoured to attack our works, and to make a sally from the town by several gates and in great force. On which Caesar thought that further additions should be made to these works, in order that the fortifications might be defensible by a small number of soldiers. Having, therefore, cut down the trunks of trees or very thick branches, and having stripped their tops of the bark, and sharpened them into a point, he drew a continued trench everywhere five feet deep. These stakes being sunk into this trench, and fastened firmly at the bottom, to prevent the possibility of their being torn up, had their branches only projecting from the ground. There were five rows in connection with, and intersecting each other; and whoever entered within them were likely to impale themselves on very sharp stakes. After completing these works, having selected as level ground as he could, considering the nature of the country, and having enclosed an area of fourteen miles, he constructed, against an external enemy, fortifications of the same kind in every respect, and separate from these, so that the guards of the fortifications could not be surrounded even by immense numbers; and in order that the Roman soldiers might not be compelled to go out of the camp with great risk, he orders all to provide forage and corn for thirty days.

Whilst those things are carried on at Alesia, the Gauls, having convened a council of their chief nobility, determine that all who could bear arms should not be called out, which was the opinion of Vercingetorix, but that a fixed number should be levied from each state; lest, when so great a multitude assembled together, they could neither govern nor distinguish their men, nor have the means of supplying them with corn. They demand thirty-five thousand men from the Aedui and their dependents, the Segusiani, Ambivareti, and Aulerci Brannovices; an equal number from the Arverni in conjunction with the Eleuteti Cadurci, Gabali, and Velauni, who were accustomed to be under the command of the Arverni; twelve thousand each from the Senones, Sequani, Bituriges, Santones, Ruteni, and Carnutes; ten thousand from the Bellovaci; the same number from the Lemovici; eight thousand each from the Pictones, and Turoni, and Parisii, and Helvii; five thousand each from the Suessiones, Ambiani, Mediomatrici, Petrocorii, Nervii, Morini, and Nitiobriges; the same number from the Aulerci Cenomani; four thousand from the Atrebates; three thousand each from the Bellocassi, Lexovii, and Aulerci Eburovices; thirty thousand from the Rauraci, and Boii; six thousand from all the states together which border on the Atlantic, and which in their dialect are called Armoricae (in which number are comprehended the Curisolites, Rhedones, Ambibari, Caltes, Osismii, Lemovices, Venĕti, and Unelli). All march to Alesia, sanguine and full of confidence; nor was there a single individual who imagined that the Romans could withstand the sight of such an immense host, especially in an action carried on both in front

and rear, when [on the inside] the besieged would sally from the town and attack the enemy, and on the outside so great forces of cavalry and infantry would be seen.

But those who were blockaded at Alesia, the day being past on which they had expected auxiliaries from their countrymen, and all their corn being consumed, ignorant of what was going on among the Aedui, convened an assembly and deliberated on the exigency of their situation. After various opinions had been expressed among them, some of which proposed a surrender, others a sally, whilst their strength would support it, the speech of Critognatus ought not to be omitted for its singular and detestable cruelty. He sprung from the noblest family among the Arverni, and possessing great influence, says, "I shall pay no attention to the opinion of those who call a most disgraceful surrender by the name of a capitulation; nor do I think that they ought to be considered as citizens, or summoned to the council. My business is with those who approve of a sally, in whose advice the memory of our ancient prowess seems to dwell in the opinion of you all. To be unable to bear privation for a short time is disgraceful cowardice, not true valour. What courage do you think would our relatives and friends have, if eighty thousand men were butchered in one spot, supposing that they should be forced to come to an action almost over our corpses? Do not utterly deprive them of your aid, for they have spurned all thoughts of personal danger on account of your safety; nor by your folly, rashness, and cowardice, crush all Gaul and doom it to an eternal slavery. Do you doubt their fidelity and firmness because they have not come at the appointed day? What then? Do you suppose that the Romans are employed every day in the outer fortifications for mere amusement? If you cannot be assured by their despatches, since every avenue is blocked up, take the Romans as evidence that their approach is drawing near; since they, intimidated by alarm at this, labour night and day at their works. What, therefore, is my design? To do as our ancestors did in the war against the Cimbri and Teutones, which was by no means equally momentous; who, when driven into their towns, and oppressed by similar privations, supported life by the corpses of those who appeared useless for war on account of their age, and did not surrender to the enemy; and even if we had not a precedent for such cruel conduct, still I should consider it most glorious that one should be established, and delivered to posterity."

In the meantime, Commius and the rest of the leaders, to whom the supreme command had been intrusted, came with all their forces to Alesia, and having occupied the entire hill, encamp not more than a mile from our fortifications. The following day, having led forth their cavalry from the camp, they fill all that plain, which, we have related, extended three miles in length, and draw out their infantry a little from that place, and post them on the higher ground. The town Alesia commanded a view of the whole plain. The besieged run together when these auxiliaries were seen; mutual congratulations ensue, and the minds of all are elated with

joy. Accordingly, drawing out their troops, they encamp before the town, and cover the nearest trench with hurdles and fill it up with earth, and make ready for a sally and every casualty.

Caesar, having stationed his army on both sides of the fortifications, in order that, if occasion should arise, each should hold and know his own post, orders the cavalry to issue forth from the camp and commence action. After fighting from noon almost to sunset, without victory inclining in favour of either, the Germans, on one side, made a charge against the enemy in a compact body, and drove them back; and, when they were put to flight, the archers were surrounded and cut to pieces. In other parts, likewise, our men pursued to the camp the retreating enemy, and did not give them an opportunity of rallying. But those who had come forth from Alesia returned into the town dejected and almost despairing of success.

The Gauls, after the interval of a day, and after making, during that time, an immense number of hurdles, scaling ladders, and iron hooks, silently went forth from the camp at midnight and approached the fortifications in the plain. Raising a shout suddenly, that by this intimation those who were besieged in the town might learn their arrival, they began to cast down hurdles and dislodge our men from the rampart by slings, arrows, and stones, and executed the other movements which are requisite in storming. At the same time, Vercingetorix having heard the shout, gives the signal to his troops by a trumpet, and leads them forth from the town. Our troops, as each man's post had been assigned him some days before, man the fortifications; they intimidate the Gauls by slings, large stones, stakes which they had placed along the works, and bullets. All view being prevented by the darkness, many wounds are received on both sides; several missiles are thrown from the engines. But Marcus Antonius, and Caius Trebonius, the lieutenants, to whom the defence of these parts had been allotted, draughted troops from the redoubts which were more remote, and sent them to aid our troops, in whatever direction they understood that they were hard pressed.

Whilst the Gauls were at a distance from the fortification, they did more execution, owing to the immense number of their weapons; after they came nearer, they either unawares empaled themselves on the spurs, or were pierced by the mural darts from the ramparts and towers, and thus perished. After receiving many wounds on all sides, and having forced no part of the works, when day drew nigh, fearing lest they should be surrounded by a sally made from the higher camp on the exposed flank, they retreated to their countrymen. But those within, whilst they bring forward those things which had been prepared by Vercingetorix for a sally, fill up the nearest trenches; having delayed a long time in executing these movements, they learned the retreat of their countrymen before they drew nigh to the fortifications. Thus they returned to the town without accomplishing their object.

The Gauls, having been twice repulsed with great loss, consult what they should do: they avail themselves of the information of those who

were well acquainted with the country; from them they ascertain the position and fortification of the upper camp. There was, on the north side, a hill, which our men could not include in their works, on account of the extent of the circuit, and had necessarily made their camp in ground almost disadvantageous, and pretty steep. Caius Antistius Reginus, and Caius Caninius Rebilus, two of the lieutenants, with two legions, were in possession of this camp. The leaders of the enemy, having reconnoitred the country by their scouts, select from the entire army sixty thousand men, belonging to those states which bear the highest character for courage; they privately arrange among themselves what they wished to be done, and in what manner; they decide that the attack should take place when it should seem to be noon. They appoint over their forces Vergasillaunus, the Arvernian, one of the four generals, and a near relative of Vercingetorix. He, having issued from the camp at the first watch, and having almost completed his march a little before the dawn, hid himself behind the mountain, and ordered his soldiers to refresh themselves after their labour during the night. When noon now seemed to draw nigh, he marched hastily against that camp which we have mentioned before; and, at the same time, the cavalry began to approach the fortifications in the plain, and the rest of the forces to make a demonstration in front of the camp.

Vercingetorix, having beheld his countrymen from the citadel of Alesia, issues forth from the town; he brings forth from the camp long hooks, movable pent-houses, mural hooks, and other things, which he had prepared for the purpose of making a sally. They engage on all sides at once, and every expedient is adopted. They flocked to whatever part of the works seemed weakest. The army of the Romans is distributed along their extensive lines, and with difficulty meets the enemy in every quarter. The shouts which were raised by the combatants in their rear, had a great tendency to intimidate our men, because they perceived that their danger rested on the valour of others: for generally all evils which are distant most powerfully alarm men's minds.

Caesar, having selected a commanding situation, sees distinctly whatever is going on in every quarter, and sends assistance to his troops when hard pressed. The idea uppermost in the minds of both parties is, that the present is the time in which they would have the fairest opportunity of making a struggle; the Gauls despairing of all safety, unless they should succeed in forcing the lines: the Romans expecting an end to all their labours if they should gain the day. The principal struggle is at the upper lines, to which Vergasillaunus was sent. The least elevation of ground, added to a declivity, exercises a momentous influence. Some are casting missiles, others, forming a testudo, advance to the attack; fresh men by turns relieve the wearied. The earth, heaped up by all against the fortifications, gives the means of ascent to the Gauls, and covers those works which the Romans had concealed in the ground. Our men have no longer arms or strength.

Caesar, on observing these movements, sends Labienus with six cohorts to relieve his distressed soldiers: he orders him, if he should be unable to withstand them, to draw off the cohorts and make a sally; but not to do this except through necessity. He himself goes to the rest, and exhorts them not to succumb to the toil; he shows them that the fruits of all former engagements depend on that day and hour. The Gauls within, despairing of forcing the fortifications in the plains on account of the greatness of the works, attempt the places precipitous in ascent: hither they bring the engines which they had prepared; by the immense number of their missiles they dislodge the defenders from the turrets; they fill the ditches with clay and hurdles, then clear the way; they tear down the rampart and breast-work with hooks.

Caesar sends at first young Brutus, with six cohorts, and afterwards Caius Fabius, his lieutenant, with seven others: finally, as they fought more obstinately, he leads up fresh men to the assistance of his soldiers. After renewing the action, and repulsing the enemy, he marches in the direction in which he had sent Labienus, drafts four cohorts from the nearest redoubt, and orders part of the cavalry to follow him, and part to make the circuit of the external fortifications and attack the enemy in the rear. Labienus, when neither the ramparts or ditches could check the onset of the enemy, informs Caesar by messengers of what he intended to do. Caesar hastens to share in the action.

His arrival being known from the colour of his robe, and the troops of cavalry, and the cohorts which he had ordered to follow him being seen, as these low and sloping grounds were plainly visible from the eminences, the enemy join battle. A shout being raised by both sides, it was succeeded by a general shout along the ramparts and whole line of fortifications. Our troops, laying aside their javelins, carry on the engagement with their swords. The cavalry is suddenly seen in the rear of the Gauls: the other cohorts advance rapidly; the enemy turn their backs; the cavalry intercept them in their flight, and a great slaughter ensues. Sedulius the general and chief of the Lemovices is slain; Vergasillaunus, the Arvernian, is taken alive in the flight, seventy-four military standards are brought to Caesar, and few out of so great a number return safe to their camp. The besieged, beholding from the town the slaughter and flight of their countrymen, despairing of safety, lead back their troops from the fortifications. A flight of the Gauls from their camp immediately ensues on hearing of this disaster, and had not the soldiers been wearied by sending frequent reinforcements, and the labour of the entire day, all the enemy's forces could have been destroyed. Immediately after midnight, the cavalry are sent out and overtake the rear, a great number are taken or cut to pieces, the rest by flight escape in different directions to their respective states. Vercingetorix, having convened a council the following day, declares, "That he had undertaken that war, not on account of his own exigencies, but on account of the general freedom; and since he must yield to fortune, he offered himself to them for either purpose, whether they should wish

to atone to the Romans by his death, or surrender him alive." Ambassadors are sent to Caesar on this subject. He orders their arms to be surrendered, and their chieftains delivered up. He seated himself at the head of the lines in front of the camp, the Gallic chieftains are brought before him. They surrender Vercingetorix, and lay down their arms. Reserving the Aedui and Arverni, [to try] if he could gain over, through their influence, their respective states, he distributes one of the remaining captives to each soldier, throughout the entire army, as plunder.

After making these arrangements, he marches into the [country of the] Aedui, and recovers that state. To this place ambassadors are sent by the Arverni, who promise that they will execute his commands. He demands a great number of hostages. He sends the legions to winter quarters; he restores about twenty thousand captives to the Aedui and Arverni; he orders Titus Labienus to march into the [country of the] Sequani with two legions and the cavalry, and to him he attaches Marcus Sempronius Rutilus; he places Caius Fabius, and Lucius Minucius Basilus, with two legions in the country of the Remi, lest they should sustain any loss from the Bellovaci in their neighbourhood. He sends Caius Antistius Reginus into the [country of the] Ambivareti, Titus Sextius into the territories of the Bituriges, and Caius Caninius Rebilus into those of the Ruteni, with one legion each. He stations Quintus Tullius Cicero, and Publius Sulpicius among the Aedui at Cabillo and Matisco on the Saône, to procure supplies of corn. He himself determines to winter at Bibracte. A supplication of twenty days is decreed by the senate at Rome, on learning these successes from Caesar's despatches.

THE ANNALS OF TACITUS

CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS

c. 55–120

THE assassination of Julius Caesar did not restore the republic, for it did not reestablish the conditions under which a republican government could function. Despite this failure, there were among the generations which followed many who looked back with regret to the passing of the republican era and to the reign of *virtue* which they somewhat erroneously associated with it. Tacitus was one of these. Such men either failed, or were unwilling, to recognize that the Roman would not have surrendered his freedom had he not already lost the character and *virtue* by which he had earlier won and maintained it.

Although Caius Cornelius Tacitus, as a historian, deserves respect for the care he exercised in establishing his facts, for the conscientiousness with which he laid his evidence before the reader when it was not entirely conclusive or seemed open to question—not, of course, in a footnote, as is the practice of the modern scholar—his work did not achieve the objectivity at which he aimed and professed to achieve. His point of view will perhaps become more easily comprehensible when discussed in reference to two other works, his *Agricola* and his *Germania*. *Agricola* is an account of the administration of the province of Britain by Tacitus' father-in-law. While Agricola no doubt merited the admiration of his son-in-law, the bias of the work becomes clear as one begins to perceive that in lauding the work of Agricola Tacitus sought to decry the inefficiency and corruption of the government at Rome. In like manner, in *Germania* Tacitus lauded the simple virtues of the German—whom he little understood—his hardiness, his courage, his honesty, as a means of commenting upon the lack of such qualities in the Roman of his day.

The *Annals* originally covered the reigns of Tiberius,

Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. Only fragments of the great work have been preserved. These cover Tiberius' reign, a portion of Claudius', and most of Nero's. Throughout the account the reader is ever conscious of the author's moral condemnation of the conditions and events he details with descriptive power. And indeed, there can be no doubt that they deserve all the moral condemnation Tacitus was capable of. However, there was another side of the picture which Tacitus underemphasized if he did not altogether overlook.

Tiberius and Claudius were men of ability and, especially Claudius, accomplished much that was of enduring worth. Tiberius, personally unpopular and often obscure in his intent, devoted the early years of his reign to carrying on the work of Augustus, in addition to maintaining a sharp supervision of the operation of the government to the end that its efficiency be maintained and that justice be done to all sorts and conditions of men, Tiberius had to protect the integrity of the empire and secure the prestige of an orderly succession to the throne. To do this he had to calculate the opportunities which the march of events might open up to able and ambitious men with powerful backing in the armies, the Senate, and among the polyglot populations of far-flung provinces—no mean task in itself. In addition to this, during the early years of his reign, he—conscientiously, it seems—sought to extend the work of Augustus in reforming the social and moral tone of Roman society. He was not the first nor the last reformer to succumb ultimately to some of the worst of the vices he had so long sought to repress.

Claudius, historian and scholar, had avoided involvement in politics until, upon the assassination of Caligula, he was dragged from his hiding place in the palace and proclaimed Emperor by the Praetorian Guard. His tactical reconquest of Britain, his reform of the civil service, his public works including the famous Claudian aqueduct, are passed over with scant mention by Tacitus, who dwells on his inadequacy as a husband and his occasional lapses into sensuality. Given the conditions of the society in which he lived, if the difficulties of his situation occasionally drove Claudius to drink and worse, is it greatly to be wondered at? And surely Claudius is not the only overburdened husband in history who sought to deal with the escapades of a difficult wife by ignoring them until ignoring them was no longer possible!

In abridging Tacitus, one is tempted to make concessions to modern standards of taste and morality by selecting the less shocking examples of Roman depravity, for the author of the *Annals* leaves little to the imagination in describing, for ex-

ample, the debauches of Nero. Similarly, there is a temptation to offset the bias of Tacitus' account by including as many examples as possible of the serious achievements of Tiberius and Claudius. However, as the purpose of this book is to represent accurately the masterworks of history and *through them* the history of which they treat—that is, history as presented by the great historians of the past—such temptation has been resisted.

THE ANNALS OF TACITUS

BOOK I

FROM Pompey and Crassus, the whole power of the state devolved to Julius Caesar, and, after the struggle with Lepidus and Antony, centred in Augustus; who, under the mild and well-known title of PRINCE OF THE SENATE, took upon him the management of the commonwealth, enfeebled as it was by an exhausting series of civil wars. But the memorable transactions of the old republic, as well in her day of adversity as in the tide of success, have been recorded by writers of splendid genius. Even in the time of Augustus there flourished a race of authors from whose abilities that period might have received ample justice; but the spirit of adulation growing epidemic, the dignity of the historic character was lost. What has been transmitted to us concerning Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, cannot be received without great mistrust. During the lives of those emperors, fear suppressed or disfigured the truth; and after their deaths, recent feelings gave an edge to resentment. For this reason, it is my intention shortly to state some particulars relating to Augustus, chiefly towards the close of his life; and thence to follow downward the thread of my narration through the reigns of Tiberius and his three immediate successors, free from animosity and partial affection, with the candour of a man who has no motives, either of love or hatred, to warp his integrity.

Octavius laid aside the invidious title of Triumvir, content with the more popular name of Consul, and with the tribunitian power, which he professed to assume for the protection of the people. In a little time, when he had allured to his interest the soldiery by a profusion of largesses, the people by distributions of corn, and the minds of men in general by the sweets of peace, his views grew more aspiring. By degrees, and almost imperceptibly, he drew into his own hands the authority of the senate, the functions of the magistrates, and the administration of the laws. To these encroachments no opposition was made. The true republican had perished, either in the field of battle, or by the rigour of proscriptions: of the remaining nobility, the leading men were raised to wealth and honours, in proportion to the alacrity with which they courted the yoke; and all who in the distraction of the times had risen to affluence, preferred immediate ease and safety to the danger of contending for ancient

freedom. In this state of affairs, Augustus selected Claudius Marcellus and Marcus Agrippa, to prop and strengthen his administration. Tiberius Nero and Claudius Drusus, the sons of his wife Livia, were adorned with the title of IMPERATOR, though the succession in the house of Augustus was at the time well secured by other branches of the house of Caesar. Agrippa departed this life; and in a short time after his two sons were cut off; Lucius Caesar on his road to join the army in Spain; and Caius on his return from Armenia, where he had received a wound that impaired his health. Whether they died by their own premature fate, or the machinations of their step-mother Livia, is to this day problematical. Drusus had paid his debt to nature, leaving Tiberius the only surviving son-in-law of the emperor. The current of court favour was now directed that way. He was adopted by Augustus, declared his colleague in the government, his associate in the tribunitian power, and shown as the rising sun to the army; not, as before, by the secret arts of Livia, but with her open and avowed direction. Augustus was now in the decline of life, and Livia had gained unbounded influence over his affections. By her contrivance Agrippa Posthumus, the only surviving grandson of the emperor, was banished to the isle of Planasia.

At this time Germanicus, the immediate descendant of Drusus, was appointed to the command of eight legions on the Rhine. By the emperor's direction Tiberius adopted him as his son, though he had then issue of his own growing up to manhood. The policy, no doubt, was to guard the succession with additional securities. Augustus, in that juncture, had no war upon his hands, that in Germany excepted; which was carried on, not with a view to extension of empire, or any solid advantage, but solely to expiate the disgrace incurred by the loss of Varus and his legions. A perfect calm prevailed at Rome: the magistrates retained their ancient names; the younger part of the community were born since the battle of Actium, and the old during the civil wars: how many were then living, who had seen the constitution of their country?

The government thus overthrown, nothing remained of ancient manners, or ancient spirit. Of independence, or the equal condition of Roman citizens, no trace was left. All ranks submitted to the will of the prince, little solicitous about the present hour; while Augustus, in the vigour of health, maintained at once his own dignity, the honour of his house, and the public tranquillity. In process of time, when, worn with age, and failing under bodily infirmities, he seemed to approach the last act, a new scene presented itself to the hopes of men. Some amused themselves with ideas of ancient liberty, many dreaded the horrors of a civil war, and others wished for public commotion; the greater part discussed, with a variety of opinions, the character of the new masters at that moment impending over the state. "Agrippa was rude and savage; disgrace added to his natural ferocity; and, in point of age and experience, he was by no means equal to the weight of empire. Tiberius was matured by years; he had gained reputation in war; but the pride of the Claudian family was

inveterate in his nature, and his inbred cruelty, however suppressed with art, announced itself in various shapes." To these reflections the public added their dread of a mother raging with all the impotence of female ambition: a whole people, they said, were to be enslaved by a woman, and two young men, who in the beginning would hang heavy on the state, and in the end distract and rend it to pieces by their own dissensions.

Tiberius received despatches from his mother, requiring his immediate presence. He arrived at Nola: but whether Augustus was still living, or had breathed his last, must be left in doubt. By Livia's order the avenues were closely guarded: favourable accounts were issued from time to time; and with that artifice mankind was amused, till all proper measures were concerted. At length the same report that announced the death of Augustus proclaimed Tiberius in possession of the supreme power.

The first exploit of the new reign was the murder of Agrippa Posthumus. Of this event Tiberius made no report to the senate, content with hinting a pretended order of his deceased father, by which the centurion, charged with the custody of Agrippa's person, was commanded to despatch him, as soon as the emperor breathed his last.

At Rome, in the meantime, all things tended to a state of abject servitude. Consuls, senators, and Roman knights, contended with emulation, who should be the most willing slaves. The higher each person's rank, the more he struggled for the foremost place in bondage. All appeared with a studied countenance. An air of gaiety might dishonour the memory of Augustus, and sadness would ill befit the opening of a new reign. A motley farce was acted; and grief and joy, distress and flattery, succeeding by turns, were curiously mixed and blended. Their example was followed by the senate, the army, and the mass of the people.

To make everything move from the consuls, was the policy of Tiberius. He affected the appearance of republican principles, as if the constitution still subsisted, and he himself had formed no design to destroy it. The very proclamation, by which he convened the senate, professed no other authority than that of the tribunitian power conferred upon him by Augustus. The proclamation itself was short, and penned in modest terms; importing, "that the business of meeting was, to decree funeral honours to his deceased father; as to himself, he could not leave the body; that office of piety was the only function that he presumed to exercise." This was, indeed, the language of moderation; but Augustus was no sooner dead, than he assumed the supreme authority; in his character of imperator, he took upon him the whole military command; sentinels were stationed round the palace; the soldiers appeared under arms; the magnificence of a court was seen in all its forms; guards attended him to the forum; guards conducted him to the senate-house; all things announced the sovereign. In his despatches to the army, he was already the successor of Augustus: he spoke the style and language of a recognised emperor, without reserve, and in the tone of power, equivocal only when he addressed the senate.

The fact was, Tiberius dreaded Germanicus. A commander-in-chief, who had so many legions under his direction, who had formed connections with the allies of Rome, and was besides the idol of the people, might choose to seize the government, rather than linger in expectation. For this reason the fathers were to be managed. There was at the bottom another motive: if, in appearance, he owed his elevation, not to the intrigues of an ambitious mother, or the adoption of a superannuated emperor, but to the voice of the people, it would redound more to his glory. The opportunity was also fair, to pry into the temper and dispositions of the leading senators.

The rites of sepulture being performed, a temple and religious worship were decreed to the memory of Augustus. The senate now turned their supplications to Tiberius. A direct answer could not be drawn from him. "He talked of the magnitude and the weight of empire; he mistrusted his own abilities: the comprehensive mind of Augustus was, indeed, equal to the charge; but for himself, called as he had been by that emperor to a share in the administration, he knew by experience, that to direct the affairs of a great nation, was to be in a state of painful preeminence, exposed to danger, and subject to the vicissitudes of fortune." In this strain Tiberius delivered himself, with dignity of sentiment, it is true, but nothing from the heart. A profound master of dissimulation, he had from nature, or the force of habit, the art of being dark and unintelligible.

The senate still continuing, with prostrate servility, to press their suit, Tiberius let fall an expression, intimating that, though unequal to the whole, he was willing to undertake any part that might be committed to his care. Inform us, Caesar, said Asinius Gallus, what part do you choose? Disconcerted by so unexpected a question, Tiberius paused for a moment; but soon collecting himself, "To choose," he said, "or to decline any part, would ill become the man who wished to be dispensed with altogether." Gallus saw displeasure working in his countenance. With quickness and presence of mind he made answer, "The question was not put with intent to divide what in its nature is united and indivisible. I appealed to your own feelings. I wished to draw from you a confession, that the commonwealth, being one body politic, requires one mind to direct it." To this he added a panegyric on the character of Augustus; he expatiated on the victories obtained by Tiberius, and the civil employments which he had filled, with honour to himself, during a series of years. Fatigued at length by the clamours of the senate, and the solicitation of individuals, he gave way by degrees: not expressly declaring his consent; but, as he said, to end the mutual trouble of repeated refusals and unwearied importunity.

Such was the situation of affairs at Rome when a fierce and violent mutiny broke out among the legions in Pannonia. For this insurrection there was no other motive than the licentious spirit, which is apt to show itself in the beginning of a new reign, and the hope of private advantage

in the distractions of a civil war. A summer camp had been formed for three legions under the command of Junius Blaesus. The death of Augustus, and the accession of Tiberius, being known to the army, the general granted a suspension of military duty, as an interval of grief or joy. The soldiers grew wanton in idleness: dissensions spread amongst them; sloth and pleasure prevailed; and all were willing to exchange a life of toil and discipline for repose and luxury. A general insurrection followed: the soldiers in a body rushed to the prison, burst the gates, unchained the prisoners, and associated with themselves the vilest of the army, a band of deserters, and a desperate crew of malefactors, then under condemnation for the enormity of their crimes.

The flame of discord raged with fury. New leaders joined the mutiny. Amidst the crowd, one of the common soldiers, a fellow known by the name of Vibulenus, mounted on the shoulders of his comrades before the tribunal of Blaesus, and addressed the multitude, all wild with fury, and eager to hear the language of sedition. "My friends," he said, "you have bravely interposed to save the lives of these innocent, these much injured men. You have restored them to new life. But who will restore my brother? who will give him to my arms? Sent hither from the German army, in concert with you to settle measures for our common safety, he was last night basely murdered by the hand of gladiators, whom Blaesus arms for your destruction. Answer me, Blaesus, where have you bestowed the body? The very enemy allows the rites of sepulture. When I have washed my brother with my tears, and printed kisses on his mangled body, then plunge your poniard in this wretched bosom. I shall die content, if these my fellow-soldiers perform the last funeral office, and bury in one grave two wretched victims, who knew no crime but that of serving the common interest of the legions."

This speech Vibulenus rendered still more inflammatory by the vehemence of his manner, by beating his breast, by striking his forehead, and pouring a flood of tears. In their fury, some fell upon the gladiators retained by Blaesus, and loaded them with irons; others seized the general's domestic train; while numbers dispersed themselves on every side in quest of the body: and, if it had not been speedily known that no corpse could be found; that the slaves of Blaesus averred under the torture, that no murder had been committed; and, in fact, that the incendiary never had a brother, Blaesus must have fallen a sacrifice.

About the same time, and from the same causes, another sedition broke out among the legions in Germany, supported by greater numbers, and every way more alarming. The leaders of the mutiny flattered themselves that Germanicus, impatient of a new master, would resign himself to the will of the legions, and in that case they had no doubt, but that everything would fall before him. New levies from Rome, the refuse of that city, had lately joined the army. Upon the first intelligence of the death of Augustus, these men, long addicted to licentiousness, and averse from labour, began to practise upon the ruder minds of their fellow-

soldiers. The time, they said, was come, when the veterans might claim their dismission from the service; when the young soldier might augment his pay; when the army in general might redress their grievances, and retaliate the cruelty of the centurions. It was not, as in Pannonia, a single agitator that inflamed the mutiny; nor were these arguments urged to men who saw on every side of them superior armies, and of course trembled while they meditated a revolt. There were numbers of busy incendiaries, and many mouths to bawl sedition. Their doctrine was, that the fate of Rome was in their hands; by their victories the empire flourished; by their valour Germany was subdued; and from the country which they had conquered, the emperors of Rome were proud to derive a title to adorn their names.

Meanwhile Germanicus, engaged, as has been mentioned, with the states of Gaul, received advice that Augustus was no more. He had married Agrippina, the granddaughter of that emperor, and by her had several children. Drusus, the brother of Tiberius, was his father, and of course Livia was his grandmother. Thus descended, and thus allied, he lived in perpetual anxiety. He was now advanced nearer to the imperial dignity; but his zeal for Tiberius rose in proportion. He required from the Sequanians and the Belgic states the oath of fidelity to the emperor; and being informed of the commotions that distracted the army, he set forward, without delay, to appease the tumult. The legions met him on the outside of the intrenchments, with downcast eyes, and all the external symptoms of repentance. He was, however, no sooner within the lines, than the camp resounded with groans and bitter lamentations. Some laid hold of the prince's hand, as if going to kiss it; but inserting his fingers in their mouths, made him feel their boneless gums, complaining that they had lost their teeth in the service; others showed their bodies bent with age, and drooping under a load of infirmities. A tumultuous crowd gathered round the tribunal: Germanicus ordered them to form in their respective companies, that the men might more distinctly hear his answer. He opened with the panegyric of Augustus; he proceeded to the victories and triumphs obtained by Tiberius, insisting chiefly on his exploits in Germany, at the head of those very legions. The succession, he observed, was quietly settled: Italy consented, both the Gauls remained in their duty, and peace prevailed in every part of the empire.

Thus far Germanicus was heard with silence, or at worst with a low and hollow murmur. He made a transition to the present disturbances: "Where is now the sense of military duty? Where that ancient discipline, the boast and honour of the Roman armies? Whither have you driven the tribunes? Where are the centurions?" At these words, the whole multitude, as if with one instinct, threw off their clothes, exposing their bodies seamed with wounds from the enemy, and with lashes from the centurion. Some demanded immediate payment of the legacies bequeathed by Augustus. They offered up ardent vows for the success of Germanicus; assuring him, if he wished to seize the sovereign power, that they were to a man

devoted to his service. Struck with horror, and dreading the contagion of so foul a crime, Germanicus leaped from the tribunal.

A council was immediately called. It was well known that the insurgents were preparing a deputation to the army on the Upper Rhine, in order to engage them in the revolt, and make it a common cause. The moment was full of perplexity. To employ the auxiliary forces and the states in alliance with Rome against the revolted legions, were to engage in a civil war. To proceed with rigour might be dangerous; and to pacify the men by largesses, were an expedient altogether dishonourable. They demanded immediate compliance, and accordingly dismissions from the service were made out by the tribunes. The payment of the money was deferred till the legions arrived in their winter quarters. The fifth and one-and-twentieth refused to stir from the camp, till Germanicus, with his own finances and the assistance of his friends, made up the sum required.

At the return of day, when the general, the men, and the actions of all might be clearly distinguished, Germanicus entered the camp. He complained of the distractions of the time; but imputed what had happened, not so much to the madness of the soldiers, as to the vengeance of the gods, and lamented the disgrace that befell the legion. The soldiers heard him like men astonished, but not convinced.

The conduct of Germanicus was censured by many of his friends. "Why did he not withdraw to the army on the Upper Rhine? Discipline was there in force, and with proper assistance the mutiny might have been crushed at once. By dismissions from the service, by largesses, and other feeble measures, the disturbances were too much encouraged."

The camp presented a mournful spectacle. Instead of a Roman general at the head of his legions; instead of Germanicus in all the pomp and pride of authority, the face of things resembled a city taken by storm. Nothing was heard but shrieks and lamentations. The prince, still warm with mixed emotions of grief and indignation, addressed the soldiers in the following manner: "Julius Caesar, by a single word, was able to quell a mutiny: he spoke to the men who resisted his authority; he called them Romans, and they became his soldiers. Augustus showed himself to the legions that fought at Actium, and the majesty of his countenance awed them into obedience. The distance between myself and these illustrious characters, I know, is great; and yet, descended from them, with their blood in my veins, I should resent with indignation a parallel outrage from the soldiers of Syria, or of Spain: and will you, ye men of the first legion, who received your colours from the hand of Tiberius; and you, ye men of the twentieth, his fellow-warriors in the field, his companions in so many victories; will you thus requite him for all the favours so graciously bestowed upon you? From every other quarter of the empire Tiberius has received nothing but joyful tidings: and must I wound his ear with the news of your revolt? Must he hear from me, that neither the soldiers raised by myself, nor the veterans who fought under him, are

willing to own his authority? Must he be told, that neither dismission from the services, nor money lavishly granted, can appease the fury of ungrateful men?" The soldiers were appeased by this harangue. They acknowledged their guilt, and the justice of the reproof. Incited by new sentiments and passions unfelt before, they seized the ringleaders of the sedition, and delivered them, loaded with irons, to Caius Cetronius, who commanded the first legion. By that officer the delinquents were brought to immediate justice. Order and tranquillity were in this manner restored.

At Rome, in the meantime, where the issue of commotions in Illyricum was yet unknown, advice was received of the disorders that broke out in Germany. The city was thrown into consternation. Tiberius heard the murmurs of discontent, but remained inflexible. To keep possession of the capital, and neither hazard his own safety, nor that of the empire, was his fixed resolution. A crowd of reflections filled him with anxiety. The German army was superior in strength; that in Pannonia was the nearest: the former had great resources in Gaul, and Italy lay open to the latter. To which should he give the preference? If he visited one, the other might take umbrage. By sending his sons, he held the balance even, and neither could be jealous. It was besides his maxim, that the imperial dignity should not be suffered to tarnish in the eye of the public. What is seen at a distance, is more respected. Should the mutineers persist with obstinacy, there would still be time for the prince to interpose, and either by rigour, or conciliating measures, to restore the ancient discipline. If he went in person, and the insurgents spurned his authority, what resource was left?—These considerations had their weight; and yet, to have the appearance of being willing to face his armies was part of his policy. He played this game so well, that he seemed every day upon the point of leaving Rome.

Germanicus in the meantime was ready, with his collected force. The fury of the soldiers had not yet subsided: in the agitation of their minds they desired to be led against the enemy, in order to expiate by the blood of the Barbarians the desolation they had made. The shades of their slaughtered friends could not be otherwise appeased; when their breasts were gashed with honourable wounds, atonement would then be made. Germanicus embraced the opportunity.

The Germans, posted at a small distance, exulted in full security. They saw with pleasure the cessation of arms occasioned by the death of Augustus; and the revolt of the legions inspired them with fresh courage. The Romans, by a forced march, passed the Caesian forest. The army pushed on with vigour. The scouts had brought intelligence that the approaching night was a festival, to be celebrated by the Barbarians with joy and revelry. In consequence of this information, Caecina had orders to advance with the light cohorts, and clear a passage through the woods. The legions followed at a moderate distance. The brightness of the night favoured their design. They arrived, with rapid expedition, at the villages of the Marsians, and without delay formed a chain of posts, to enclose the

enemy on every side. The Barbarians were sunk in sleep and wine, some stretched on their beds, others at full length under the tables; all in full security, without a guard, without posts, and without a sentinel on duty. No appearance of war was seen; nor could that be called a peace which was only the effect of savage riot, the languor of a debauch.

Germanicus, to spread the slaughter as wide as possible, divided his men into four battalions. The country, fifty miles round, was laid waste with fire and sword; no compassion for sex or age; no distinction of places, holy or profane; nothing was sacred. In the general ruin the Temple of Tanfan, which was held by the inhabitants in the highest veneration, was levelled to the ground. Dreadful as the slaughter was, it did not cost a drop of Roman blood. Not so much as a wound was received. The attack was made on the Barbarians sunk in sleep, dispersed in flight, unarmed, and incapable of resistance. An account of the massacre soon reached the Bructerians, the Tubantes, and the Usipetes. Inflamed with resentment, those nations took up arms; and posting themselves to advantage, surrounded the woods through which the Roman army was to pass. Germanicus, informed of their motions, marched in order of battle.

The Germans, in close ambush, waited till the army stretched into the woods. After skirmishing with the advanced party, and both the flanks, they fell with their whole strength upon the rear. The light cohorts, unable to sustain the shock of a close embodied enemy, were thrown into disorder; when Germanicus, riding at full speed to the twentieth legion, cried aloud, "The time is come when you may efface, by one brave exploit, the guilt of the late sedition: charge with courage, and you gain immortal honour." Roused by this animating strain, the legion rushed to the attack, and at the first onset broke the ranks of the enemy. The Barbarians fled to the open plain: the Romans pursued them with dreadful slaughter.

An account of these events arriving at Rome, Tiberius was variously affected. He received a degree of pleasure, but it was a pleasure mingled with anxiety. That the troubles in the camp were at an end, he heard with satisfaction: but he saw, with a jealous spirit, that by largesses and dismissions from the service, Germanicus had gained the affections of the legions. The glory of his arms was another circumstance that touched him nearly. He thought fit, notwithstanding, to lay the whole account before the senate. He expatiated at large in praise of Germanicus, but in terms of studied ostentation, too elaborate to be thought sincere. Of Drusus, and the issue of the troubles in Illyricum, he spoke with more reserve; concise, yet not without energy. The concessions made by Germanicus to the legions on the Rhine, were ratified in every article, and, at the same time, extended to the army in Pannonia.

The people of Rome presented a petition, praying that the payment of the hundredth part, which was a tax on all vendible commodities imposed since the close of the civil wars, might be remitted for the future. Tiberius declared, by public edict, "that the support of the army depended upon that fund; and even with those resources the commonwealth was unequal

to the charge, unless the veterans were retained in the service for the full term of twenty years." By this artful stroke, the regulations limiting the time to sixteen years, which had been extorted during the sedition in Germany, were in effect repealed, and rendered void for the future.

BOOK II

DURING the consulship of Sisenna Statilius Taurus and Lucius Libo [A.U.C. 769, A.D. 16] the oriental kingdoms, and, by consequence, the Roman provinces, were thrown into commotion. Tiberius, with his usual phlegm, saw the storm gathering in the East. Commotions in that part of the world might furnish an opportunity to remove Germanicus from an army devoted to his person, and to employ him in new scenes of action, and in distant provinces, where he would be exposed to the chance of war, and more within the reach of treachery. Germanicus, notwithstanding, requested leave to continue in the command for one year more. Tiberius was not to be diverted from his purpose. He plied Germanicus with new arguments; and, as a lure to young ambitions threw out the offer of a second consulship, which required personal attendance at Rome. He urged, moreover, that if the war continued, some share of merit ought to be left to Drusus, the brother of Germanicus, for whom no other field of glory could be found. It was in Germany only that Drusus could acquire the title of IMPERATOR. Rome had no other enemies. The laurel crown must be gained in that quarter of the world. Germanicus saw through these pretences. The object, he knew, was to stop him in the full career of fame: with regret he resigned the command, and returned to Rome.

At the next meeting of the senate, the luxury of the times became the subject of debate. The business was introduced by Quintus Haterius, of consular rank, and Octavius Fronto, who had discharged the office of praetor. A law was passed, prohibiting the use of solid gold for the service of the table; and further enacting that men should not disgrace themselves by the effeminate delicacy of silk apparel. Fronto took a wider compass. He proposed that the quantity of silver in every family, the expense of furniture, and the number of domestics, should be limited by law.

Asinius Gallus rose in opposition to the opinion of Octavius Fronto. "The commonwealth," he said, "had increased in grandeur, and the wealth of individuals grew with the growth of empire. Nor was this a modern innovation: the same effect, from the same causes, may be traced in the early period of the commonwealth. Wealth is relative, always in proportion to the affluence of the times. When the state was poor, frugality was the virtue of a citizen. Does the empire flourish, individuals flourish with it. In matters of domestic expense, such as plate and retinue, the measure of economy or extravagance must be determined by the circumstances of the family." Tiberius closed the debate. The times, he said,

were not ripe for a censor; but if corruption went on increasing, there would be no want of vigour to reform abuses of every kind.

Part of this year was remarkable for a total suspension of all public business. Of this inactive state it would be scarce worth while to take notice, if the different sentiments of Cneius Piso and Asinius Gallus did not seem to merit attention. Tiberius gave notice, that he intended to absent himself for some time from Rome. Piso declared his opinion, that, in such a juncture, the senate ought to attend with greater assiduity to the despatch of business. The fathers and the Roman knights might still discharge their respective functions; "the dignity of the commonwealth required it." Asinius Gallus saw, with a jealous eye, that his rival had taken the popular side; and, to counteract his design, rose to oppose the motion. "Nothing," he said, "could be truly great, or worthy of the Roman people, unless conducted under the eye of the prince. The affairs of state, and the great conflux of people, not only from all parts of Italy but from the provinces, ought to be reserved for the presence of the emperor." Tiberius heard all that passed, but remained silent. A warm debate ensued. At length the fathers agreed to adjourn all business till the prince returned to Rome.

In the consulship of Caius Caecilius and Lucius Pomponius [A.D. 17], Germanicus, on the seventh before the calends of June, enjoyed the glory of a triumph over the Cheruscans, the Cattians, the Angrivarians, and the rest of the nations extending as far as the Elbe. The spoils of the conquered, the prisoners of war, with various pictures of battles, mountains, and rivers, were displayed with great pomp and splendour. The war, though the general was not suffered to reap the full harvest of his glory, was considered by the populace as entirely finished. Amidst the grandeur of this magnificent spectacle, nothing appeared so striking as the graceful person of Germanicus, with his five children, mounted on the triumphal car.

Tiberius gave a largess to the populace of three hundred sesterces to each man, and ordered the distribution to be made in the name of Germanicus, at the same time declaring himself his colleague in the consulship for the ensuing year. These marks of good-will were specious, but by no man thought sincere. He was now resolved to remove the favourite of the people. This, however, was to be done under colour of new honours. He framed a pretence, or took advantage of that which the posture of affairs presented to him.

Commotions in Armenia, which Tiberius laid before the senate, provided a new opportunity. His conclusion was, that to settle the troubles of the east, recourse must be had to the wisdom of Germanicus. As to himself, he was now in the vale of years, and Drusus had neither maturity of age nor experience. The provinces beyond the Mediterranean were, by a decree of the senate, committed to Germanicus. He was made commander-in-chief, with supreme authority, wherever he went, over all other governors, whether appointed by lot, or the will of the prince. At

that time, Creticus Silanus was the governor of Syria. Tiberius recalled him from the province, and in his place appointed Cneius Piso, a man of violent passions, impatient of control, and fierce with all the spirit of his father, that famous republican, who in the civil wars took up arms against Julius Caesar, and rekindled the flame in Africa. After that exploit he followed the fortunes of Brutus and Cassius. To the pride derived from such a father, the son united the insolence of wealth acquired by his marriage with Plancina, who, besides her high descent, possessed immoderate riches. Proud of that connection, Piso thought himself scarcely second to Tiberius. The emperor's sons were beneath his rank. The government of Syria, he made no doubt, was given to him, as a bar to the hopes of Germanicus. For this purpose secret instructions were at the time said to have been given to him by Tiberius.

In the course of this year twelve principal cities in Asia were destroyed by an earthquake. The calamity happened in the night, and was for that reason the more disastrous; no warning given, and by consequence no time to escape. The open fields, in such dreadful convulsions, are the usual refuge; but the earth opening in various places, all who attempted to fly were buried in the yawning caverns. Hills are said to have sunk, and valleys rose to mountains. Quick flashes of lightning showed all the horrors of the scene. The city of Sardes suffered most, and was relieved in proportion to the distress of the inhabitants. Besides a remission for five years of all taxes, whether due to the public treasury, or the coffers of the prince, Tiberius promised a supply of one hundred thousand great sesterces. The city of Magnesia, situated near Mount Sipylus, suffered in the next degree, and was considered accordingly. The inhabitants of Temnos, Philadelphia, Egaea, and Apollonia, with the cities of Hierocaesarea, Myrina, Cyme, Tmolus, as also the Mosthenians, and the people called the Macedonians of Hyrcania, were, for the like term of five years, exempted from all manner of imposts.

Besides these acts of public munificence, Tiberius showed, in matters of a private nature, a spirit of liberality that did him the highest honour. The estate of Aemilia Musa, who was possessed of a large fortune, and died intestate, leaving no lawful heir, was claimed to the prince's use by the officers of the imperial exchequer. Tiberius renounced his right in favour of Aemilius Lepidus, who seemed to stand in some degree of relation to the deceased. In general, it was a rule with Tiberius, in all cases where he had no previous title from connection or friendship, not to accept any property as testamentary heir.

Meanwhile, the law of violated majesty went on with increasing fury. A prosecution founded on that cruel device was set on foot against Apuleia Varilia, descended from a sister of Augustus, and grand-niece to that emperor. She was charged with speaking defamatory words to the dishonour of Augustus, and uttering sharp invectives against Tiberius and his mother. Adultery was another head of accusation: though related to the Caesarian family, she had, by her licentious conduct, brought disgrace

on that illustrious name. The last article was thrown out of the case, as a matter within the provisions of the Julian law. With regard to her calumnious language, Tiberius desired that a distinction might be made. If it appeared in proof, that she had spoken irreverently of Augustus, the law, he said, should take its course; but personalities levelled at himself might pass with impunity. A question was put by the consul touching the liberties taken with the emperor's mother. Tiberius made no reply. At the next meeting of the senate he informed the fathers that words affecting Livia were, by her own desire, never to be imputed as a crime.

Tiberius and Germanicus were joint consuls for the following year [A.D. 18]; the former for the third time, and the latter for the second. Germanicus, in this juncture, was absent from Rome, at the city of Nicopolis in Achaia. He had passed into Dalmatia, on a visit to his brother Drusus. From that place he sailed along the coast of Illyricum; and after a tempestuous voyage in the Adriatic and the Ionian seas, arrived at Nicopolis, where he was invested with his new dignity. From Nicopolis he proceeded to Athens. In that city, the seat of valour and of literature, and for many years in alliance with Rome, he showed his respect for the inhabitants by appearing without pomp, attended only by a single lictor.

From Athens Germanicus sailed to the island of Euboea, and thence to Lesbos, where Agrippina was delivered of a daughter, called Julia, the last of her children. From Lesbos he pursued his voyage along the coast of Asia; and, after visiting Perinthus and Byzantium, two cities of Thrace, sailed through the straits of the Propontis, into the Euxine Sea, led by curiosity to visit all places renowned in story. In his progress he attended everywhere to the complaints of the inhabitants, whom he found distracted by their own intestine divisions, or labouring under the tyranny of the magistrates. He redressed grievances, and established good order wherever he went.

On his return from the Euxine, he intended to visit Samothracia, famous for its rites and mysteries; but the wind springing up from the north, he was obliged to bear away from the coast. He viewed the ruins of Troy, and the remains of antiquity in that part of the world, renowned for so many turns of fortune, the theatre of illustrious actions, and the origin of the Roman people.

Piso, in the meantime, impatient to execute his evil purposes, made his entry into Athens, and with the tumult of a rude and disorderly train alarmed the city. In a public speech he thought fit to declaim against the inhabitants, obliquely glancing at Germanicus, who, he said, by ill-judged condescensions, had impaired the dignity of the Roman name. The civility of the prince, he said, was shown, not to the men of Athens (a race long since extirpated), but to a vile heterogeneous mass, the scum of various nations, at one time in league with Mithridates against Sylla, and afterwards with Mark Antony against Augustus.

After this prelude to the scenes which he was still to act, Piso embarked, and, after a quick passage through the Cyclades, arrived at

Rhodes. While he lay at the mouth of the harbour a storm arose, and drove the vessel on the point of a rock. Germanicus was then at Rhodes. He knew the hostilities that had been already commenced against himself, and might have left a man of that dangerous character to the mercy of the winds and waves; but, acting with his usual benevolence, he sent off boats and galleys to save even an enemy from destruction. Gratitude was not in the character of Piso. He spent but a single day with his benefactor; and, to take his measures beforehand, proceeded on his way to Syria. Having reached that place, he began by bribery, by intrigue, and cabal, to draw to himself the affections of the legions. He caressed the lowest of the soldiers: he dismissed the centurions of approved experience, and removed all the tribunes, who supported military discipline; substituting in their room his own dependents, and, still worse, the vile and profligate, who had nothing but their crimes to recommend them. By these practices Piso rose into popularity, in so much that he was hailed the *Father of the Legions.*

Germanicus was fully apprised of these proceedings; but Armenia claimed his first attention. He hastened without loss of time to regulate the affairs of that kingdom; a kingdom where caprice and levity marked the national character, and the situation of the country encouraged the inconstancy of the people. In the present juncture the throne was vacant. Vonones being expelled, the wishes of the people were fixed on Zeno, the son of Polemon, king of Pontus. The young prince had shown, from his earliest youth, a decided inclination to Armenian manners. In this disposition of men's minds, Germanicus entered the city of Artaxata, and, amidst the acclamations of the people, placed the diadem on the head of Zeno. The Armenians paid homage to their new master, in the ardour of their zeal proclaiming him king, by the name of Artaxias, in allusion to the place of his coronation. In this manner tranquillity was established in the east. The events were important, and such as might have given Germanicus reason to congratulate himself; but his joy was poisoned by the repeated hostilities and the insolence of Piso.

In the consulship of Marcus Silanus and Lucius Norbanus [A.D. 19], Germanicus made a progress into Egypt, to view the monuments of antiquity so much celebrated in that country. For this journey the good of the province was his pretext. In fact, by opening the public granaries, he reduced the price of corn; and by pursuing popular measures, he gained the good-will of the inhabitants. He appeared in public without a guard; his feet uncovered, after the Greek fashion; and the rest of his apparel was also Greek.

In a country abounding with wonders, the curiosity of Germanicus was not easily satisfied. He saw the celebrated statue of Memnon, which, though wrought in stone, when played upon by the rays of the sun, returns a vocal sound. He visited the Pyramids, those stupendous structures raised by the emulation of kings, at an incredible expense, amidst a waste of sands almost impassable. He saw the prodigious basin, formed, by the

labour of man, to receive the overflowings of the Nile; and in other parts of the river, where the channel is narrowed, he observed a depth of water so profound, that the curiosity of travellers has never been able to explore the bottom.

Germanicus on his return from Egypt found all his regulations, in the civil as well as the military line, totally abolished, or changed to a system directly contrary to his intentions. Hence a new source of dissension. He condemned the conduct of Piso; and in return met with nothing but contumacy, and a spirit of opposition to all his measures. Piso was at length determined to evacuate Syria: hearing, however, that Germanicus was attacked by a sudden illness, he changed his resolution. He had soon after the mortification of learning that the disorder was abated. At Antioch the news diffused a general joy. Piso withdrew to Seleucia. At that place, having advice that Germanicus was relapsed, he resolved to make some stay, in expectation of the event. The prince suspected that poison had been secretly conveyed by Piso, and that idea added to the malignity of his disorder.

The disorder intermitting for a short time, Germanicus had an interval of hope. But the fatal moment was approaching: he sunk into a mortal languor; and, finding himself near his end, took leave of his friends in words to the following effect: "It will be yours to appeal to the senate; yours to invoke the vengeance of the laws; and yours to show your friendship, not by unavailing tears, but by executing my last commands. In that consists the noblest duty, the best tribute to the memory of the dead." In a short time after he breathed his last. Agrippina, pierced to the heart, and her health impaired by affliction, resolved, notwithstanding, to surmount every obstacle that might retard the hand of justice. She embarked for Italy with the ashes of Germanicus, and her orphan children.

BOOK III

AGRIPPINA pursued her voyage without intermission. Neither the rigour of the winter, nor the rough navigation in that season of the year, could alter her resolution. The news of her arrival spreading far and wide, the intimate friends of the family, and most of the officers who had served under Germanicus, with a number of strangers from the municipal towns —some to pay their court, others, carried along with the current—pressed forward in crowds to the city of Brundusium, the nearest and most convenient port. As soon as the fleet came in sight of the harbour, the seacoast, the walls of the city, the tops of houses, and every place that gave even a distant view, were crowded with spectators. Compassion throbbed in every breast.

Tiberius had ordered to Brundusium two praetorian cohorts. The magistrates of Calabria, Apulia, and Campania, had it in command to pay every mark of honour to the memory of the emperor's son. The day on

which the remains of Germanicus were deposited in the tomb of Augustus was remarkable for sorrow in various shapes. A deep and mournful silence prevailed, as if Rome was become a desert; and at intervals the general groan of a distracted multitude broke forth at once. The streets were crowded; the Field of Mars glittered with torches; the soldiers were under arms; the magistrates appeared without the ensigns of their authority; and the people stood ranged in their several tribes.

At Rome all were impatient to see Piso brought to justice. That an offender of such magnitude should be suffered to roam at large through the delightful regions of Asia and Achaia, roused the general indignation. Application was made to the emperor, that the cause might be heard before himself. The request was perfectly agreeable to the accused party, who was not to learn that the senate and the people were prejudiced against him. Tiberius, he knew, was firm enough to resist popular clamour; and, in conjunction with Livia, had acted an underhand part in the business. Besides this, the truth he thought would be better investigated before a single judge, than in a mixed assembly, where intrigue and party violence too often prevailed. Tiberius, however, saw the importance of the cause, and felt the imputations thrown out against himself. To avoid a situation so nice and difficult, he consented to hear, in the presence of a few select friends, the heads of the charge, with the answers of the defendant; and then referred the whole to the consideration of the senate.

At the next meeting of the senate, Tiberius, in a premeditated speech, explained his sentiments. "In the course of the inquiry, it will be material to know whether Piso endeavoured, with a seditious spirit, to incite the army to a revolt. Did he try by sinister arts to seduce the affections of the soldiers? Was his sword drawn to recover possession of the province? Are these things true, or are they the mere suggestions of the prosecutors, with intent to aggravate the charge? In all things let the forms of law be observed. The tears of Drusus, and my own affliction, are foreign to the question: let no man regard our interest; throw it out of the case, and discard from your minds the little calumnies that may glance at myself."

Two days were allowed to the prosecutors to support their charge, six to prepare the defence, and three for hearing it. The defence in every article, except that which related to the crime of poison, was weak and ineffectual. The charge of debauching the soldiers by bribery, the rapacity of his creatures, and the insults offered to Germanicus, were stubborn facts, and could not be denied. The judges were all implacable; Tiberius, on account of the war levied in Syria; the senators, from a full persuasion that treachery had a hand in the death of Germanicus. A motion was made for the production of all letters written to the criminal by Tiberius and Livia. This was opposed with vehemence, not only by Piso, but also by the emperor. The clamours of the populace, who surrounded the senate-house, were heard within doors. The cry was, if Piso escaped by the judgment of the fathers, he should die by the hands of the people. Finding himself thus abandoned, Piso despaired of his cause. The prosecution was renewed

with vigour; the fathers spoke in terms of acrimony; everything was adverse; and the prisoner plainly saw that his fate was decided. In this distress, nothing affected him so deeply as the behaviour of Tiberius, who sat in sullen silence, neither provoked to anger nor softened by compassion, with his usual art stifling every emotion of the heart. Piso was conducted back to his house. He there wrote a few lines, in appearance preparing his defence for the ensuing day, and having sealed the paper, delivered it to one of his freedmen. The usual attentions to his person filled up his time, till, at a late hour of the night, his wife having left the room, he ordered the door to be made fast. In the morning he was found dead; his throat cut, and his sword lying near him on the ground.

To give, in detail, the several motions and resolutions of the time, is not within the plan of this work. And yet, when virtue and fair integrity do honour to the heart, or when a slavish spirit brands the character, in either case, it is my intention to select the particular instances. In general, a black and shameful period lies before me. The age was sunk to the lowest depth of sordid adulation; in so much that not only the most illustrious citizens, in order to secure their pre-eminence, were obliged to crouch and bend the knee, but men of consular and praetorian rank, and the whole body of the senate, tried with emulation which should be the most obsequious slave. We are informed by tradition, that Tiberius, as often as he went from the senate-house, was used to say in Greek, "Devoted men! how they rush headlong into bondage!" Even he, the enemy of civil liberty, was disgusted with adulation: he played the tyrant, and despised the voluntary slave.

BOOK IV

THE consuls for the year on which we are now entering were Caius Asinius, and Caius Antistius. Tiberius had reigned nine years. During that time a state of profound tranquillity prevailed at Rome, and the emperor saw the imperial family flourishing with undiminished lustre. The loss of Germanicus gave him no regret; on the contrary, he reckoned that event among the prosperous issues of his reign. But fortune now began to change the scene, and a train of disasters followed. Tiberius threw off the mask: he harassed the people by acts of cruelty, or, which was equally oppressive, by his authority encouraged the tyranny of others. Of this revolution Aelius Sejanus, commander of the praetorian guards, was the prime and efficient cause. I shall here give the origin of the man, the features of his character, and the flagitious arts by which he aspired to the supreme power.

He was born at Vulsinii, the son of Seius Strabo, a Roman knight. He attached himself, in his early youth, to Caius Caesar, the grandson of Augustus. Even at that time he laboured under a suspicion of having prostituted his person to the infamous passions of Apicius, a rich and prodigal

voluptuary. By various arts he afterwards gained an entire ascendant over the affections of Tiberius, in so much that the temper of that prince, to the rest of mankind dark and inscrutable, became to him alone unclouded, free, and complying.

The commission over the praetorian bands had been always of a limited nature. Sejanus enlarged his powers to a degree unknown before. He had the address to collect into one camp the whole corps of the guards, till that time quartered in various parts of Rome. Being embodied, they received their orders with submission; habit and constant intercourse established a spirit of union, and, knowing their numbers, they grew formidable to their fellow-citizens. This plan being settled, Sejanus began his approaches to the affections of the soldiers: by affability and caresses, he glided into favour; he appointed the tribunes and centurions; he endeavoured to seduce the senators by corruption: he promoted his creatures, and, at his pleasure, bestowed honours and provinces. All this was done, not only with the consent, but with the most complying facility on the part of Tiberius, who now declared openly in favour of the minister, styling him, in private conversation, his associate in the cares of government, and using the same language even to the senate.

As yet, however, the imperial family was in a flourishing state. To secure the succession there was no want of Caesars. The emperor's son was in the prime of manhood, and his grandsons in the flower of youth. These were obstacles to the views of Sejanus. To assail them with open force, were big with danger; and fraud requires delay, and intervals of guilt. He resolved to work by stratagem. Drusus, against whom Sejanus was inflamed by recent provocation, was marked out as the first victim. It happened that Drusus, impatient of a rival, and by nature fierce, raised his hand, in some sudden dispute, against Sejanus; and that haughty minister, advancing forward, received a blow on the face. Stung with indignation, he thought no expedient so sure, as the gaining of the younger Livia, the wife of Drusus, to his interest. The princess was sister to Germanicus; and though, in her younger days, she had no elegance, either of shape or feature, she was now grown up in the most perfect form of regular beauty. Sejanus made his advances with the ardour of a lover. Having triumphed over her honour, he found another step in guilt no difficult matter. A woman who has sacrificed her virtue soon resigns every other principle. Engaged in a course of adultery, she was led by degrees to embrace the project of murdering her husband, in order to marry her paramour, and mount with him to the imperial dignity. Eudemus, the confidential friend and physician of the faithless wife, was drawn into the conspiracy. Under colour of his profession, this man had easy access to Livia. Sejanus listed him into his service; and that the harmony between himself and the adulteress might be undisturbed by jealousy, he repudiated his wife Apicata, by whom he had three children. But still the magnitude of the crime filled their minds with terror; they fluctuated between opposite counsels; they resolved, they hesitated; delay, and doubt, and confusion followed.

In this posture of affairs, Sejanus thought he had no time to lose. He chose a poison, which, operating as a slow corrosive, might bring on the symptoms of a natural disorder. Lygdus, the eunuch (as was discovered eight years afterwards), administered the draught. While Drusus lay ill, Tiberius, never seeming to be in any degree alarmed, or, it may be, willing to make a display of magnanimity, went as usual to the senate. Even after the prince expired, and before the funeral ceremony was performed, he entered the assembly of the fathers. The solemnities which had been decreed to the memory of Germanicus, were renewed in honour of Drusus, with considerable additions, agreeable to the genius of flattery, always studious of novelty. The funeral ceremony was distinguished by a long train of illustrious images.

Meanwhile, Tiberius, hoping to find in business some respite from the anxieties of his heart, attended to the administration of justice in all disputes between the citizens of Rome. He likewise heard petitions from the provinces and the allies. At his desire, the cities of Cibyra in Asia, and Aegium in Achaia, which had suffered by an earthquake, were exempted from their usual tribute for three years. Vibius Serenus, proconsul of the farther Spain, was found guilty of oppression in the course of his administration, and, being a man of savage manners, banished to the isle of Amorgos.

Sejanus, intoxicated with success, and hurried on by the importunity of the younger Livia, who was grown impatient for the promised marriage, thought fit to open the business to the emperor. All applications, at that time, even when a personal interview took place, were presented to the prince in writing. Tiberius expressed himself pleased with the style of affection which breathed through the memorial. Having weighed the business, he returned the following answer: "In all matters of deliberation, self-interest is the principle by which individuals decide for themselves: with princes it is otherwise. The opinions of the people claim their attention, and public fame must direct their conduct. Do you imagine, Sejanus, that Livia, the widow first of Caius Caesar, and since of Drusus, will act an humble part, and waste her life in the embraces of a Roman knight? Should I consent, what will be said by those who saw her father, her brother, and the ancestors of our family, invested with the highest honours of the state? But it seems you will not aspire above your present station. Remember that the magistrates, and the first men in Rome, who besiege your levee, and in everything defer to your judgment; remember, I say, that they now proclaim aloud, that you have already soared above the equestrian rank, and enjoy higher authority than was ever exercised by the favourites of my father. They declaim against you with envy, and they obliquely glance at me. These are the reflections which I thought proper to communicate to you. My friendship is without disguise. To the measures which you and Livia may have concerted, no obstacle shall arise from me. But still there are other ties by which I would bind you to myself in closer union."

Alarmed by this answer, Sejanus dropped all thoughts of the marriage. A crowd of apprehensions rushed upon him. He feared the penetrating eye of malicious enemies; he dreaded the whispers of suspicion, and the clamours of the public. A new expedient occurred to him. He resolved to persuade the emperor to withdraw from the city, and lead, in some delightful but remote situation, a life of ease and solitary pleasure. In this measure he saw many advantages. Access to the prince would depend on the minister; all letters conveyed by the soldiers would fall into his hands; and Tiberius, now in the vale of years, might be, when charmed with his retreat, and lulled to repose and indolence, more easily induced to resign the reins of government.

Tiberius departed from Rome with a slender retinue. In his train were Cocceius Nerva, a senator of consular rank, celebrated for his legal knowledge; Sejanus, the favourite minister; and Curtius Atticus, a Roman knight. These were the only persons of rank. The rest were distinguished by nothing but their literature; mostly Greeks, men whose talents amused him in his hours of leisure. The professors of judicial astrology declared their opinion, that the position of the planets, under which Tiberius left the capital, made his return impossible. This prediction gained credit, and the death of the emperor being, by consequence, thought near at hand, numbers, who had been bold enough to circulate the rumour, brought on their own destruction. That Tiberius would return no more, was a prophecy verified by the event; the rest was altogether visionary, since we find, that, long after that time, he appeared in the neighbourhood of Rome, sometimes on the adjacent shore, often in the suburbs, and died at last in the extremity of old age.

If we may believe an old tradition, a colony from Greece was formerly settled in possession of the isle of Capreae. Be that as it may, Tiberius chose for his residence twelve different villas, all magnificent and well fortified. Tired of public business, he now resigned himself to his favourite gratifications, amidst his solitary vices still engendering mischief. The habit of nourishing dark suspicions, and believing every whisperer, still adhered to him. At Rome, Sejanus knew how to practise on such a temper; but in this retreat he governed him with unbounded influence.

BOOK V

During the consulship of Rubellius Geminus, and Fusius, who bore the same surname, died, in an advanced old age, the emperor's mother Livia, styled Julia Augusta. The rites of sepulture were performed without pomp or magnificence. Her will remained for a long time unexecuted. The funeral oration was delivered from the rostrum by her great-grandson Caius Caesar, afterwards Caligula, the emperor.

From this time may be dated the era of a furious, headlong, and despotic government. The rage of Tiberius knew no bounds. While his

mother lived, his passions were rebuked, and in some degree controlled. He had been from his infancy in the habit of submitting to her judgment; and to counteract her authority was more than Sejanus dared to undertake. By the death of Livia all restraint was thrown off. The prince and his minister broke out with unbridled fury.

BOOK VI

CNEIUS DOMITIUS and Camillus Scribonianus succeeded to the consulship [A.D. 32]. They had not been long in office, when Tiberius crossed the narrow sea that divides the isle of Capreae from Surrentum, and sailing along the coast of Campania, made his approach towards Rome, in doubt whether to enter the city; or, perhaps, because he had determined otherwise, choosing to raise expectations, which he never meant to gratify. He went on shore at various places; visited his gardens on the banks of the Tiber, and, at length, having amused the people with false appearances, went back to hide himself, his vices, and sensualities, amidst the rocks of Capreae. In that place he gave a loose to his inordinate appetites, a tyrant even in his pleasures. With the pride of eastern despotism, he seized the young men of ingenuous birth, and forced them to yield to his brutal gratifications. Elegance of shape and beauty of feature were not his only incentives. The blush of modesty served as a provocative; and to stain the honour of respectable families, gave a zest to his enjoyments. New modes of sensuality were invented, and new terms for scandalous refinements in lascivious pleasure. Then, for the first time, were introduced into the Roman language the words SELLARII and SPINTRIAE; two words of the vilest import, signifying at once the place of clandestine vice, and the unnatural experiments of infamous prostitution. Slaves were employed to provide objects of desire, with full commission to allure the venal with presents, and to conquer the reluctant by threats and violence. If friends interposed in the defence of youth and innocence, if a parent attempted to protect his child, ruffian force was exercised. Compulsion and captivity followed. Like slaves by conquest, all were at the mercy of a detestable crew, whose business it was to pander for the passions of their master.

Among the calamities of that black period, the most trying grievance was the degenerate spirit, with which the first men in the senate submitted to the drudgery of common informers; some without a blush, in the face of day; and others by clandestine artifices. The contagion was epidemic. Near relations, aliens in blood, friends and strangers, known and unknown, were, without distinction, all involved in one common danger. Words alone were sufficient, whether spoken in the forum, or amidst the pleasures of the table, was immaterial. Whatever the occasion or the subject, everything was a constructive crime. Informers struggled, as it were in a race, who should be first to ruin his man; some to secure themselves; the greater part infected by the general corruption of the times.

The rage of prosecutions, from which Rome had an interval of rest, broke out again with collected fury. The first that suffered was Confidius Proculus, on a charge of violated majesty. On his birthday, while he was celebrating that annual festival, he was seized, in the moment of joy, and conducted to the senate-house, where he was tried, condemned, and hurried away to execution.

Sextus Marius, who held the largest possessions in Spain, was the next victim. Incest with his own daughter was the imputed crime: he was precipitated down the Tarpeian rock. That the avarice of Tiberius was the motive for this act of violence, was seen beyond the possibility of a doubt, when the gold-mines of the unfortunate Spaniard, which were forfeited to the public, were known to be seized by the emperor for his own use. He was now so far plunged in blood, that executions served only to whet his cruelty. At one blow, he ordered all, who were detained in prison for their supposed connection with Sejanus, to be put to instant death. A dreadful carnage followed: neither sex nor age was spared; the noble and ignoble perished without distinction; dead bodies in mangled heaps, or scattered up and down, presented a tragic spectacle. Neither friend, nor relation, dared to approach: none were permitted to soothe the pangs of death, to weep over the deceased, or to bid the last farewell. Guards were stationed to watch the looks of afflicted friends, and to catch intelligence from their tears, till, at length, the putrid bodies were thrown into the Tiber, to drive at the mercy of the winds and waves. Some were carried away by the current; others were thrown on shore: but to burn or bury them was allowed to no man. All were struck with terror, and the last office of humanity was suppressed. Cruelty went on increasing, and every sentiment of the heart was smothered in silence.

Tiberius now drew near his end: his strength declined, his spirits sunk, and everything failed, except his dissimulation. The same austerity still remained, the same energy and rigour of mind. He talked in a decisive tone; he looked with eagerness; and even, at times, affected an air of gaiety. Dissembling to the last, he hoped by false appearances to hide the decay of nature. Weary, restless, and impatient, he could not stay long in one place. After various changes, he stopped at a villa, formerly the property of Lucullus, near the promontory of Misenum. It was here first known that his dissolution was approaching fast. The discovery was made in the following manner. A physician, of the name of Charicles, highly eminent in his profession, attended the train of Tiberius, not employed to prescribe, but occasionally assisting with friendly advice. Pretending to have avocations that required his attendance elsewhere, he approached the emperor to take his leave, and respectfully laying hold of his hand, contrived, in the act of saluting it, to feel his pulse. The artifice did not escape the notice of Tiberius. It probably gave him offence, but, for that reason, he smothered his resentment. With an air of cheerfulness, he ordered the banquet to be served, and, seemingly with intent to honour his departing friend, continued at table beyond his usual time. Charicles was not to be

deceived. He saw a rapid decline, and assured Macro [praefect of the praetorian guards] that two days, at most, would close the scene. For that event measures were immediately taken: councils were held, and despatches were sent to the army and the several commanders. On the seventeenth before the calends of April, Tiberius had a fainting fit: he lay for some time in a state of languor, speechless, without motion, and was thought to be dead. A band of courtiers surrounded Caligula, eager to pay their court, and all congratulating the prince on his accession to the imperial dignity. Caligula was actually going forth to be proclaimed emperor, when word was brought, that Tiberius was come to himself, and called for a cordial to revive his fainting spirits. The whole party was struck with terror: the crowd dispersed; some with dejected looks, others with a cheerful mien, as if unconscious of what had happened. Caligula stood at gaze, astonished, and almost out of his senses. He had, but a moment before, one foot on the throne, and now was thrown from the summit of his ambition. He remained fixed in despair, as if awaiting the stroke of death. Macro alone was undismayed. With firmness and presence of mind, he cleared the emperor's room, and gave orders that the remains of life should be smothered under a load of clothes. Such was the end of Tiberius, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

BOOK XI

[*The former part of this book, comprising no less than six years, is lost, with other parts of Tacitus. Claudius succeeded to Caligula. The present book begins abruptly, when Claudius had reigned six years.*]

In the year of Rome eight hundred, the secular games were celebrated, after an interval of sixty-four years since they were last solemnised in the reign of Augustus. Claudius thought proper to revive this public spectacle. He attended in the circus, and, in his presence, the Trojan game was performed by the youth of noble birth. Britannicus, the emperor's son, and Lucius Domitius, who by adoption took the name of Nero, and afterwards succeeded to the empire, appeared, with the rest of the band, mounted on superb horses. Nero was received with acclamations, and that mark of popular favour was considered as an omen of his future grandeur. A story, at that time current, gained credit with the populace. Nero in his infancy was said to have been guarded by two serpents; but this idle tale held too much of that love of the marvellous which distinguishes foreign nations. The account given by the prince himself, who was ever unwilling to derogate from his own fame, differed from the common report. He talked of the prodigy, but graced his narrative with one serpent only.

The prejudice in favour of Nero rose altogether from the esteem in which the memory of Germanicus was held by the people at large. The only male heir of that admired commander was naturally an object of attention; and the sufferings of his mother Agrippina touched every heart

with compassion. Messalina [wife of Claudius], it was well known, pursued her with unrelenting malice: she was, even then, planning her ruin, but the execution of her schemes was, for a time, suspended. A new amour, little short of frenzy, claimed precedence of all other passions. Caius Silius was the person for whom she burned with all the vehemence of wild desire. The graces of his form and manner eclipsed all the Roman youth. That she might enjoy her favourite without a rival, she obliged him to repudiate his wife, Junia Silana, though descended from illustrious ancestors. Messalina gave a loose to love. She scorned to save appearances. She repeated her visits, not in a private manner, but with all her train. In public places she hung enamoured over him; she loaded him with wealth and honours; and at length, as if the imperial dignity had been already transferred to another house, the retinue of the prince, his slaves, his freedmen, and the whole splendour of the court, adorned the mansion of her favourite.

Claudius, in the meantime, blind to the conduct of his wife, and little suspecting that his bed was dishonoured, gave all his time to the duties of his censorial office. He issued an edict to repress the licentiousness of the theatre. A dramatic performance had been given to the stage by Publius Pomponius, a man of consular rank. On that occasion the author, and several women of the first condition, were treated by the populace with insolence and vile scurrility. This behaviour called for the interposition of the prince. To check the rapacity of usurers, a law was also passed, prohibiting the loan of money to young heirs, on the contingency of their father's death. The waters, which have their source on the Simbruine hills, were conveyed in aqueducts to Rome. Claudius, at the same time, invented the form of new letters, and added them to the Roman alphabet, aware that the language of Greece, in its original state, could not boast of perfection, but received, at different periods, a variety of improvements. The form of the Latin letters was the same as the characters of the ancient Greeks: but the Roman alphabet, like that of all other nations, was scanty in the beginning. In process of time, the original elements were increased. Claudius added three new letters, which, during the remainder of his reign, were frequently inserted, but after his death, fell into disuse.

The mode of filling the vacancies in the senate became the subject of debate. The nobility of that part of Gaul styled GALLIA COMATA had for some time enjoyed the privilege of Roman citizens: on this occasion they claimed a right to the magistracy and all civil honours. The demand became the topic of public discussion, and in the prince's cabinet met with a strong opposition. It was there contended, "That Italy was not so barren of men, but she could well supply the capital with fit and able senators. In former times, the municipal towns and provinces were content to be governed by their own native citizens. That system was long established, and there was no reason to condemn the practice of the old republic. The history of that period presents a school of virtue. Is it not enough that the Venetians and Insubrians have forced their way into the senate? Are we

to see a deluge of foreigners poured in upon us, as if the city were taken by storm? What honours and what titles of distinction will, in that case, remain for the ancient nobility, the true genuine stock of the Roman empire? And for the indigent senator of Latium, what means will then be left to advance his fortune, and support his rank? All posts of honour will be the property of wealthy intruders; a race of men, whose ancestors waged war against the very being of the republic; with fire and sword destroyed her armies; and finally laid siege to Julius Caesar in the city of Alesia."

These arguments made no impression on the mind of Claudius: he replied on the spot, and afterwards in the senate delivered himself to this effect: "To decide the question now depending, the annals of Rome afford a precedent: and a precedent of greater cogency, as it happened to the ancestors of my own family. Attus Clausus, by birth a Sabine, from whom I derive my pedigree, was admitted, on one and the same day, to the freedom of Rome, and the patrician rank. Can I do better than adopt that rule of ancient wisdom? It is for the interest of the commonwealth, that merit, wherever found, should be transplanted to Rome, and made our own. Without searching the records of antiquity, we know that the nobles of Etruria, of Lucania, and, in short, of all Italy, have been incorporated with the Roman senate. The Alps, in the course of time, were made the boundaries of the city: and by that extension of our privileges, not simple individuals, but whole nations, were naturalised at once, and blended with the Roman name. Under colour of planting colonies, we spread our legions over the face of the globe; and, by drawing into our civil union the flower of the several provinces, we recruited the strength of the mother-country. The Balbi came from Spain, and others of equal eminence from the Narbon Gaul: of that accession to our numbers have we reason to repent? The descendants of those illustrious families are still in being; and can Rome boast of better citizens? Where do we see more generous ardour to promote her interest?

"The Spartans and the Athenians, without all question, acquired great renown in arms; to what shall we attribute their decline and total ruin? To what, but the injudicious policy of considering the vanquished as aliens to their country? To raise the descendants of freedmen to the honours of the state, is not, as some imagine, a modern innovation: it was the practice of the old republic. Review the wars that Rome had upon her hands, and that with the Gauls will be found the shortest. From that time, a lasting and an honourable peace prevailed. Let them now, intermixed with the Roman people, united by ties of affinity, by arts, and congenial manners, be one people with us. Let them bring their wealth to Rome, rather than hoard it up for their own separate use. The institutions of our ancestors, which we so much and so justly revere at present, were, at one time, a novelty in the constitution. The measure which I now defend by examples will, at a future day, be another precedent. It is now a new regulation: in time it will be history."

This speech was followed by a decree, in consequence of which the Aeduans, by way of distinction, were, in the first instance, declared capable of a seat in the senate. Of all the Gauls, they alone were styled the brethren of the Roman people, and by their strict fidelity deserved the honour conferred upon them. About the same time, Claudius enrolled in the patrician order such of the ancient senators as stood recommended by their illustrious birth, and the merit of their ancestors. The line of those families, which were styled by Romulus the FIRST CLASS OF NOBILITY, and by Brutus THE SECOND, was almost extinct. Even those of more recent date, created in the time of Julius Caesar by the CASSIAN LAW, and, under Augustus, by the SAENIAN, were well nigh exhausted. This new distribution of honours was agreeable to the people, and this part of his censorial office Claudius performed with alacrity. A more difficult business still remained. Some of the senators had brought dishonour on their names; and to expel them, according to the severity of ancient usage, was a painful task. He chose a milder method. "Let each man," he said, "review his own life and manners; and, if he sees reason, let him apply for leave to erase his name. Permission will of course be granted. The list which he intended to make would contain, without distinction, those who retired of their own motion, and also such as deserved to be expelled. By that method, the disgrace of being degraded would be avoided, or, at least, alleviated."

For these several acts, Vipsanius the consul moved that the emperor should be styled THE FATHER OF THE SENATE. The title, he said, of FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY would be no more than common; but peculiar merit required a new distinction. This stroke of flattery gave disgust to Claudius. He therefore overruled the motion.

From this time the emperor no longer remained in stupid insensibility, blind to the conduct of his wife. He was soon reduced to the necessity of hearing and punishing the enormity of her guilt; but the act by which he vindicated his own honour, gave him an opportunity to sully it by an incestuous marriage.

Messalina had hitherto found so ready a compliance with her vicious passions, that the cheap delight was grown insipid. To give a zest to pleasure, she had recourse to modes of gratification untried before. Silius, at the same time, intoxicated with success, or, perhaps, thinking that the magnitude of his danger was to be encountered with equal courage, made a proposal altogether new and daring. "They were not," he said, "in a situation to wait, with patience, for the death of the prince. As to himself, he was divorced from his wife; he was a single man; he had no children; he was willing to marry Messalina, and adopt Britannicus for his son. After the nuptial ceremony, the power which Messalina then enjoyed would still continue in her hands, unimpaired, and undiminished. To insure their mutual safety, nothing remained but to circumvent a superannuated emperor, when unprovoked, stupid; but when roused from his lethargy, sudden, furious, and vindictive." The proposition was not relished by Messalina. Motives of conjugal affection had no influence on her

conduct; but she beheld her lover with a jealous eye. Raised to imperial dignity, he might despise an adulteress, and their guilty joys. The marriage, notwithstanding, had charms that pleased her fancy. It was a further step in guilt and infamy; and infamy, when beyond all measure great, is the last incentive of an abandoned mind. She closed with the offer made by Silius, but deferred the carrying of it into execution, till the emperor went to Ostia to assist at a sacrifice. During his absence, the nuptial ceremony was performed with pomp, and all the accustomed rites.

The fact which I have stated, it must be acknowledged, carries with it an air of fable. That such a degree of self-delusion, in a populous city where everything is known and discussed in public, should infatuate the mind of any person whatever, will hardly gain credit with posterity. The whole must appear romantic; but to amuse with fiction is not the design of this work. The facts here related are well attested by writers of that period, and by grave and elderly men, who lived at the time, and were informed of every circumstance.

Callistus held a meeting with Narcissus, and with Pallas, the reigning favourite at the court of Claudius. The plot being settled, one of the concubines (by name Calpurnia) obtained a private interview with Claudius. Throwing herself at the emperor's feet, she told him that Messalina had dishonoured him by a marriage with Silius. Cleopatra, the other actress in the scene, was near at hand to confirm the story. Being asked by the accuser whether she did not know the truth of the charge, her testimony confirmed the whole. Narcissus was immediately summoned to the emperor's presence. He began with an humble apology for the remissness of his conduct. Then he said: "You are divorced, Caesar, at this moment divorced, and are you ignorant of it? The people saw the marriage ceremony, the senate beheld it, and the soldiers knew it. Act with vigour; take a decisive step, or the adulterer is master of Rome."

Claudius called a council of his friends. Turranius, the superintendent of the public stores, and Lucius Geta, the commander of the praetorian bands, acknowledged the whole of her flagitious conduct. The rest of the courtiers crowded round the prince, with importunity urging him to go forth to the camp, and secure the praetorian guards. His own personal safety was the first consideration. Vindictive measures might follow in good time. The alarm was too much for the faculties of so weak a man as Claudius. He stood in stupid amazement. He asked several times, Am I emperor? Is Silius still a private man?

Messalina, in the meantime, passed the hours in gay festivity, all on the wing of pleasure and enjoyment. It was then the latter end of autumn: in honour of the season, an interlude, representing the vintage, was exhibited by her order at the palace. The wine-presses were set to work; the juice pressed from the grape flowed in copious streams, and round the vats a band of women, dressed after the Bacchanalian fashion, with the skins of tigers, danced in frolic measures, with the wild transport usual at the rites of Bacchus. In the midst of the revellers Messalina displayed the

graces of her person, her hair flowing with artful negligence, and a thyrsus waving in her hand. Silius fluttered at her side; his temples crowned with wreaths of ivy, his legs adorned with buskins, and his head, with languishing airs, moving in unison with the music, while a chorus circled round the happy pair, with dance, and song, and lascivious gesture, animating the scene.

Meanwhile, it became publicly known at Rome, not by vague report, but by sure intelligence brought by special messengers, that Claudius, fully apprised of all that passed, was on his way, determined to do justice on the guilty. Messalina withdrew to the gardens of Lucullus. Silius, endeavouring under an air of gaiety to hide his fears, went towards the forum, as if he had business to transact. The rest of the party fled with precipitation. The centurions pursued them. Several were seized in the streets, or in their lurking-places, and loaded with fetters. In this reverse of fortune, Messalina had no time for deliberation. She resolved to meet the emperor on his way, and, in a personal interview, to try that power over his affections which had so often served her on former occasions. In order to excite compassion, she ordered her children, Octavia and Britannicus, to fly to the embraces of their father.

Claudius, in the meantime, was thrown into violent agitations. Doubt and fear distracted him. Narcissus, seconded by his friends and associates, spoke his mind in terms plain and direct. He told the emperor that all was lost, if the command of the camp were not, for that day, vested in one of his freedmen. He offered himself for that important office; and lest Claudius on the road to Rome should be induced, to alter his resolution, he desired to be conveyed in the same carriage with the prince. He mounted the vehicle, and took his place without further ceremony.

It was not long before Messalina appeared in sight. Her supplications were loud and vehement. "Hear your unhappy wife," she said, "hear the mother of Octavia and Britannicus." To prevent any impression of tenderness, the accuser raised his voice: he talked of Silius, and the wickedness of the marriage; he produced a memorial, containing a full account of the whole proceeding, and, to draw the emperor's eyes from Messalina, gave him the papers to read. As they entered Rome, Octavia and Britannicus presented themselves before the prince; but, by order of Narcissus, they were both removed.

All directions were given by the freedman. He ordered the adulterer's house to be thrown open, and proceeded thither with the emperor. He showed him in the vestibule the statue of Silius the father, which the senate had ordered to be destroyed; he pointed to the splendid ornaments, formerly the property of the Neros and the Drusi, now in the possession of the adulterer; the reward of his profligacy. Claudius was fired with indignation. Before he had time to cool, and while, with violent menaces, he was denouncing vengeance, Narcissus took advantage of the moment, and conducted him to the camp. The soldiers were assembled in a body to receive him. Claudius, by the advice of his ministers, delivered a short

harangue. On the subject of his disgrace it was impossible to expatiate; shame suppressed his voice. The camp resounded with rage and clamour. The soldiers called aloud for the names of the guilty, threatening immediate vengeance. Silius was brought before the tribunal. He attempted no defence; he asked for no delay; instant death was all he desired. Several Roman knights followed his example, with equal firmness wishing to end their misery. By the emperor's order they were hurried to instant execution.

Messalina remained, during this whole time, in the gardens of Lucullus. She still entertained hopes of prolonging her days. She began to write to the emperor in a style of supplication; her passions shifted, and she spoke the language of reproach: even in ruin, her pride was not abated. If Narcissus had not hastened the execution, there is no doubt but the blow, aimed at her, would have recoiled upon himself. Claudius, as soon as he returned to his palace, placed himself at his convivial table. Being refreshed, and in a short time warm with wine, he gave orders that a messenger should be sent to tell the unhappy woman (those were his words), that on the next day she should be admitted to make her defence. Narcissus took the alarm.

Filled with these apprehensions, the freedman rushed out of the banqueting-room, and, in the emperor's name, gave orders to the centurions, and the tribune on duty, to do immediate execution on Messalina. Evodus, one of the freedmen, was sent to superintend the execution. This man made the best of his way to the gardens. He found the empress stretched on the ground, and Lepida, her mother, sitting by her. While Messalina flourished in prosperity, the mother kept no terms with her daughter. In her present distress, she felt the regret and anguish of a parent.

Messalina was now, for the first time, sensible of her condition. She saw that all was lost; she received a poniard; she aimed it with a feeble effort at her throat; she pointed it to her breast, irresolute, and clinging still to life. The tribune despatched her at one blow. Her body was left to be disposed of by her mother. The emperor, in the meantime, had not risen from table. He was told that Messalina was no more; but whether she died by her own hand, or that of the executioner, was not mentioned, nor did it occur to him to ask the question. He called for wine, and pampered himself, as usual, with the luxuries of the table. On the following days he appeared unmoved, unaltered, without a symptom of anger, joy, or grief, or any one sensation of the human heart.

BOOK XII

THE death of Messalina threw the imperial family into a state of distraction. The freedmen were divided into contending factions. The emperor disliked a life of celibacy, and the uxorious disposition of his nature made him liable to be governed by the partner of his bed. Pallas con-

tended for Agrippina: by a match with her, the grandson of Germanicus would be transplanted into the imperial family, and that union would be an accession of strength to the Claudian line. Agrippina was still in the prime of life, of a constitution that promised a numerous issue; and to suffer a woman of her rank and dignity to carry the splendour of the Caesarean line into another family, would be a measure highly impolitic.

This reasoning weighed with Claudius, and the beauty of Agrippina added force to the argument. She had, besides, the art of displaying her charms to the best advantage. The ties of consanguinity gave her free access to her uncle. She made use of her opportunities, and, in a short time, secured her conquest.

In the consulship of Caius Antistius and Marcus Suillius [A.D. 50], the adoption of Domitius was hurried on by the credit and influence of Pallas. Connected with Agrippina, whom he had raised to imperial splendour, by ties of mutual interest, and still more so by the indulgence of criminal passions, this favourite advised his master to provide for the public safety, and in aid to the tender years of Britannicus, to raise collateral branches in the Caesarian line. For this measure Augustus had left a precedent. Tiberius copied the example, and to his own immediate offspring united Germanicus. It would therefore become the wisdom of Claudius to embrace as his own a young man who would in time be able to relieve the sovereign, and lighten the cares of government. Convinced by this reasoning, Claudius gave the precedence to Domitius, though but two years older than his own son. On this subject he made a speech to the senate.

The senate passed a vote of thanks to the emperor; but in a style of exquisite flattery their court was chiefly paid to Domitius. A law was also enacted, by virtue of which the young prince, under the name of Nero, was naturalised into the Claudian family. Agrippina was dignified with the title of AUGUSTA. During these transactions, there was not a man so void of sentiment, as not to behold the case of Britannicus with an eye of compassion. His very slaves were taken from him. His stepmother interposed with officious civility. The young prince laughed at her kindness, aware of the underplot, which she was carrying on against him. Want of discernment was not among his faults.

In the fifth consulship of Claudius, and the first of his colleague, Servius Cornelius Orphitus [A.D. 51], the manly gown was assigned to Nero, before his time, that, though still under age, he might appear qualified to take upon him a share in public business. The senate, in a fit of adulation, resolved that the young prince should be declared capable of the consulship at the age of twenty, and be considered, in the meantime, as consul elect, with proconsular authority out of the city, and the additional title of prince of the Roman youth. Claudius not only assented to those flattering decrees, but, in the name of Nero, gave a largess to the people, and a donative to the army. To conciliate the affections of the people, the Circensian games were likewise exhibited. During that spectacle, Britannicus and Nero passed in review; the former clad in the praetexta,

or the dress of his boyish days; the latter, with the triumphal ornaments of a Roman general. So glaring a difference struck the spectators, as a certain prelude of their future fortunes.

The two young princes met by accident. Nero saluted Britannicus by name, and in return was familiarly called DOMITIUS. This incident gave umbrage to Agrippina. She flew to the emperor with her complaint: "Contempt," she said, "was thrown on the adoption of Nero; what the senate decreed, and the voice of the people ratified, was repealed with contumacy in the very palace. If the men, who taught those dangerous lessons, were not repressed, the mischief would increase, and, perhaps, prove fatal to the commonwealth." Claudius was easily alarmed. He considered what was no more than bare surmise, as a crime then actually committed, and, accordingly, either sent into banishment, or put to death, the best and ablest of his son's tutors. New men were appointed to superintend the prince's education, and the choice was left to the stepmother.

Agrippina had still greater objects in view, but Lucius Geta and Rufius Crispinus were first to be removed from the command of the praetorian bands. They were both under obligations to Messalina, and by sentiment attached to her children. Men of their disposition might obstruct her measures. She represented to the emperor, that, under two rival commanders, the soldiers would be divided into factions; but if that important office centred in one person, all would act with a principle of union, and strict attention to military discipline. Claudius concurred in the same opinion. The command was given to Afranius Burrhus; an officer of great experience and a warlike character, but disposed to remember the friend that raised him to that elevation. Having succeeded in these arrangements, Agrippina thought it time to act without reserve; she claimed a right to be conveyed in her carriage to the capitol; a right, by ancient usage, allowed only to the sacerdotal order, the vestal virgins, and the statues of the gods. Being now communicated to Agrippina, it could not fail to raise the veneration of the people for a princess, in whom they saw the daughter, sister, wife, and mother, of an emperor; a combination of illustrious titles never, before that time, united in one person.

In the consulship of Marcus Asinius and Manius Acilius [A.D. 54], a succession of prodigies kept the minds of men in constant dread of some violent convulsion in the state. Amidst the consternation that covered the whole city, no person whatever was so seriously alarmed as Agrippina. Claudius, it seems, had said in conversation, that, by some fatality, it had been his constant lot to bear, for a time, the irregularities of his wives, and in the end to punish them. The expression fell from him in his liquor. Agrippina knew the force of it, and resolved to take her measures beforehand. But Domitia Lepida, whom she hated, was to be the first devoted victim. She was the daughter of the younger Antonia, great-niece to Augustus, and sister to Cneius Domitius, the first husband of the empress. Proud of these advantages, Lepida considered herself no way inferior to the imperial consort. Their age, their beauty, and their

riches, were nearly on a level; both of dissolute manners, proud, fierce, lascivious, and in their vices, no less than their views of ambition, determined rivals. Which of them should have entire dominion over the mind of Nero, the aunt or the mother, was the point in dispute between them. Lepida made her approaches to the young prince by affability and softness of manners. Her liberality and endearing tenderness gained the affections of the prince. Agrippina behaved with the authority of a mother, eager to grasp the imperial dignity for her son, and when she gained it, unwilling to own him for her sovereign.

A charge was framed against Lepida, importing, "That by magic arts she aspired to the emperor's bed, and, by neglecting to bridle the insolence of her numerous slaves in Calabria, she showed herself an enemy to the peace of Italy." She was condemned to die. Narcissus endeavoured to avert the sentence; but his efforts were ineffectual. That minister had for some time beheld Agrippina with deep mistrust. He saw through her designs, and, to his select friends, did not scruple to declare, "That whatever became of the succession, whether it devolved on Nero or Britannicus, the dilemma would either way be fatal to himself. He was bound, however, to the emperor by ties of gratitude, and in his service was ready to lay down his life." In the midst of these distractions, Claudius was attacked by a fit of illness. For the recovery of his health he set out for Sinuessa, to try the effect of a milder air, and the salubrious waters of the place. Agrippina thought she had now an opportunity to execute the black design which she had long since harboured in her breast. Instruments of guilt were ready at her beck, but the choice of the poison was still to be considered: if quick and sudden in its operation, the treachery would be manifest; a slow corrosive would bring on a lingering death. In that case, the danger was, that the conspiracy might, in the interval, be detected, or, in the weakness and decay of nature, the affections of a father might return, and plead in favour of Britannicus. She resolved to try a compound of new and exquisite ingredients, such as would make directly to the brain, yet not bring on an immediate dissolution. A person of well-known skill in the trade of poisoning was chosen for the business. This was the famous Locusta; a woman lately condemned as a dealer in clandestine practices, but reserved among the instruments of state to serve the purposes of dark ambition. By this tool of iniquity the mixture was prepared. The hand to administer it was that of Halotus, the eunuch, whose business it was to serve the emperor's table, and taste the viands for his master.

The particulars of this black conspiracy transpired in some time after, and found their way into the memoirs of the age. We are told by the writers of that day, that a palatable dish of mushrooms was the vehicle of the poison. The effect was not soon perceived. Through excess of wine or the stupidity of his nature, perhaps the strength of his constitution, Claudius remained insensible. An effort of nature followed, and gave him some relief. Agrippina trembled for herself. To dare boldly was now

her best expedient. Regardless of her fame, and all that report could spread abroad, she had recourse to Xenophon, the physician, whom she had seduced to her interest. Under pretence of assisting Claudius to unload his stomach, this man, it is said, made use of a feather tinged with the most subtle poison, and with that instrument searched the emperor's throat. With the true spirit of an assassin he knew, that, in atrocious deeds, a feeble attempt serves only to confound the guilty, while the deed, executed with courage, consummates all, and is sure to earn the wages of iniquity.

Meanwhile, the senate was convened, and, though the emperor had breathed his last, the consuls and the pontiffs joined in vows and supplications for his recovery. Medical preparations were still applied to a lifeless body, and the farce of attending the sick was continued, till proper measures were taken for the succession of Nero. Agrippina, with a dejected mien, affected to sink under the weight of affliction. She looked round for consolation, and seeing Britannicus, she folded him in her arms, and called him, with expressions of tenderness, the image of his father. She detained him with fond caresses, and never suffered him to leave the apartment. The avenues of the palace were closely guarded, and, at intervals, favourable accounts of the emperor were issued, the better to keep everything in suspense, and amuse the hopes and fears of the soldiers, till the arrival of the propitious moment.

At length, on the third day before the ides of October, about noon, the palace-gates were thrown open. A praetorian cohort, as usual, was drawn up under arms. Nero, attended by Burrhus, made his appearance, and, on a signal given by the commanding officer, the soldiers received him with shouts and acclamations. He was immediately put into a litter. Some of the soldiers, we are told, even in that scene of joy and uproar, looked around for Britannicus, and asked in vain for that unfortunate prince. None of his party appearing, they yielded to the impulse of the moment. Nero was conveyed to the camp. He addressed the soldiers in a speech suited to the occasion, and promised a donative, equal to the liberality of his deceased father. He was proclaimed Emperor of Rome. The voice of the army was confirmed by the senate. The provinces acquiesced without reluctance.

BOOK XIII

HAVING played the part of a public mourner, Nero made his appearance in the senate. He began with a florid compliment to the authority of the fathers, and the concurrent suffrages of the army, which raised him to the imperial dignity. He added, "that he had many bright examples to excite emulation, and in his councils superior wisdom to direct his conduct. His youth had not been engaged in civil commotions, and to the rage of contending factions he was, by consequence, an utter stranger. He brought

with him no private animosity, no sense of injuries, no motives to inspire revenge. He explained the system of government, which he intended to pursue; the abuses which occasioned discontent and murmurings in the former reign, were to be reformed altogether; and, in particular the decisions of causes, he was determined, should no longer depend on the authority of the prince. The practice of hearing in a chamber of the palace the accuser and the accused, and thereby subjecting the lives and fortunes of men to the influence of a few favourites, was to be abolished. In his palace nothing shall be venal; nothing carried by intrigue, by bribery, or secret influence. The revenues of the prince, and the public treasure, should be distinct and separate rights. The senate might retain the full exercise of the powers vested in that assembly by the spirit of the constitution." The promise was fair, and for some time regularly observed. The fathers, of their own authority, made several regulations.

The consulship of Quintus Volusius and Publius Scipio [A.D. 56] was remarkable for the tranquillity that prevailed in all parts of the empire, and the corruption of manners that disgraced the city of Rome. Of all the worst enormities Nero was the author. In the garb of a slave, he roved through the streets, visited the brothels, and rambled through all by-places, attended by a band of rioters, who seized the wares and merchandise exposed to sale, and offered violence to all that fell in their way. In these frolics, Nero was so little suspected to be a party, that he was roughly handled in several frays. He received wounds on some occasions, and his face was disfigured with a scar. It was not long, however, before it transpired that the emperor was become a night-brawler. The mischief from that moment grew more alarming. Men of rank were insulted, and women of the first condition suffered gross indignities. The example of the prince brought midnight riots into fashion. Private persons took their opportunity, with a band of loose companions, to annoy the public streets. Every quarter was filled with tumult and disorder, in so much that Rome, at night, resembled a city taken by storm. In one of these wild adventures, Julius Montanus, of senatorian rank, but not yet advanced to the magistracy, happened to encounter the emperor and his party. Being attacked with force, he made a resolute defence; and finding, afterwards, that Nero was the person whom he discomfited in the fray, he endeavoured to soften resentment by apologies for his behaviour: but the excuse was considered as a reflection on the prince, and Montanus was compelled to die.

BOOK XV

NERO wished it to be believed that Rome was the place in which he most delighted. To diffuse this opinion, he established convivial meetings in all the squares and public places. The whole city seemed to be his house. Of the various feasts given, that which was prepared for the prince, by Tigellinus, exceeded in profusion and luxury everything of the kind.

I shall here give a description of this celebrated entertainment, that the reader, from one example, may form his idea of the prodigality of the times, and that history may not be encumbered with a repetition of the same enormities. Tigellinus gave his banquet on the lake of Agrippa, on a platform of prodigious size, built for the reception of the guests.

To move this magnificent edifice to and fro on the water, he prepared a number of boats superbly decorated with gold and ivory. The rowers were a band of pathics. Each had his station, according to his age, or his skill in the science of debauchery. The country round was ransacked for game and animals of the chase. Fish was brought from every sea, and even from the ocean. On the borders of the lake brothels were erected, and filled with women of illustrious rank. On the opposite bank was seen a band of harlots, who made no secret of their vices, or their persons. In wanton dance and lascivious attitudes they displayed their nakec charms. When night came on, a sudden illumination from the adjacent groves and buildings blazed over the lake. A concert of music, vocal and instrumental, enlivened the scene. Nero rioted in all kinds of lascivious pleasure. Between lawful and unlawful gratifications he made no distinction. Corruption seemed to be at a stand, if, at the end of a few days, he had not devised a new abomination to fill the measure of his crimes. He personated a woman, and in that character was given in marriage to one of his infamous herd, a pathic named Pythagoras. The emperor of Rome, with the affected airs of female delicacy, put on the nuptial veil. The augur assisted at the ceremony; the portion of the bride was openly paid; the genial bed was displayed to view; nuptial torches were lighted up; the whole was public, not even excepting the endearments which, in a natural marriage, decency reserves for the shades of night.

A dreadful calamity followed in a short time after, by some ascribed to chance, and by others to the execrable wickedness of Nero. The authority of historians is on both sides, and which preponderates it is not easy to determine. It is, however, certain, that of all the disasters that ever befell the city of Rome from the rage of fire, this was the worst, the most violent, and destructive. The flame broke out in that part of the circus which adjoins, on one side, to Mount Palatine, and, on the other, to Mount Caelius. It caught a number of shops stored with combustible goods, and, gathering force from the winds, spread with rapidity from one end of the circus to the other. Neither the thick walls of houses, nor the enclosure of temples, nor any other building, could check the rapid progress of the flames. A dreadful conflagration followed. The level parts of the city were destroyed. The fire communicated to the higher buildings, and, again laying hold of inferior places, spread with a degree of velocity that nothing could resist. The form of the streets, long and narrow, with frequent windings, and no regular opening, according to the plan of ancient Rome, contributed to increase the mischief. The shrieks and lamentations of women, the infirmities of age, and the weakness of the young and tender, added misery to the dreadful scene. Some en-

deavoured to provide for themselves, others to save their friends, in one part dragging along the lame and impotent, in another waiting to receive the tardy, or expecting relief themselves; they hurried, they lingered, they obstructed one another; they looked behind, and the fire broke out in front; they escaped from the flames, and in their place of refuge found no safety; the fire raged in every quarter; all were involved in one general conflagration.

The unhappy wretches fled to places remote, and thought themselves secure, but soon perceived the flames raging round them. Which way to turn, what to avoid or what to seek, no one could tell. They crowded the streets; they fell prostrate on the ground; they lay stretched in the fields, in consternation and dismay resigned to their fate. Numbers lost their whole substance, even the tools and implements by which they gained their livelihood, and, in that distress, did not wish to survive. Others, wild with affliction for their friends and relations whom they could not save, embraced a voluntary death, and perished in the flames. During the whole of this dismal scene, no man dared to attempt anything that might check the violence of the dreadful calamity. A crew of incendiaries stood near at hand denouncing vengeance on all who offered to interfere. Some were so abandoned as to heap fuel on the flames. They threw in firebrands and flaming torches, proclaiming aloud, that they had authority for what they did. Whether, in fact, they had received such horrible orders, or, under that device, meant to plunder with greater licentiousness, cannot now be known.

During the whole of this terrible conflagration, Nero remained at Antium, without a thought of returning to the city, till the fire approached the building by which he had communicated the gardens of Maecenas with the imperial palace. All help, however, was too late. The palace, the contiguous edifices, and every house adjoining, were laid in ruins. To relieve the unhappy people, wandering in distress without a place of shelter, he opened the Field of Mars, as also the magnificent buildings raised by Agrippa, and even his own imperial gardens. He ordered a number of sheds to be thrown up with all possible despatch, for the use of the populace. Household utensils and all kinds of necessary implements were brought from Ostia, and other cities in the neighbourhood. The price of grain was reduced to three sesterces. For acts like these, munificent and well-timed, Nero might hope for a return of popular favour; but his expectations were in vain; no man was touched with gratitude. A report prevailed that, while the city was in a blaze, Nero went to his own theatre, and there, mounting the stage, sung the destruction of Troy, as a happy allusion to the present misfortune.

On the sixth day the fire was subdued at the foot of Mount Esquiline. This was effected, by demolishing a number of buildings, and thereby leaving a void space, where for want of materials the flame expired. The minds of men had scarce begun to recover from their consternation, when the fire broke out a second time with no less fury than before. This hap-

pened, however, in a more open quarter, where fewer lives were lost; but the temples of the gods, the porticoes and buildings raised for the decoration of the city, were levelled to the ground. The popular odium was now more inflamed than ever, as this second alarm began in the house of Tigellinus, formerly the mansion of Aemilius. A suspicion prevailed, that to build a new city, and give it his own name, was the ambition of Nero. Of the fourteen quarters, into which Rome was divided, four only were left entire, three were reduced to ashes, and the remaining seven presented nothing better than a heap of shattered houses, half in ruins.

The ground, which, after marking out his own domain, Nero left to the public, was not laid out for the new city in a hurry and without judgment, as was the case after the irruption of the Gauls. A regular plan was formed; the streets were made wide and long; the elevation of the houses was defined, with an open area before the doors, and porticoes to secure and adorn the front. The expense of the porticoes Nero undertook to defray out of his own revenue.

The next care was to propitiate the gods. The Sibylline books were consulted, and the consequence was, that supplications were decreed to Vulcan, to Ceres, and Proserpine. But neither these religious ceremonies, nor the liberal donations of the prince could efface from the minds of men the prevailing opinion, that Rome was set on fire by his own orders. The infamy of that horrible transaction still adhered to him. In order, if possible, to remove the imputation, he determined to transfer the guilt to others. For this purpose he punished, with exquisite torture, a race of men detested for their evil practices, by vulgar appellation commonly called Christians.

The name was derived from Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius, suffered under Pontius Pilate, the procurator of Judaea. By that event the sect, of which he was the founder, received a blow, which, for a time, checked the growth of a dangerous superstition; but it revived soon after, and spread with recruited vigour, not only in Judaea, the soil that gave it birth, but even in the city of Rome, the common sink into which everything infamous and abominable flows like a torrent from all quarters of the world. Nero proceeded with his usual artifice. He found a set of profligate and abandoned wretches, who were induced to confess themselves guilty, and, on the evidence of such men, a number of Christians were convicted, not indeed, upon clear evidence of their having set the city on fire, but rather on account of their sullen hatred of the whole human race. They were put to death with exquisite cruelty, and to their sufferings Nero added mockery and derision. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, and left to be devoured by dogs; others were nailed to the cross; numbers were burnt alive; and many, covered over with inflammable matter, were lighted up, when the day declined, to serve as torches during the night.

For the convenience of seeing this tragic spectacle, the emperor lent his own gardens. He added the sports of the circus, and assisted in person,

sometimes driving a curricle, and occasionally mixing with the rabble in his coachman's dress. At length the cruelty of these proceedings filled every breast with compassion. Humanity relented in favour of the Christians. The manners of that people were, no doubt, of a pernicious tendency, and their crimes called for the hand of justice: but it was evident, that they fell a sacrifice, not for the public good, but to glut the rage and cruelty of one man only.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NATION

by

THE VENERABLE BEDE

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BEDE

673–735

THE SPIRIT which pervades Bede's work is the spirit of the religion that he preached. His serenity, his compassion, his humility, his faith, are but a few of the qualities which reflect the spiritual strength which gradually gained dominion over the minds of primitive and civilized men alike.

The Roman conquest of Britain was begun by Julius Caesar in 57 B.C., and was continued by degrees until Claudius's expedition in A.D. 43, decisively established the Roman hold and began the Romanization of the indigenous population. In A.D. 78, Agricola began the conquest of the north which was completed by Hadrian, whose protective wall fixed the boundary between Scotland and Roman Britain. By the middle of the fourth century Britain was thoroughly Romanized. However, early in the fifth century, when the Germans began to pour into Gaul, the Roman garrisons were withdrawn from Britain and many Romans fled to the continent for safety. The island was thus exposed to the increasing piratical raids of the Scots (from Ireland), which had begun around A.D. 350, and the invasions of the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons. Roman civilization in Britain was completely destroyed by the Germanic invaders. Toward the end of the sixth century there emerged seven Germanic kingdoms, three of them Saxon (Essex, Wessex, Sussex), one Jutish (Kent), and three Angle (East Anglia, Mercia, and Northumbria).

It was in the Jutish Kingdom of Kent that Augustine the Monk landed in 597 and began the conversion of its ruler to Christianity. Shortly thereafter Northumbria, which had also been converted, assumed the hegemony of the seven kingdoms (*Heptarchy*). However, in 633 the heathen Mercians gained dominance and overwhelmed the Roman Church, introducing a period of anarchy. There then began a reconversion of Britain from two directions.

The conversion of Ireland to Christianity, probably begun by the fourth century, was completed by St. Patrick in the fifth century. In the sixth century the conversion of Scotland was begun in 563 when St. Columba landed at Iona from Ireland and established there a monastery. Oswald, who succeeded to the throne of Northumbria, found refuge with the monks of Iona during his exile. In 633 he invited them to send a missionary to reconvert his people. The Scottish monk Aidan accordingly established a monastery and bishopric in Northumbria and thus began the reconversion of Britain which was practically completed by 670. Along with Christianity went the spread of education, which laid the basis for the eighth-century Anglo-Saxon renaissance of which Bede is perhaps the most distinguished representative.

However, the Church in Ireland had long been out of touch with Rome, and some of its practices differed from those of the Roman Church. If the unity of Western Christendom was to be preserved, it was necessary that these differences be reconciled. This is the issue with which Bede concerns himself at such length. The date of Easter, the harmonization of the Irish and Roman calendars, uniformity with respect to the tonsure, and other such matters were merely incidents which pointed the larger issue.

Of the life of Bede little is known beyond what he tells of himself in a brief biographical note at the conclusion of his *Ecclesiastical History*. He was educated at the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow within which he passed his life. His works fall into three classifications; scientific, historical, and theological, but it is upon the *Ecclesiastical History* that his present fame rests. Its early popularity and influence were broadened when Alfred the Great had the work translated from Latin into Anglo-Saxon. Bede's researches in preparation for his history were extensive. He searched the records of monasteries and churches, consulted the historical compilations of predecessors and contemporaries, examined oral tradition, and checked his facts by reference to records in church institutions in Gaul and in the Vatican. His history is still the chief source of our present knowledge of the period covered.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NATION

BOOK ONE

I. Of the Situation of Britain and Ireland

BRITAIN, an island in the ocean, formerly called Albion, is situated between the north and west, facing, though at a considerable distance, the coasts of Germany, France, and Spain, which form the greatest part of Europe. It extends 800 miles in length towards the north, and is 200 miles in breadth, except where several promontories extend further in breadth, by which its compass is made to be 3675 miles. Britain excels for grain and trees, and is well adapted for feeding cattle and beasts of burden. It also produces vines in some places, and has plenty of land and water-fowls of several sorts; it is remarkable also for rivers abounding in fish, and plentiful springs. It has the greatest plenty of salmon and eels; seals are also frequently taken, and dolphins, as also whales; besides many sorts of shell-fish, such as muscles, in which are often found excellent pearls of all colours, red, purple, violet, and green, but mostly white. There is also a great abundance of cockles, of which the scarlet dye is made; a most beautiful colour, which never fades with the heat of the sun or the washing of the rain; but the older it is, the more beautiful it becomes. It has both salt and hot springs, and from them flow rivers which furnish hot baths, proper for all ages and sexes, and arranged according. For water, as St. Basil says, receives the heating quality, when it runs along certain metals, and becomes not only hot but scalding. Britain has also many veins of metals, as copper, iron, lead, and silver; it has much and excellent jet, which is black and sparkling, glittering at the fire, and when heated, drives away serpents; being warmed with rubbing, it holds fast whatever is applied to it, like amber. The island was formerly embellished with twenty-eight noble cities, besides innumerable castles, which were all strongly secured with walls, towers, gates, and locks. And, from its lying almost under the North Pole, the nights are light in summer, so that at midnight the beholders are often in doubt whether the evening twilight still continues, or that of the morning is coming on; for the sun, in the night, returns under the earth, through the northern regions at no great

distance from them. For this reason the days are of a great length in summer, as, on the contrary, the nights are in winter, for the sun then withdraws into the southern parts, so that the nights are eighteen hours long. Thus the nights are extraordinarily short in summer, and the days in winter, that is, of only six equinoctial hours. Whereas, in Armenia, Macedonia, Italy, and other countries of the same latitude, the longest day or night extends but to fifteen hours, and the shortest to nine.

This island at present, following the number of the books in which the Divine law was written, contains five nations, the English, Britons, Scots, Picts, and Latins, each in its own peculiar dialect cultivating the sublime study of Divine truth. The Latin tongue is, by the study of the Scriptures, become common to all the rest. At first this island had no other inhabitants but the Britons, from whom it derived its name, and who, coming over into Britain, as is reported, from Armorica, possessed themselves of the southern parts thereof. When they, beginning at the south, had made themselves masters of the greatest part of the island, it happened, that the nation of the Picts, from Scythia, as is reported, putting to sea, in a few long ships, were driven by the winds beyond the shores of Britain, and arrived on the northern coast of Ireland, where, finding the nation of the Scots, they begged to be allowed to settle among them, but could not succeed in obtaining their request. Ireland is the greatest island next to Britain, and lies to the west of it; but as it is shorter than Britain to the north, so, on the other hand, it runs out far beyond it to the south, opposite to the northern parts of Spain, though a spacious sea lies between them. The Picts, as has been said, arriving in this island by sea, desired to have a place granted them in which they might settle. The Scots answered that the island could not contain them both; but "We can give you good advice," said they, "what to do; we know there is another island, not far from ours, to the eastward, which we often see at a distance, when the days are clear. If you will go thither, you will obtain settlements; or, if they should oppose you, you shall have our assistance." The Picts, accordingly, sailing over into Britain, began to inhabit the northern parts thereof, for the Britons were possessed of the southern. Now the Picts had no wives, and asked them of the Scots; who would not consent to grant them upon any other terms, than that when any difficulty should arise, they should choose a king from the female royal race rather than from the male: which custom, as is well known, has been observed among the Picts to this day. In process of time, Britain, besides the Britons and the Picts, received a third nation, the Scots, who, migrating from Ireland under their leader, Reuda, either by fair means, or by force of arms, secured to themselves those settlements among the Picts which they still possess. From the name of their commander, they are to this day called Dalreudins; for, in their language, Dal signifies a part.

Ireland, in breadth, and for wholesomeness and serenity of climate, far surpasses Britain; for the snow scarcely ever lies there above three days: no man makes hay in the summer for winter's provision, or builds

stables for his beasts of burden. No reptiles are found there, and no snake can live there; for, though often carried thither out of Britain, as soon as the ship comes near the shore, and the scent of the air reaches them, they die. On the contrary, almost all things in the island are good against poison. In short, we have known that when some persons have been bitten by serpents, the scrapings of leaves of books that were brought out of Ireland, being put into water, and given them to drink, have immediately expelled the spreading poison, and assuaged the swelling. The island abounds in milk and honey, nor is there any want of vines, fish, or fowl; and it is remarkable for deer and goats. It is properly the country of the Scots, who, migrating from thence, as has been said, added a third nation in Britain to the Britons and the Picts.

II. Caius Julius Caesar, the First Roman That Came into Britain

Britain had never been visited by the Romans, and was, indeed, entirely unknown to them before the time of Caius Julius Caesar, who, in the year 693 after the building of Rome, but the sixtieth year before the incarnation of our Lord, was consul with Lucius Bibulus, and afterwards while he made war upon the Germans and the Gauls, which were divided only by the river Rhine, came into the province of the Morini, from whence is the nearest and shortest passage into Britain. Here, having provided about eighty ships of burden and vessels with oars, he sailed over into Britain; where, being first roughly handled in a battle, and then meeting with a violent storm, he lost a considerable part of his fleet, no small number of soldiers, and almost all his horses. Returning into Gaul, he put his legions into winter-quarters, and gave orders for building six hundred sail of both sorts. With these he again passed over early in spring into Britain, but, whilst he was marching with a large army towards the enemy, the ships, riding at anchor, were, by a tempest either dashed one against another, or driven upon the sands and wrecked. Forty of them perished, the rest were, with much difficulty, repaired. Caesar's cavalry was, at the first charge, defeated by the Britons, and Labienus, the tribune, slain. In the second engagement, he, with great hazard to his men, put the Britons to flight. Thence he proceeded to the river Thames, where an immense multitude of the enemy had posted themselves on the farthest side of the river, under the command of Cassibellaun, and fenced the bank of the river and almost all the ford under water with sharp stakes: the remains of these are to be seen to this day, apparently about the thickness of a man's thigh, and being cased with lead, remain fixed immovably in the bottom of the river. This, being perceived and avoided by the Romans, the barbarians, not able to stand the shock of the legions, hid themselves in the woods, whence they grievously galled the Romans with repeated sallies. In the meantime, the strong city of Trinovantum, with its commander Androgeus, surrendered to Caesar, giving him forty hostages.

Many other cities, following their example, made a treaty with the Romans. By their assistance, Caesar at length, with much difficulty, took Cassibellaun's town, situated between two marshes, fortified by the adjacent woods, and plentifully furnished with all necessaries. After this, Caesar returned into Gaul, but he had no sooner put his legions into winter-quarters, than he was suddenly beset and distracted with wars and tumults raised against him on every side.

III. Claudius, the Second of the Romans Who Came into Britain

In the year of Rome 798, Claudius, fourth emperor from Augustus, being desirous to approve himself a beneficial prince to the republic, and eagerly bent upon war and conquest, undertook an expedition into Britain, which seemed to be stirred up to rebellion by the refusal of the Romans to give up certain deserters. He was the only one, either before or after Julius Caesar, who had dared to land upon the island; yet, within a very few days, without any fight or bloodshed, the greatest part of the island was surrendered into his hands. He also added to the Roman empire the Orcades, which lie in the ocean beyond Britain, and then, returning to Rome the sixth month after his departure, he gave his son the title of Britannicus. This war he concluded in the fourth year of his empire, which is the forty-sixth from the incarnation of our Lord. In which year there happened a most grievous famine in Syria, which in the Acts of the Apostles is recorded to have been foretold by the prophet Agabus. Vespasian, who was emperor after Nero, being sent into Britain by the same Claudius, brought also under the Roman dominion the Isle of Wight, which is next to Britain on the south, and is about thirty miles in length from east to west, and twelve from north to south; being six miles distant from the southern coast of Britain at the east end, and three only at the west. Nero, succeeding Claudius in the empire, attempted nothing in martial affairs; and, therefore, among other innumerable detriments brought upon the Roman state, he almost lost Britain; for under him two most noble towns were there taken and destroyed.

IV. Diocletian and How He Persecuted the Christians

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 286, Diocletian, the thirty-third from Augustus, and chosen emperor by the army, reigned twenty years, and created Maximian, surnamed Herculius, his colleague in the empire. In their time, one Carausius, of very mean birth, but an expert and able soldier, being appointed to guard the seacoasts, then infested by the Franks and Saxons, acted more to the prejudice than to the advantage of the commonwealth; and from his not restoring to its owners the booty taken from the robbers, but keeping all to himself, it was suspected that by intentional neglect he suffered the enemy to infest the frontiers. Hear-

ing, therefore, that an order was sent by Maximian that he should be put to death, he took upon him the imperial robes, and possessed himself of Britain, and having most valiantly retained it for the space of seven years, he was at length put to death by the treachery of his associate, Allectus. The usurper, having thus got the island from Carausius, held it three years, and was then vanquished by Asclepiodotus, the captain of the Praetorian bands, who thus at the end of ten years restored Britain to the Roman empire. Meanwhile, Diocletian in the east, and Maximian Herculius in the west, commanded the churches to be destroyed, and the Christians to be slain. This persecution was the tenth since the reign of Nero, and was more lasting and bloody than all the others before it; for it was carried on incessantly for the space of ten years, with burning of churches, outlawing of innocent persons, and the slaughter of martyrs. At length, it reached Britain also, and many persons, with the constancy of martyrs, died in the confession of their faith.

V. The Church in Britain Enjoys Peace

When the storm of persecution ceased, the faithful Christians, who, during the time of danger, had hidden themselves in woods and deserts, and secret caves, appearing in public, rebuilt the churches which had been levelled with the ground; founded, erected, and finished the temples of the holy martyrs, and, as it were, displayed their conquering ensigns in all places; they celebrated festivals, and performed their sacred rites with clean hearts and mouths. This peace continued in the churches of Britain until the time of the Arian madness, which, having corrupted the whole world, infected this island also, so far removed from the rest of the globe, with the poison of its arrows; and when the plague was thus conveyed across the sea, all the venom of every heresy immediately rushed into the island, ever fond of something new, and never holding firm to anything.

At this time, Constantius, who, whilst Diocletian was alive, governed Gaul and Spain, a man of extraordinary meekness and courtesy, died in Britain. This man left his son Constantine, born of Helen his concubine, emperor of the Gauls. Eutropius writes, that Constantine, being created emperor in Britain, succeeded his father in the sovereignty. In his time the Arian heresy broke out, and although it was detected and condemned in the Council of Nice, yet it nevertheless infected not only all the churches of the continent, but even those of the islands, with its pestilent and fatal doctrines.

VI. The Britons Ravaged by the Scots and Picts

From that time, the south part of Britain, destitute of armed soldiers, of martial stores, and of all its active youth, which had been led away by the rashness of the tyrants, never to return, was wholly exposed to

rapine, as being totally ignorant of the use of weapons. Whereupon they suffered many years under two very savage foreign nations, the Scots from the west, and the Picts from the north. We call these foreign nations, not on account of their being seated out of Britain, but because they were remote from that part of it which was possessed by the Britons; two inlets of the sea lying between them, one of which runs in far and broad into the land of Britain, from the Eastern Ocean, and the other from the Western, though they do not reach so as touch one another. The Eastern has in the midst of it the city Giudi. The Western has on it, that is, on the right hand thereof, the city Alcluith, which in their language signifies the Rock Cluith, for it is close by the river of that name.

On account of the irruption of these nations, the Britons sent messengers to Rome with letters in mournful manner, praying for succours, and promising perpetual subjection, provided that the impending enemy should be driven away. An armed legion was immediately sent them, which, arriving in the island, and engaging the enemy, slew a great multitude of them, drove the rest out of the territories of their allies, and having delivered them from their cruel oppressors, advised them to build a wall between the two seas across the island, that it might secure them, and keep off the enemy; and thus they returned home with great triumph. The islanders raising the wall, as they had been directed, not of stone, as having no artist capable of such a work, but of sods, made it of no use.

But the former enemies, when they perceived that the Roman soldiers were gone, immediately coming by sea, broke into the borders, trampled and overran all places, and like men mowing ripe corn, bore down all before them. Hereupon messengers are again sent to Rome, imploring aid, lest their wretched country should be utterly extirpated, and the name of a Roman province, so long renowned among them, overthrown by the cruelties of barbarous foreigners, might become utterly contemptible. A legion is accordingly sent again, and, arriving unexpectedly in autumn, made great slaughter of the enemy, obliging all those that could escape, to flee beyond the sea; whereas before, they were wont yearly to carry off their booty without any opposition. Then the Romans declared to the Britons, that they could not for the future undertake such troublesome expeditions for their sake, advising them rather to handle their weapons like men, and undertake themselves the charge of engaging their enemies, who would not prove too powerful for them, unless they were deterred by cowardice; and, thinking that it might be some help to the allies, whom they were forced to abandon, they built a strong stone wall from sea to sea, in a straight line between the towns that had been there built for fear of the enemy, and not far from the trench of Severus. This famous wall, which is still to be seen, was built at the public and private expense, the Britons also lending their assistance. It is eight feet in breadth, and twelve in height, in a straight line from east to west, as is still visible to beholders. This being finished, they gave that dispirited people good advice, with patterns to furnish them with arms. Besides, they built towers

on the seacoast to the southward, at proper distances, where their ships were, because there also the irruptions of the barbarians were apprehended, and so took leave of their friends, never to return again.

After their departure, the Scots and Picts, understanding that they had declared they would come no more, speedily returned, and growing more confident than they had been before, occupied all the northern and farthest part of the island, as far as the wall. Hereupon a timorous guard was placed upon the wall, where they pined away day and night in the utmost fear. On the other side, the enemy attacked them with hooked weapons, by which the cowardly defenders were dragged from the wall, and dashed against the ground. At last, the Britons, forsaking their cities and wall, took to flight and were dispersed. The enemy pursued, and the slaughter was greater than on any former occasion; for the wretched natives were torn in pieces by their enemies, as lambs are torn by wild beasts. Thus, being expelled from their dwellings and possessions, they saved themselves from starvation, by robbing and plundering one another, adding to the calamities occasioned by foreigners, by their own domestic broils, till the whole country was left destitute of food, except such as could be procured in the chase.

VII. The Britons, Compelled by Famine, Drove the Barbarians out of Their Territories

In the meantime, the aforesaid famine distressing the Britons more and more, and leaving to posterity lasting memorials of its mischievous effects, obliged many of them to submit themselves to the depredators; though others still held out, confiding in the Divine assistance, when none was to be had from men. These continually made excursions from the mountains, caves, and woods, and, at length, began to inflict severe losses on their enemies, who had been for so many years plundering the country. The Irish robbers thereupon returned home, in order to come again soon after. The Picts, both then and afterwards, remained quiet in the farthest part of the island, save that sometimes they would do some mischief, and carry off booty from the Britons.

When, however, the ravages of the enemy at length ceased, the island began to abound with such plenty of grain as had never been known in any age before; with plenty, luxury increased, and this was immediately attended with all sorts of crimes; in particular, cruelty, hatred of truth, and love of falsehood; in so much that if any one among them happened to be milder than the rest, and inclined to truth, all the rest abhorred and persecuted him, as if he had been the enemy of his country. Nor were the laity only guilty of these things, but even our Lord's own flock, and his pastors also, addicting themselves to drunkenness, animosity, litigiousness, contention, envy, and other such like crimes, and casting off the light yoke of Christ. In the meantime, on a sudden, a severe plague fell upon

that corrupt generation, which soon destroyed such numbers of them that the living were scarcely sufficient to bury the dead; yet those that survived could not be withdrawn from the spiritual death, which their sins had incurred, either by the death of their friends, or the fear of their own. Whereupon, not long after, a more severe vengeance, for their horrid wickedness, fell upon the sinful nation. They consulted what was to be done, and where they should seek assistance to prevent or repel the cruel and frequent incursions of the northern nations; and they all agreed with their King Vortigern to call over to their aid, from the parts beyond the sea, the Saxon nation; which, as the event still more evidently showed, appears to have been done by the appointment of our Lord Himself, that evil might fall upon them for their wicked deeds.

VIII. The Angles Invited into Britain

In the year of our Lord 449, Martian being made emperor with Valentinian, and the forty-sixth from Augustus, ruled the empire seven years. Then the nation of the Angles, or Saxons, being invited by the aforesaid king, arrived in Britain with three long ships, and had a place assigned them to reside in by the same king, in the eastern part of the island, that they might thus appear to be fighting for their country, whilst their real intentions were to enslave it. Accordingly they engaged with the enemy, who were come from the north to give battle, and obtained the victory; which, being known at home in their own country, as also the fertility of the country, and the cowardice of the Britons, a more considerable fleet was quickly sent over, bringing a still greater number of men, which, being added to the former, made up an invincible army. The newcomers received of the Britons a place to inhabit, upon condition that they should wage war against their enemies for the peace and security of the country, whilst the Britons agreed to furnish them with pay. Those who came over were of the three most powerful nations of Germany—Saxons, Angles, and Jutes. From the Jutes are descended the people of Kent, and of the Isle of Wight, and those also in the province of the West-Saxons who are to this day called Jutes, seated opposite to the Isle of Wight. From the Saxons, that is, the country which is now called Old Saxony, came the East-Saxons, the South-Saxons, and the West-Saxons. From the Angles, that is, the country which is called Anglia, and which is said, from that time, to remain desert to this day, between the provinces of the Jutes and the Saxons, are descended the East-Angles, the Midland-Angles, Mercians, all the race of the Northumbrians, that is, of those nations that dwell on the north side of the river Humber, and the other nations of the English. The two first commanders are said to have been Hengist and Horsa. Of whom Horsa, being afterwards slain in battle by the Britons, was buried in the eastern parts of Kent, where a monument, bearing his name, is still in existence. In a short time, swarms of the aforesaid nations came

over into the island, and they began to increase so much, that they became terrible to the natives themselves who had invited them. Then, having on a sudden entered into league with the Picts, whom they had by this time repelled by the force of their arms, they began to turn their weapons against their confederates. At first, they obliged them to furnish a greater quantity of provisions; and, seeking an occasion to quarrel, protested, that unless more plentiful supplies were brought them, they would break the confederacy, and ravage all the island; nor were they backward in putting their threats in execution. In short, the fire kindled by the hands of these pagans, proved God's just revenge for the crimes of the people. They plundered all the neighbouring cities and country, spread the conflagration from the Eastern to the Western sea, without any opposition, and covered almost every part of the devoted island. Public as well as private structures were overturned; the priests were everywhere slain before the altars; the prelates and the people, without any respect of persons, were destroyed with fire and sword; nor was there any to bury those who had been thus cruelly slaughtered. Some of the miserable remainder, being taken in the mountains, were butchered in heaps. Others, spent with hunger, came forth and submitted themselves to the enemy for food, being destined to undergo perpetual servitude, if they were not killed even upon the spot. Some, with sorrowful hearts, fled beyond the seas. Others, continuing in their own country, led a miserable life among the woods, rocks, and mountains, with scarcely enough food to support life, and expecting every moment to be their last.

IX. The Britons' First Victory over the Angles

When the victorious army, having destroyed and dispersed the natives, had returned home to their own settlements, the Britons began by degrees to take heart, and gather strength, sallying out of the lurking places where they had concealed themselves, and unanimously imploring the Divine assistance, that they might not utterly be destroyed. They had at that time for their leader, Ambrosius Aurelius, a modest man, who alone, by chance, of the Roman nation had survived the storm, in which his parents, who were of the royal race, had perished. Under him the Britons revived, and offering battle to the victors, by the help of God, came off victorious. From that day, sometimes the natives, and sometimes their enemies, prevailed.

X. The Britons Wasted Themselves by Civil Wars

In Britain, there was some respite from foreign, but not from civil war. There still remained the ruins of cities destroyed by the enemy, and abandoned; and the natives, who had escaped the enemy, now fought against each other. However, the kings, priests, private men, and the

nobility, still remembering the late calamities and slaughters, in some measure kept within bounds; but when these died, and another generation succeeded, which knew nothing of those times, and was only acquainted with the present peaceable state of things, all the bonds of sincerity and justice were so entirely broken that there was not only no trace of them remaining, but few persons seemed to be aware that such virtues had ever existed. Among other most wicked actions, not to be expressed, which their own historian, Gildas, mournfully takes notice of, they added this —that they never preached the faith to the Saxons, or English, who dwelt amongst them; however, the goodness of God did not forsake his people, whom He foreknew, but sent to the aforesaid nation much more worthy preachers, to bring it to the faith.

XI. How Pope Gregory Sent Augustine to Preach to the English Nation

In the year of our Lord 582, Maurice, the fifty-fourth from Augustus, ascended the throne, and reigned twenty-one years. In the tenth year of his reign, Gregory, a man renowned for learning and behaviour, was promoted to the apostolical see of Rome, and presided over it thirteen years, six months and ten days. He, being moved by Divine inspiration, in the fourteenth year of the same emperor, and about the one hundred and fiftieth after the coming of the English into Britain, sent the servant of God, Augustine, and with him several other monks, who feared the Lord, to preach the word of God to the English nation. They having, in obedience to the pope's commands, undertaken that work, were, on their journey, seized with a sudden fear, and began to think of returning home, rather than proceed to a barbarous, fierce, and unbelieving nation, to whose very language they were strangers; and this they unanimously agreed was the safest course. In short, they sent back Augustine, who had been appointed to be consecrated bishop in case they were received by the English, that he might, by humble entreaty, obtain of the holy Gregory, that they should not be compelled to undertake so dangerous, toilsome, and uncertain a journey. The pope, in reply, sent them a hortatory epistle, persuading them to proceed in the work of the Divine word, and rely on the assistance of the Almighty. The purport of which letter was as follows:—

"*Gregory, the servant of the servants of God, to the servants of our Lord.* Forasmuch as it had been better not to begin a good work, than to think of desisting from that which has been begun, it behoves you, my beloved sons, to fulfil the good work, which, by the help of our Lord, you have undertaken. Let not, therefore, the toil of the journey, nor the tongues of evil speaking men, deter you; but with all possible earnestness and zeal perform that which, by God's direction, you have undertaken; being assured, that much labour is followed by an eternal reward. When Augustine, your chief, returns, whom we also constitute your abbat,

humbly obey him in all things; knowing, that whatsoever you shall do by his direction, will, in all respects, be available to your souls. Almighty God protect you with his grace, and grant that I may, in the heavenly country, see the fruits of your labour."

XII. Augustine First Preached to King Ethelbert

Augustine, thus strengthened by the confirmation of the blessed Father Gregory, returned to the work of the word of God, with the servants of Christ, and arrived in Britain. The powerful Ethelbert was at that time king of Kent; he had extended his dominions as far as the great river Humber, by which the Southern Saxons are divided from the Northern. On the east of Kent is the large Isle of Thanet containing according to the English way of reckoning, 600 families, divided from the other land by the river Wantsum. In this island landed the servant of our Lord, Augustine, and his companions, being, as is reported, nearly forty men. They had, by order of the blessed Pope Gregory, taken interpreters of the nation of the Franks, and sending to Ethelbert, signified that they were come from Rome, and brought a joyful message, which most undoubtedly assured to all that took advantage of it everlasting joys in heaven, and a kingdom that would never end, with the living and true God. The king having heard this, ordered them to stay in that island where they had landed, and that they should be furnished with all necessaries, till he should consider what to do with them. For he had before heard of the Christian religion, having a Christian wife of the royal family of the Franks, called Bertha; whom he had received from her parents, upon condition that she should be permitted to practise her religion with the Bishop Luidhard, who was sent with her to preserve her faith. Some days after, the king came into the island, and sitting in the open air, ordered Augustine and his companions to be brought into his presence. For he had taken precaution that they should not come to him in any house, lest, according to an ancient superstition, if they practised any magical arts, they might impose upon him, and so get the better of him. But they came furnished with Divine, not with magic virtue, bearing a silver cross for their banner, and the image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a board; and singing the litany, they offered up their prayers to the Lord for the eternal salvation both of themselves and of those to whom they were come. When he had sat down, pursuant to the king's commands, and preached to him and his attendants there present, the word of life, the king answered thus:—"Your words and promises are very fair, but as they are new to us, and of uncertain import, I cannot approve of them so far as to forsake that which I have so long followed with the whole English nation. But because you are come from far into my kingdom, and, as I conceive, are desirous to impart to us those things which you believe to be true, and most beneficial, we will not molest you, but

give you favourable entertainment, and take care to supply you with your necessary sustenance; nor do we forbid you to preach and gain as many as you can to your religion." Accordingly he permitted them to reside in the city of Canterbury, which was the metropolis of all his dominions, and, pursuant to his promise, besides allowing them sustenance, did not refuse them liberty to preach.

XIII. St. Augustine in Kent

As soon as they entered the dwelling-place assigned them, they began to imitate the course of life practised in the primitive church; applying themselves to frequent prayer, watching and fasting; preaching the word of life to as many as they could; despising all worldly things, as not belonging to them; receiving only their necessary food from those they taught; living themselves in all respects conformably to what they prescribed to others, and being always disposed to suffer any adversity, and even to die for that truth which they preached. In short, several believed and were baptized, admiring the simplicity of their innocent life, and the sweetness of their heavenly doctrine. There was on the east side of the city a church dedicated to the honour of St. Martin, built whilst the Romans were still in the island, wherein the queen, who, as has been said before, was a Christian, used to pray. In this they first began to meet, to sing, to pray, to say mass, to preach, and to baptize, till the king, being converted to the faith, allowed them to preach openly, and build or repair churches in all places.

When he, among the rest, induced by the unspotted life of these holy men, and their delightful promises, which, by many miracles, they proved to be most certain, believed and was baptized, greater numbers began daily to flock together to hear the word, and, forsaking their heathen rites, to associate themselves, by believing, to the unity of the church of Christ. Nor was it long before he gave his teachers a settled residence in his metropolis of Canterbury, with such possessions of different kinds as were necessary for their subsistence.

XIV. St. Augustine Receives Answer to the Doubts He Had Proposed

In the meantime, Augustine, the man of God, repaired to Arles, and, pursuant to the orders received from the holy Father Gregory, was ordained archbishop of the English nation, by Aetherius, archbishop of that city. Then returning into Britain, he sent Laurentius the priest, and Peter the monk, to Rome, to acquaint Pope Gregory, that the nation of the English had received the faith of Christ, and that he was himself made their bishop. At the same time, he desired his solution of some doubts that occurred to him. He soon received proper answers to his questions, which we have also thought fit to insert in this our history—

The First Question of Augustine, Bishop of the Church of Canterbury.—Concerning bishops, how they are to behave themselves towards their clergy? or into how many portions the things given by the faithful to the altar are to be divided? and how the bishop is to act in the church?

Gregory, Pope of the City of Rome, answers.—Holy Writ, which no doubt you are well versed in, testifies, and particularly St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, wherein he endeavours to instruct him how he should behave himself in the house of God; but it is the custom of the apostolic see to prescribe rules to bishops newly ordained, that all emoluments which accrue, are to be divided into four portions;—one for the bishop and his family, because of hospitality and entertainments; another for the clergy; a third for the poor; and the fourth for the repair of churches. But in regard that you, my brother, being brought up under monastic rules, are not to live apart from your clergy in the English church, which, by God's assistance, has been lately brought to the faith; you are to follow that course of life which our forefathers did in the time of the primitive church, when none of them said anything that he possessed was his own, but all things were in common among them.

But if there are any clerks not received into holy orders, who cannot live continent, they are to take wives, and receive their stipends abroad; because we know it is written, that out of the same portions above-mentioned a distribution was made to each of them according to every one's wants. Care is also to be taken of their stipends, and provision to be made, and they are to be kept under ecclesiastical rules, that they may live orderly, and attend to singing of psalms, and, by the help of God, preserve their hearts, and tongues, and bodies from all that is unlawful. But as for those that live in common, why need we say anything of making portions, or keeping hospitality and exhibiting mercy? in as much as all that can be spared is to be spent in pious and religious works, according to the commands of Him who is the Lord and Master of all, "Give alms of such things as you have, and behold all things are clean unto you."

Augustine's Second Question.—Whereas the faith is one and the same, why are there different customs in different churches? and why is one custom of masses observed in the holy Roman church, and another in the Gallican church?

Pope Gregory answers.—You know, my brother, the custom of the Roman church in which you remember you were bred up. But it pleases me, that if you have found anything, either in the Roman, or the Gallican, or any other church, which may be more acceptable to Almighty God, you carefully make choice of the same, and sedulously teach the church of the English, which as yet is new in the faith, whatsoever you can gather from the several churches. For things are not to be loved for the sake of places, but places for the sake of good things. Choose, therefore, from every church those things that are pious, religious, and upright, and when you have, as it were, made them up into one body, let the minds of the English be accustomed thereto.

Augustine's Third Question.—I beseech you to inform me, what punishment must be inflicted, if any one shall take anything by stealth from the church?

Gregory answers.—You may judge, my brother, by the person of the thief, in what manner he is to be corrected. For there are some, who, having substance, commit theft; and there are others, who transgress in this point through want. Wherefore it is requisite that some be punished in their purses, others with stripes; some with more severity, and some more mildly. And when the severity is more, it is to proceed from charity, not from passion; because this is done to him who is corrected, that he may not be delivered up to hell-fire. For it behoves us to maintain discipline among the faithful, as good parents do with their carnal children, whom they punish with stripes for their faults, and yet design to make those their heirs whom they chastise; and they preserve what they possess for those whom they seem in anger to persecute. This charity is, therefore, to be kept in mind, and it dictates the measure of the punishment, so that the mind may do nothing beyond the rule of reason. You may add that they are to restore those things which they have stolen from the church. But, God forbid, that the church should make profit from those earthly things which it seems to lose, or seek gain out of such vanities.

Augustine's Fourth Question.—Whether two brothers may marry two sisters, which are of a family far removed from them?

Gregory answers.—This may lawfully be done; for nothing is found in holy writ that seems to contradict it.

Augustine's Fifth Question.—To what degree may the faithful marry with their kindred? and whether it is lawful for men to marry their stepmothers and relations?

Gregory answers.—A certain worldly law in the Roman commonwealth allows, that the son and daughter of a brother and sister, or of two brothers, or two sisters, may be joined in matrimony; but we have found, by experience, that no offspring can come of such wedlock; and the Divine Law forbids a man to "uncover the nakedness of his kindred." Hence of necessity it must be the third or fourth generation of the faithful, that can be lawfully joined in matrimony; for the second, which we have mentioned, must altogether abstain from one another. To marry with one's stepmother is a heinous crime, because it is written in the Law, "Thou shalt not uncover the nakedness of thy father": now the son, indeed, cannot uncover his father's nakedness; but in regard that it is written, "They shall be two in one flesh," he that presumes to uncover the nakedness of his stepmother, who was one flesh with his father, certainly uncovers the nakedness of his father. It is also prohibited to marry with a sister-in-law, because by the former union she is become the brother's flesh. For which thing also John the Baptist was beheaded, and ended his life in holy martyrdom.

But for as much as there are many of the English, who, whilst they

were still in infidelity, are said to have been joined in this execrable matrimony, when they come to the faith they are to be admonished to abstain, and be made to know that this is a grievous sin. Let them fear the dreadful judgment of God, lest, for the gratification of their carnal appetites, they incur the torments of eternal punishment. Yet they are not on this account to be deprived of the communion of the body and blood of Christ, lest they seem to be punished for those things which they did through ignorance before they had received baptism. For at this time the Holy Church chastises some things through zeal, and tolerates some through meekness, and connives at some things through discretion, that so she may often, by this forbearance and connivance, suppress the evil which she disapproves. But all that come to the faith are to be admonished not to do such things. And if any shall be guilty of them, they are to be excluded from the communion of the body and blood of Christ. For as the offence is, in some measure, to be tolerated in those who did it through ignorance, so it is to be strenuously prosecuted in those who do not fear to sin knowingly.

XV. Pope Gregory Writes to the Bishop of Arles

Thus far the answers of the holy Pope Gregory to the questions of the most reverend prelate, Augustine. But the epistle, which he says he had written to the bishop of Arles, was directed to Vergilius, successor to Aetherius, the copy whereof follows—

"To his most reverend and holy brother and fellow bishop, Vergilius; Gregory, servant of the servants of God. If our common brother, Bishop Augustine, shall happen to come to you, I desire your love will, as is becoming, receive him so kindly and affectionately that he may be supported by the honour of your consolation, and others be informed how brotherly charity is to be cultivated. And, since it often happens that those who are at a distance, sooner than others, understand the things that need correction, if any crimes of priests or others shall happen to be laid before you, you will, in conjunction with him, sharply inquire into the same. And do you both act so strictly and carefully against those things which offend God, and provoke his wrath, that for the amendment of others, the punishment may fall upon the guilty, and the innocent may not suffer an ill name."

XVI. Pope Gregory Writes to the Abbot Mellitus

The holy father, Gregory, sent letters worthy to be preserved in memory, wherein he plainly shows what care he took of the salvation of our nation. The letter was as follows—

"To his most beloved son, the Abbot Mellitus; Gregory, the servant

of the servants of God. We have been much concerned, since the departure of our congregation that is with you, because we have received no account of the success of your journey. When, therefore, Almighty God shall bring you to the most reverend Bishop Augustine, our brother, tell him what I have, upon mature deliberation on the affair of the English, determined upon, viz., that the temples of the idols in that nation ought not to be destroyed; but let the idols that are in them be destroyed; let holy water be made and sprinkled in the said temples, let altars be erected, and relics placed. For if those temples are well built, it is requisite that they be converted from the worship of devils to the service of the true God; that the nation, seeing that their temples are not destroyed, may remove error from their hearts, and knowing and adoring the true God, may the more familiarly resort to the places to which they have been accustomed. And because they have been used to slaughter many oxen in the sacrifices to devils, some solemnity must be exchanged for them on this account, as that on the day of the dedication, or the nativities of the holy martyrs, whose relics are there deposited, they may build themselves huts of the boughs of trees, about those churches which have been turned to that use from temples, and celebrate the solemnity with religious feasting, and no more offer beasts to the Devil, but kill cattle to the praise of God in their eating, and return thanks to the Giver of all things for their sustenance; to the end that, whilst some gratifications are outwardly permitted them, they may the more easily consent to the inward consolations of the grace of God. For there is no doubt that it is impossible to efface every thing at once from their obdurate minds; because he who endeavours to ascend to the highest place, rises by degrees or steps, and not by leaps. Thus the Lord made Himself known to the people of Israel in Egypt; and yet He allowed them the use of the sacrifices which they were wont to offer to the Devil, in his own worship; so as to command them in his sacrifice to kill beasts, to the end that, changing their hearts, they might lay aside one part of the sacrifice, whilst they retained another; that whilst they offered the same beasts which they were wont to offer, they should offer them to God, and not to idols; and thus they would no longer be the same sacrifices."

XVII. Pope Gregory Exhorts Augustine

At which time he also sent Augustine a letter concerning the miracles that he had heard had been wrought by him; wherein he admonishes him not to incur the danger of being puffed up by the number of them. The letter was in these words—

"I know, most loving brother, that Almighty God, by means of your affection, shows great miracles in the nation which He has chosen. Wherefore it is necessary that you rejoice with fear, and tremble whilst you rejoice, on account of the same heavenly gift; viz., that you may rejoice because the souls of the English are by outward miracles drawn to inward

grace; but that you fear, lest, amidst the wonders that are wrought, the weak mind may be puffed up in its own presumption, and as it is externally raised to honour, it may thence inwardly fall by vainglory.

"It remains, therefore, most dear brother, that amidst those things, which through the working of our Lord, you outwardly perform, you always inwardly strictly judge yourself, and clearly understand both what you are yourself, and how much grace is in that same nation, for the conversion of which you have also received the gift of working miracles. And if you remember that you have at any time offended our Creator, either by word or deed, that you always call it to mind, to the end that the remembrance of your guilt may crush the vanity which rises in your heart. And whatsoever you shall receive, or have received, in relation to working miracles, that you consider the same, not as conferred on you, but on those for whose salvation it has been given you."

XVIII. Pope Gregory to King Ethelbert

"To the most glorious Lord, and his most excellent son, Ethelbert, king of the English, Bishop Gregory. Almighty God advances all good men to the government of nations, that He may by their means bestow the gifts of his mercy on those over whom they are placed. This we know to have been done in the English nation, over whom your glory was therefore placed, that by means of the goods which are granted to you, heavenly benefits might also be conferred on the nation that is subject to you. Therefore, my illustrious son, do you carefully preserve the grace which you have received from the Divine goodness, and hasten to promote the Christian faith, which you have embraced, among the people under your subjection; multiply the zeal of your uprightness in their conversion; suppress the worship of idols; overthrow the structures of the temples; edify the manners of your subjects by much cleanness of life, exhorting, terrifying, soothing, correcting, and giving examples of good works, that you may find Him your rewarder in heaven, whose name and knowledge you shall spread abroad upon earth. For He also will render the fame of your honour more glorious to posterity, whose honour you seek and maintain among the nations.

"For even so Constantine, our most pious emperor, recovering the Roman commonwealth from the perverse worship of idols, subjected the same with himself to our Almighty God and Lord Jesus Christ, and was himself, with the people under his subjection, entirely converted to Him. Whence it followed that his praises transcended the fame of former princes; and he as much excelled his predecessors in renown as he did in good works.

"I have sent you some small presents, which will not appear small, when received by you with the blessing of the holy apostle, Peter. May Almighty God, therefore, perfect in you his grace which He has begun,

and prolong your life here through a course of many years, and after a time receive you into the congregation of the heavenly country. May heavenly grace preserve your excellency in safety."

XIX. Ethelfrid Expels the Scots

At this time, Ethelfrid, a most worthy king, and ambitious of glory, governed the kingdom of the Northumbrians, and ravaged the Britons more than all the great men of the English, in so much that he might be compared to Saul, once king of the Israelites, excepting only this, that he was ignorant of the true religion. For he conquered more territories from the Britons, either making them tributary, or driving the inhabitants clean out, and planting English in their places, than any other king or tribune. To him might justly be applied the saying of the patriarch blessing his son in the person of Saul, "Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf; in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil." Hereupon, Aedan, king of the Scots that inhabit Britain, being concerned at his success, came against him with an immense and mighty army, but was beaten by an inferior force, and put to flight; for almost all his army was slain at a famous place, called Degsastan, that is, Degsastone. In which battle also Theodbald, brother to Ethelfrid, was killed, with almost all the forces he commanded. This war Ethelfrid put an end to in the year 603 after the incarnation of our Lord, the eleventh of his own reign, which lasted twenty-four years, and the first year of the reign of Phocas, who then governed the Roman empire. From that time, no king of the Scots durst come into Britain to make war on the English to this day.

BOOK TWO

I. Death of St. Augustine

IN THE year of our Lord 604, Augustine, archbishop of Britain, ordained two bishops, viz. Mellitus and Justus; Mellitus to preach to the province of the East-Saxons, who are divided from Kent by the river Thames, and border on the Eastern sea. Their metropolis is the city of London, which is situated on the banks of the aforesaid river, and is the mart of many nations resorting to it by sea and land. When this province also received the word of truth, by the preaching of Mellitus, King Ethelbert built the church of St. Paul, in the city of London, where he and his successors should have their episcopal see. As for Justus, Augustine ordained him bishop in Kent, at the city which the English nation named Rhofescestir, from one that was formerly the chief man of it, called Rhof. It was almost twenty-four miles distant from the city of Canterbury to the westward, and contains a church dedicated to St. Andrew, the apostle. King Ethel-

bert, who built it, bestowed many gifts on the bishops of both those churches, as well as on that of Canterbury, adding lands and possessions for the use of those who were with the bishops.

After this, the beloved of God, Father Augustine, died, and his body was deposited without, close by the church of the apostles, Peter and Paul, by reason that the same was not yet finished, nor consecrated, but as soon as it was dedicated, the body was brought in, and decently buried in the north porch thereof; wherein also were interred the bodies of all the succeeding archbishops, except two only.

II. Death of Kings Ethelbert and Sabert

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 616, which is the twenty-first year after Augustine and his companions were sent to preach to the English nation, Ethelbert, king of Kent, having most gloriously governed his temporal kingdom fifty-six years, entered into the eternal joys of the kingdom which is heavenly.

King Ethelbert died on the 24th day of the month of February, twenty-one years after he had received the faith, and was buried in St. Martin's porch within the church of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, where also lies his queen, Bertha. Among other benefits which he conferred upon the nation, he also, by the advice of wise persons, introduced judicial decrees, after the Roman model; which, being written in English, are still kept and observed by them. Among which, he in the first place set down what satisfaction should be given by those who should steal anything belonging to the church, the bishop, or the other clergy, resolving to give protection to those whose doctrine he had embraced.

But after the death of Ethelbert, the accession of his son Eadbald proved very prejudicial to the new church; for he not only refused to embrace the faith of Christ, but was also defiled with such a sort of fornication as the apostle testifies was not heard of, even among the Gentiles; for he kept his father's wife. By both which crimes he gave occasion to those to return to their former uncleanness, who, under his father, had, either for favour, or through fear of the king, submitted to the laws of faith and chastity. Nor did the perfidious king escape without Divine punishment and correction; for he was troubled with frequent fits of madness, and possessed by an evil spirit. This confusion was increased by the death of Sabert, king of the East-Saxons, who departing to the heavenly kingdom, left three sons, still pagans, to inherit his temporal crown. They immediately began to profess idolatry, which, during their father's reign, they had seemed a little to abandon, and they granted free liberty to the people under their government to serve idols.

III. The Reign of King Edwin

The nation of the Northumbrians, that is, the nation of the Angles that live on the north side of the river Humber, with their king, Edwin, received the faith through the preaching of Paulinus. This Edwin, as a reward of his receiving the faith, and as an earnest of his share in the heavenly kingdom, received an increase of that which he enjoyed on earth, for he reduced under his dominion all the borders of Britain that were provinces either of the aforesaid nation, or of the Britons, a thing which no British king had ever done before; and he in like manner subjected to the English the Mevanian islands. The first whereof, which is to the southward, is the largest in extent, and most fruitful, containing nine hundred and sixty families, according to the English computation; the other above three hundred.

The occasion of this nation's embracing the faith was, their aforesaid king, being allied to the kings of Kent, having taken to wife Ethelberga, otherwise called Tate, daughter to King Ethelbert. He having by his ambassadors asked her in marriage of her brother Eadbald, who then reigned in Kent, was answered, "That it was not lawful to marry a Christian virgin to a pagan husband, lest the faith and the mysteries of the heavenly King should be profaned by her cohabiting with a king that was altogether a stranger to the worship of the true God." This answer being brought to Edwin by his messengers, he promised in no manner to act in opposition to the Christian faith, which the virgin professed; but would give leave to her, and all that went with her, men or women, priests or ministers, to follow their faith and worship after the custom of the Christians. Nor did he deny but that he would embrace the same religion, if, being examined by wise persons, it should be found more holy and more worthy of God.

Hereupon the virgin was promised, and sent to Edwin, and pursuant to what had been agreed on, Paulinus, a man beloved of God, was ordained bishop, to go with her, and by daily exhortations, and celebrating the heavenly mysteries, to confirm her and her company, lest they should be corrupted by the company of the pagans. Paulinus was ordained bishop by the Archbishop Justus, on the 21st day of July, in the year of our Lord 625, and so he came to King Edwin with the aforesaid virgin as a companion of their union in the flesh. But his mind was wholly bent upon reducing the nation to which he was sent to the knowledge of truth; according to the words of the apostle, "To espouse her to one husband, that he might present her as a chaste virgin to Christ." Being come into that province, he laboured much, not only to retain those that went with him, by the help of God, that they should not revolt from the faith, but, if he could, to convert some of the pagans to a state of grace by his preaching. But, as the apostle says, though he laboured long in the word, "The god of this world blinded the minds of them that believed not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ should shine unto them."

The next year there came into the province a certain assassin, called Eumer, sent by the king of the West-Saxons, whose name was Cuichelm, in hopes at once to deprive King Edwin of his kingdom and his life. He had a two-edged dagger, dipped in poison, to the end that if the wound were not sufficient to kill the king it might be performed by the venom. He came to the king on the first day of Easter, at the river Derwent, where then stood the regal city, and being admitted as if to deliver a message from his master, whilst he was in an artful manner delivering his pretended embassy, he started on a sudden, and drawing the dagger from under his garment, assaulted the king; which Lilla, the king's beloved minister, observing, having no buckler at hand to secure the king from death, interposed his own body to receive the stroke; but the wretch struck so home, that he wounded the king through the knight's body. Being then attacked on all sides with swords, he in that confusion also slew another soldier, whose name was Forthhere.

On that same holy night of Easter Sunday, the queen had brought forth to the king a daughter, called Eanfled. The king, in the presence of Bishop Paulinus, gave thanks to his gods for the birth of his daughter; and the bishop, on the other hand, returned thanks to Christ, and endeavoured to persuade the king, that by his prayers to Him he had obtained that the queen should bring forth the child in safety, and without much pain. The king, delighted with his words, promised, that in case God would grant him life and victory over the king by whom the assassin had been sent, he would cast off his idols, and serve Christ; and as a pledge that he would perform his promise, he delivered up that same daughter to Paulinus, to be consecrated to Christ. She was the first baptized of the nation of the Northumbrians, on Whitsunday, with twelve others of her family. At that time, the king, being recovered of the wound which he had received, marched with his army against the nation of the West-Saxons; and having begun the war, either slew or subdued all those that he had been informed had conspired to murder him. Returning thus victorious unto his own country, he would not immediately and unadvisedly embrace the mysteries of the Christian faith, though he no longer worshipped idols, ever since he made the promise that he would serve Christ; but thought fit first at leisure to be instructed, by the venerable Paulinus, in the knowledge of faith, and to confer with such as he knew to be the wisest of his prime men, to advise what they thought was fittest to be done in that case. And being a man of extraordinary sagacity, he often sat alone by himself a long time, silent as to his tongue, but deliberating in his heart how he should proceed, and which religion he should adhere to.

IV. King Edwin Is Persuaded by a Vision

A heavenly vision, which the Divine Mercy was pleased once to reveal to this king, when he was in banishment at the court of Redwald, king of

the Angles, was of no little use in urging him to embrace and understand the doctrines of salvation. Paulinus, therefore, perceiving that it was a very difficult task to incline the king's lofty mind to the humility of the way of salvation, and to embrace the mystery of the cross of life, and at the same time using both exhortation with men, and prayer to God, for his and his subjects' salvation; at length, as we may suppose, it was shown him in spirit what was the vision that had been formerly revealed to the king. Nor did he lose any time, but immediately admonished the king to perform the vow which he made, when he received the oracle, promising to put the same in execution, if he was delivered from the trouble he was at that time under, and should be advanced to the throne.

The king, hearing these words, answered that he was both willing and bound to receive the faith which he taught; but that he would confer about it with his principal friends and counsellers, to the end that if they also were of his opinion, they might all together be cleansed in Christ the Fountain of Life. Paulinus consenting, the king did as he said; for, holding a council with the wise men, he asked of every one in particular what he thought of the new doctrine, and the new worship that was preached?

One of the king's chief men, approving of his words and exhortations, presently added: "The present life of man, O king, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your commanders and ministers, and a good fire in the midst, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad; the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather, he immediately vanishes out of your sight, into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." The other elders and king's councillors, by Divine inspiration, spoke to the same effect.

V. King Edwin and His Nation Become Christians

King Edwin, with all the nobility of the nation, and a large number of the common sort, received the faith, and the washing of regeneration, in the eleventh year of his reign, which is the year of the incarnation of our Lord 627, and about one hundred and eighty after the coming of the English into Britain. He was baptized at York, on the holy day of Easter, being the 12th of April, in the church of St. Peter the Apostle, which he himself had built of timber, whilst he was catechising and instructing in order to receive baptism. In that city also he appointed the see of the bishopric of his instructor and bishop, Paulinus. But as soon as he was baptized, he took care, by the direction of the same Paulinus, to build in

the same place a larger and nobler church of stone, in the midst whereof that same oratory which he had first erected should be enclosed. Having therefore laid the foundation, he began to build the church square, encompassing the former oratory. But before the whole was raised to the proper height, the wicked assassination of the king left that work to be finished by Oswald his successor. Paulinus, for the space of six years from that time, that is, till the end of the reign of that king, by his consent and favour, preached the word of God in that country, and all that were preordained to eternal life believed and were baptized. Among whom were Osfrid and Eadfrid, King Edwin's sons, who were both born to him, whilst he was in banishment, of Quenberga, the daughter of Cearl, king of the Mercians.

So great was then the fervour of the faith, as is reported, and the desire of the washing of salvation among the nation of the Northumbrians, that Paulinus at a certain time coming with the king and queen to the royal country-seat, which is called Adgefrin, stayed there with them thirty-six days, fully occupied in catechising and baptizing; during which days, from morning till night, he did nothing else but instruct the people resorting from all villages and places, in Christ's saving word; and when instructed, he washed them with the water of absolution in the river Glen, which is close by. This town, under the following kings, was abandoned, and another was built instead of it, at the place called Melmin.

VI. Letters to the Scots concerning the Observance of Easter

Pope Honorius wrote to the Scots [Irish], whom he had found to err in the observance of Easter, earnestly exhorting them not to think their small number wiser than all the ancient and modern churches of Christ, throughout the world; and not to celebrate a different Easter, contrary to the Paschal calculation, and the synodical decrees of all the bishops upon earth. Likewise John, who succeeded Severinus, successor to the same Honorius, being yet but pope elect, sent to them letters of great authority and erudition for correcting the same error; evidently showing that Easter Sunday is to be found between the fifteenth moon and the twenty-first, as was proved in the Council of Nice. He also in the same epistle admonished them to be careful to crush the Pelagian heresy, which he had been informed was reviving among them.

VII. Edwin Being Slain, Paulinus Returns into Kent

Edwin reigned most gloriously seventeen years over the nations of the English and the Britons, six whereof, as has been said, he also was a servant in the kingdom of Christ. Cadwalla, king of the Britons, rebelled against him, being supported by Penda, a most warlike man of the royal

race of the Mercians, and who from that time governed that nation twenty-two years with various success. A great battle being fought in the plain that is called Heathfield, Edwin was killed on the 12th of October, in the year of our Lord 633, being then forty-seven years of age, and all his army was either slain or dispersed. In the same war also, before him, fell Osfrid, one of his sons, a warlike youth; Eanfrid, another of them, compelled by necessity, went over to King Penda, and was by him afterwards, in the reign of Oswald, slain, contrary to his oath. At this time a great slaughter was made in the church or nation of the Northumbrians; and the more so because one of the commanders, by whom it was made, was a pagan, and the other a barbarian, more cruel than a pagan; for Penda, with all the nation of the Mercians, was an idolater, and a stranger to the name of Christ; but Cadwalla, though he bore the name and professed himself a Christian, was so barbarous in his disposition and behaviour, that he neither spared the female sex, nor the innocent age of children, but with savage cruelty put them to tormenting deaths, ravaging all their country for a long time, and resolving to cut off all the race of the English within the borders of Britain. Nor did he pay any respect to the Christian religion which had newly taken root among them; it being to this day the custom of the Britons not to pay any respect to the faith and religion of the English, nor to correspond with them any more than with pagans. King Edwin's head was brought to York, and afterwards into the church of St. Peter the Apostle, which he had begun, but which his successor Oswald finished, as has been said before. It was deposited in the porch of St. Gregory, Pope, from whose disciples he had received the word of life.

The affairs of the Northumbrians being in confusion, by reason of this disaster, without any prospect of safety except in flight, Paulinus, taking with him Queen Ethelberga, whom he had before brought thither, returned into Kent by sea, and was honourably received by the Archbishop Honorius and King Eadbald.

BOOK THREE

I. How Edwin's Successors Lost Both Faith and Kingdom

EDWIN being slain in battle, the kingdom of the Deira, to which province his family belonged, and where he first began to reign, devolved on Osric, the son of his uncle Elfric, who, through the preaching of Paulinus, had also received the faith. But the kingdom of the Bernicians—for into these two provinces the nation of the Northumbrians was formerly divided—was possessed by Eanfrid, the son of Ethelfrid, who derived his origin from the royal family of that province. For all the time that Edwin reigned, the sons of the aforesaid Ethelfrid, who had reigned before him, with many of the nobility, lived in banishment among the Scots or Picts, and were there instructed according to the doctrine of the Scots, and re-

ceived the grace of baptism. Upon the death of the king, their enemy, they returned home, and Eanfrid, as the eldest of them, mentioned above, became king of the Bernicians. Both those kings, as soon as they obtained the government of their earthly kingdoms, renounced and lost the faith of the heavenly kingdom, and again delivered themselves up to be defiled by the abominations of their former idols.

But soon after, the king of the Britons, Cadwalla, slew them both, through the rightful vengeance of Heaven, though the act was base in him. He first slew Osric, the next summer; for, being besieged by him in a strong town, he sallied out on a sudden with all his forces, by surprise, and destroyed him and all his army. After this, for the space of a year, he reigned over the provinces of the Northumbrians, not like a victorious king, but like a rapacious and bloody tyrant, and at length brought to the same end Eanfrid, who unadvisedly came to him with only twelve chosen soldiers, to sue for peace. To this day, that year is looked upon as unhappy, and hateful to all good men; as well on account of the apostasy of the English kings, who had renounced the faith, as of the outrageous tyranny of the British king. Hence it has been agreed by all who have written about the reigns of the kings, to abolish the memory of those perfidious monarchs, and to assign that year to the reign of the following king, Oswald, a man beloved by God. This last king, after the death of his brother Eanfrid, advanced with an army, small, indeed, in number, but strengthened with the faith of Christ; and the impious commander of the Britons was slain, though he had most numerous forces, which he boasted nothing could withstand, at a place in the English tongue called Denisesburn, that is, Denis's-brook.

II. King Oswald, Asking a Bishop of the Scottish Nation, Had Aidan Sent Him

The same Oswald, as soon as he ascended the throne, being desirous that all his nation should receive the Christian faith, whereof he had found happy experience in vanquishing the barbarians, sent to the elders of the Scots, among whom himself and his followers, when in banishment, had received the sacrament of baptism, desiring they would send him a bishop, by whose instruction and ministry the English nation, which he governed, might be taught the advantages, and receive the sacraments of the Christian faith. Nor were they slow in granting his request; but sent him Bishop Aidan, a man of singular meekness, piety, and moderation; zealous in the cause of God, though not altogether according to knowledge; for he was wont to keep Easter Sunday according to the custom of his country, which we have before so often mentioned, from the fourteenth to the twentieth moon; the northern province of the Scots, and all the nation of the Picts, celebrating Easter then after that manner, and believing that they therein followed the writings of the holy and praise-

worthy Father Anatolius; the truth of which every skilful person can discern. But the Scots which dwelt in the South of Ireland had long since, by the admonition of the bishop of the Apostolic See, learned to observe Easter according to the canonical custom.

On the arrival of the bishop, the king appointed him his episcopal see in the isle of Lindisfarne, as he desired. Which place, as the tide flows and ebbs twice a day, is enclosed by the waves of the sea like an island; and again, twice in the day, when the shore is left dry, becomes contiguous to the land. The king also humbly and willingly in all cases giving ear to his admonitions, industriously applied himself to build and extend the church of Christ in his kingdom; wherein, when the bishop, who was not skilful in the English tongue, preached the gospel, it was most delightful to see the king himself interpreting the word of God to his commanders and ministers, for he had perfectly learned the language of the Scots during his long banishment. From that time many of the Scots came daily into Britain, and with great devotion preached the word to those provinces of the English, over which King Oswald reigned, and those among them that had received priest's orders, administered to them the grace of baptism. Churches were built in several places; the people joyfully flocked together to hear the word; money and lands were given of the king's bounty to build monasteries; the English, great and small, were, by their Scottish masters, instructed in the rules and observance of regular discipline; for most of them that came to preach were monks. Bishop Aidan was himself a monk of the island called Hii, whose monastery was for a long time the chief of almost all those of the northern Scots, and all those of the Picts, and had the direction of their people. That island belongs to Britain, being divided from it by a small arm of the sea, but had been long since given by the Picts, who inhabit those parts of Britain, to the Scottish monks, because they had received the faith of Christ through their preaching.

III. When the Nation of the Picts Received the Faith

In the year of our Lord 565, when Justin, the younger, the successor of Justinian, had the government of the Roman empire, there came into Britain a famous priest and abbat, a monk by habit and life, whose name was Columba, to preach the word of God to the provinces of the northern Picts, who are separated from the southern parts by steep and rugged mountains; for the southern Picts, who dwell on this side of those mountains, had long before, as is reported, forsaken the errors of idolatry, and embraced the truth, by the preaching of Ninias, a most reverend bishop and holy man of the British nation, who had been regularly instructed at Rome, in the faith and mysteries of the truth; whose episcopal see, named after St. Martin the bishop, and famous for a stately church (wherein he and many other saints rest in the body), is still in existence among the

English nation. The place belongs to the province of the Bernicians, and is generally called the White House, because he there built a church of stone, which was not usual among the Britons.

Columba came into Britain in the ninth year of the reign of Bridius who was the son of Meilochon, and the powerful king of the Pictish nation, and he converted that nation to the faith of Christ, by his preaching and example, whereupon he also received of them the aforesaid island for a monastery, for it is not very large, but contains about five families, according to the English computation. His successors hold the island to this day; he was also buried therein, having died at the age of seventy-seven, about thirty-two years after he came into Britain to preach. Before he passed over into Britain, he had built a noble monastery in Ireland, which, from the great number of oaks, is in the Scottish tongue called Dearmach —The Field of Oaks. From both which monasteries, many others had their beginning through his disciples, both in Britain and Ireland; but the monastery in the island where his body lies, is the principal of them all.

That island has for its ruler an abbat, who is a priest, to whose direction all the province, and even the bishops, contrary to the usual method, are subject, according to the example of their first teacher, who was not a bishop, but a priest and monk; of whose life and discourses some writings are said to be preserved by his disciples. But whatsoever he was himself, this we know for certain, that he left successors renowned for their continency, their love of God, and observance of monastic rules. It is true they followed uncertain rules in their observance of the great festival, as having none to bring them the synodal decrees for the observance of Easter, by reason of their being so far away from the rest of the world; wherefore they only practised such works of piety and chastity as they could learn from the prophetical, evangelical, and apostolical writings. This manner of keeping Easter continued among them for the space of 150 years, till the year of our Lord's incarnation 715.

IV. How the Controversy Arose about the Due Time of Keeping Easter

In the meantime, Bishop Aidan being dead, Finan, who was ordained and sent by the Scots, succeeded him in the bishopric, and built a church in the Isle of Lindisfarne, the episcopal see; nevertheless, after the manner of the Scots, he made it, not of stone, but of hewn oak, and covered it with reeds; and the same was afterwards dedicated in honour of St. Peter the Apostle, by the reverend Archbishop Theodore. Eadbert, also bishop of that place, took off the thatch, and covered it, both roof and walls, with plates of lead.

At this time, a great and frequent controversy happened about the observance of Easter; those that came from Kent or France affirming that the Scots kept Easter Sunday contrary to the custom of the universal church. Among them was a most zealous defender of the true Easter,

whose name was Ronan, a Scot by nation, but instructed in ecclesiastical truth, either in France or Italy, who, disputing with Finan, convinced many, or at least induced them to make a more strict inquiry after the truth; yet he could not prevail upon Finan, but, on the contrary, made him the more inveterate by reproof, and a professed opposer of the truth, being of a hot and violent temper. James, formerly the deacon of the venerable Archbishop Paulinus, kept the true and Catholic Easter, with all those that he could persuade to adopt the right way. Queen Eanfleda and her followers also observed the same as she had seen practised in Kent, having with her a Kentish priest that followed the Catholic mode, whose name was Romanus. Thus it is said to have happened in those times that Easter was twice kept in one year; and that when the king having ended the time of fasting, kept his Easter, the queen and her followers were still fasting, and celebrating Palm Sunday. This difference about the observance of Easter, whilst Aidan lived, was patiently tolerated by all men, as being sensible, that though he could not keep Easter contrary to the custom of those who had sent him, yet he industriously laboured to practise all works of faith, piety, and love, according to the custom of all holy men; for which reason he was deservedly beloved by all; even by those who differed in opinion concerning Easter, and was held in veneration, not only by indifferent persons, but even by the bishops, Honorius of Canterbury, and Felix of the East Angles.

But after the death of Finan, who succeeded him, when Colman, who was also sent out of Scotland, came to be bishop, a greater controversy arose about the observance of Easter, and the rules of ecclesiastical life. Whereupon this dispute began naturally to influence the thoughts and hearts of many, who feared, lest having received the name of Christians, they might happen to run, or to have run, in vain. This reached the ears of King Oswy and his son Alfrid; for Oswy, having been instructed and baptized by the Scots, and being very perfectly skilled in their language, thought nothing better than what they taught. But Alfrid, having been instructed in Christianity by Wilfrid, a most learned man, who had first gone to Rome to learn the ecclesiastical doctrine, and spent much time at Lyons with Dalfin, archbishop of France, from whom also he had received the ecclesiastical tonsure, rightly thought this man's doctrine ought to be preferred before all the traditions of the Scots. For this reason he had also given him a monastery of forty families, at a place called Rhypum; which place, not long before, he had given to those that followed the system of the Scots for a monastery; but for as much as they afterwards, being left to their choice, prepared to quit the place rather than alter their opinion, he gave the place to him, whose life and doctrine were worthy of it.

Agilbert, bishop of the West Saxons, above-mentioned, a friend to King Alfrid and to Abbat Wilfrid, had at that time come into the province of the Northumbrians, and was making some stay among them; at the request of Alfrid, made Wilfrid a priest in his monastery. He had in his company a priest, whose name was Agatho. The controversy being

there started, concerning Easter, or the tonsure, or other ecclesiastical affairs, it was agreed that a synod should be held in the monastery of Streaneshalch, which signifies the Bay of the Lighthouse, where the Abbess Hilda, a woman devoted to God, then presided; and that there this controversy should be decided. The kings, both father and son, came thither, Bishop Colman with his Scottish clerks, and Agilbert with the priests Agatho and Wilfrid, James and Romanus were on their side; but the Abbess Hilda and her followers were for the Scots, as was also the venerable Bishop Cedd, long before ordained by the Scots, as has been said above, and he was in that council a most careful interpreter for both parties.

King Oswy first observed, that it behoved those who served one God to observe the same rule of life; and as they all expected the same kingdom in heaven, so they ought not to differ in the celebration of the Divine mysteries; but rather to inquire which was the truest tradition, that the same might be followed by all; he then commanded his bishop, Colman, first to declare what the custom was which he observed, and whence it derived its origin. Then Colman said, "The Easter which I keep, I received from my elders, who sent me bishop hither; all our forefathers, men beloved of God, are known to have kept it after the same manner; and that the same may not seem to any contemptible or worthy to be rejected, it is the same which St. John the Evangelist, the disciple beloved of our Lord, with all the churches over which he presided, is recorded to have observed." Having said thus much, and more to the like effect, the king commanded Agilbert to show whence his custom of keeping Easter was derived, or on what authority it was grounded. Agilbert answered, "I desire that my disciple, the priest Wilfrid, may speak in my stead; because we both concur with the other followers of the ecclesiastical tradition that are here present, and he can better explain our opinion in the English language, than I can by an interpreter."

Then Wilfrid, being ordered by the king to speak, delivered himself thus:—"The Easter which we observe, we saw celebrated by all at Rome, where the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, lived, taught, suffered, and were buried; we saw the same done in Italy and in France, when we travelled through those countries for pilgrimage and prayer. We found the same practised in Africa, Asia, Egypt, Greece, and all the world, wherever the church of Christ is spread abroad, through several nations and tongues, at one and the same time; except only these and their accomplices in obstinacy, I mean the Picts and the Britons, who foolishly, in these two remote islands of the world, and only in part even of them, oppose all the rest of the universe." When he had so said, Colman answered, "It is strange that you will call our labours foolish, wherein we follow the example of so great an apostle, who was thought worthy to lay his head on our Lord's bosom, when all the world knows him to have lived most wisely." Wilfrid replied, "Far be it from us to charge John with folly, for he literally observed the precepts of the Jewish law, whilst

the church still Judaized in many points, and the apostles were not able at once to cast off all the observances of the law which had been instituted by God. In which way it is necessary that all who come to the faith should forsake the idols which were invented by devils, that they might not give scandal to the Jews that were among the Gentiles. For this reason it was that Paul circumcised Timothy, that he offered sacrifice in the temple, that he shaved his head with Aquila and Priscilla at Corinth; for no other advantage than to avoid giving scandal to the Jews. Hence it was that James said, to the same Paul, 'You see, brother, how many thousands of the Jews have believed; and they are all zealous for the law. And yet, at this time, the Gospel spreading throughout the world, it is needless, nay, it is not lawful, for the faithful either to be circumcised, or to offer up to God sacrifices of flesh.' So John, pursuant to the custom of the law, began the celebration of the feast of Easter, on the fourteenth day of the first month, in the evening, not regarding whether the same happened on a Saturday, or any other day. But when Peter preached at Rome, being mindful that our Lord arose from the dead, and gave the world the hopes of resurrection, on the first day after the Sabbath, he understood that Easter ought to be observed, so as always to stay till the rising of the moon on the fourteenth day of the first moon, in the evening, according to the custom and precepts of the law, even as John did. And when that came, if the Lord's day, then called the first day after the Sabbath, was the next day, he began that very evening to keep Easter, as we all do at this day. But if the Lord's day did not fall the next morning after the fourteenth moon, but on the sixteenth, or the seventeenth, or any other moon till the twenty-first, he waited for that, and on the Saturday before, in the evening, began to observe the holy solemnity of Easter. Thus it came to pass, that Easter Sunday was only kept from the fifteenth moon to the twenty-first. Nor does this evangelical and apostolic tradition abolish the law, but rather fulfil it; the command being to keep the passover from the fourteenth moon of the first month in the evening to the twenty-first moon of the same month in the evening; which observance all the successors of St. John in Asia, since his death, and all the church throughout the world, have since followed; and that this is the true Easter, and the only one to be kept by the faithful, was not newly decreed by the council of Nice, but only confirmed afresh; as the Church History informs us.

"Thus it appears, that you, Colman, neither follow the example of John, as you imagine, nor that of Peter, whose traditions you knowingly contradict; and that you neither agree with the law nor the Gospel in the keeping of your Easter. For John, keeping the Paschal time according to the decree of the Mosaic law, had no regard to the first day after the Sabbath, which you do not practise, who celebrate Easter only on the first day after the Sabbath. Peter kept Easter Sunday between the fifteenth and the twenty-first moon, which you do not, but keep Easter Sunday from the fourteenth to the twentieth moon; so that you often begin Easter on the thirteenth moon in the evening, whereof neither the law made any men-

tion, nor did our Lord, the Author and Giver of the Gospel, on that day, but on the fourteenth, either eat the old passover in the evening, or deliver the sacraments of the New Testament, to be celebrated by the church, in memory of his passion. Besides, in your celebration of Easter, you utterly exclude the twenty-first moon, which the law ordered to be principally observed. Thus, as I said before, you agree neither with John nor Peter, nor with the law, nor the Gospel, in the celebration of the greatest festival.

"But as for you and your companions, you certainly sin, if, having heard the decrees of the Apostolic See, and of the universal church, and that the same is confirmed by holy writ, you refuse to follow them; for, though your fathers were holy, do you think that their small number, in a corner of the remotest island, is to be preferred before the universal church of Christ throughout the world? And if that Columba of yours (and, I may say, ours also, if he was Christ's servant), was a holy man and powerful in miracles, yet could he be preferred before the most blessed prince of the apostles, to whom our Lord said, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and to thee I will give the keys of the kingdom of heaven?' "

When Wilfrid had spoken thus, the king said, "Is it true, Colman, that these words were spoken to Peter by our Lord?" He answered, "It is true, O king!" Then says he, "Can you show any such power given to your Columba?" Colman answered, "None." Then added the king, "Do you both agree that these words were principally directed to Peter, and that the keys of heaven were given to him by our Lord?" They both answered, "We do." Then the king concluded, "And I also say unto you, that he is the door-keeper, whom I will not contradict, but will, as far as I know and am able, in all things obey his decrees, lest, when I come to the gates of the kingdom of heaven, there should be none to open them, he being my adversary who is proved to have the keys." The king having said this, all present, both great and small, gave their assent, and renouncing the more imperfect institution, resolved to conform to that which they found to be better.

BOOK FOUR

A Brother on Whom the Gift of Writing Verses Was Bestowed by Heaven

THERE was a certain brother, particularly remarkable for the grace of God, who was wont to make pious and religious verses, so that whatever was interpreted to him out of Scripture, he soon after put the same into poetical expressions of much sweetness and humility, in English, which was his native language. By his verses the minds of many were often excited to despise the world, and to aspire to heaven. Others after him attempted, in the English nation, to compose religious poems, but none could ever com-

pare with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, but from God; for which reason he never could compose any trivial or vain poem, but only those which relate to religion suited his religious tongue; for having lived in a secular habit till he was well advanced in years, he had never learned anything of versifying; for which reason being sometimes at entertainments, when it was agreed for the sake of mirth that all present should sing in their turns, when he saw the instrument come towards him, he rose up from table and returned home.

Having done so at a certain time, and gone out of the house where the entertainment was, to the stable, where he had to take care of the horses that night, he there composed himself to rest at the proper time; a person appeared to him in his sleep, and saluting him by his name, said, "Caedmon, sing some song to me." He answered, "I cannot sing; for that was the reason why I left the entertainment, and retired to this place because I could not sing." The other who talked to him, replied, "However, you shall sing."—"What shall I sing?" rejoined he. "Sing the beginning of created beings," said the other. Hereupon he presently began to sing verses to the praise of God, which he had never heard, the purport whereof was thus:—We are now to praise the Maker of the heavenly kingdom, the power of the Creator and his counsel, the deeds of the Father of glory. How He, being the eternal God, became the author of all miracles, who first, as almighty preserver of the human race, created heaven for the sons of men as the roof of the house, and next the earth. This is the sense, but not the words in order as he sang them in his sleep; for verses, though never so well composed, cannot be literally translated out of one language into another, without losing much of their beauty and loftiness. Awaking from his sleep, he remembered all that he had sung in his dream, and soon added much more to the same effect in verse worthy of the Deity.

In the morning he came to the steward, his superior, and having acquainted him with the gift he had received, was conducted to the abbess, by whom he was ordered, in the presence of many learned men, to tell his dream, and repeat the verses, that they might all give their judgment what it was, and whence his verse proceeded. They all concluded, that heavenly grace had been conferred on him by our Lord. They expounded to him a passage in holy writ, either historical, or doctrinal, ordering him, if he could, to put the same into verse. Having undertaken it, he went away, and returning the next morning, gave it to them composed in most excellent verse; whereupon the abbess, embracing the grace of God in the man, instructed him to quit the secular habit, and take upon him the monastic life; which being accordingly done, she associated him to the rest of the brethren in her monastery, and ordered that he should be taught the whole series of sacred history. Thus Caedmon, keeping in mind all he heard, and as it were chewing the cud, converted the same into most harmonious verse; and sweetly repeating the same, made his masters in their turn his hearers. He sang the creation of the world, the origin of man, and all the history of Genesis: and made many verses on the departure of the children

of Israel out of Egypt, and their entering into the land of promise, with many other histories from holy writ; the incarnation, passion, resurrection of our Lord, and his ascension into heaven; the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the preaching of the apostles; also the terror of future judgment, the horror of the pains of hell, and the delights of heaven; besides many more about the Divine benefits and judgments, by which he endeavoured to turn away all men from the love of vice, and to excite in them the love of, and application to, good actions; for he was a very religious man, humbly submissive to regular discipline, but full of zeal against those who behaved themselves otherwise; for which reason he ended his life happily.

For when the time of his departure drew near, he laboured for the space of fourteen days under a bodily infirmity which seemed to prepare the way, yet so moderate that he could talk and walk the whole time. In his neighbourhood was the house to which those that were sick, and like shortly to die, were carried. He desired the person that attended him, in the evening, as the night came on in which he was to depart this life, to make ready a place there for him to take his rest. This person, wondering why he should desire it, because there was as yet no sign of his dying soon, did what he had ordered. He accordingly went there, and conversing pleasantly in a joyful manner with the rest that were in the house before, when it was past midnight, he asked them, whether they had the Eucharist there? They answered, "What need of the Eucharist? for you are not likely to die, since you talk so merrily with us, as if you were in perfect health."—"However," said he, "bring me the Eucharist." Having received the same into his hand, he asked whether they were all in charity with him, and without any enmity or rancour? They answered that they were all in perfect charity, and free from anger; and in their turn asked him whether he was in the same mind towards them? He answered, "I am in charity, my children, with all the servants of God." Then strengthening himself with the heavenly viaticum, he prepared for the entrance into another life, and asked how near the time was when the brothers were to be awakened to sing the nocturnal praises of our Lord? They answered, "It is not far off." Then he said, "Well, let us wait that hour;" and signing himself with the sign of the cross, he laid his head on the pillow, and falling into a slumber, ended his life so in silence.

Thus it came to pass, that as he had served God with a simple and pure mind, and undisturbed devotion, so he now departed to his presence, leaving the world by a quiet death; and that tongue, which had composed so many holy words in praise of the Creator, uttered its last words whilst he was in the act of signing himself with the cross, and recommending himself into his hands, and by what has been here said, he seems to have had foreknowledge of his death.

BOOK FIVE

I. Several Churches of the Scots Conformed to the Catholic Easter

AT THIS TIME [A.D. 703] a great part of the Scots in Ireland, and some also of the Britons in Britain, through the goodness of God, conformed to the proper and ecclesiastical time of keeping Easter. Adamnan, priest and abbat of the monks that were in the isle of Hii, was sent ambassador by his nation to Alfrid, king of the English, where he made some stay, observing the canonical rites of the church, and was earnestly admonished by many, who were more learned than himself, not to presume to live contrary to the universal custom of the Church, either in relation to the observance of Easter, or any other decrees whatsoever, considering the small number of his followers, seated in so distant a corner of the world; in consequence of this he changed his mind, and readily preferred those things which he had seen and heard in the English churches, to the customs which he and his people had hitherto followed. For he was a good and wise man, and remarkably learned in Holy Scripture. Returning home, he endeavoured to bring his own people that were in the isle of Hii, or that were subject to that monastery, into the way of truth, which he had learned and embraced with all his heart; but in this he could not prevail. He then sailed over into Ireland, to preach to those people, and by modestly declaring the legal time of Easter, he reduced many of them, and almost all that were not under the dominion of those of Hii, to the Catholic unity, and taught them to keep the legal time of Easter.

Returning to his island, after having celebrated the canonical Easter in Ireland, he most earnestly inculcated the observance of the Catholic time of Easter in his monastery, yet without being able to prevail; and it so happened that he departed this life before the next year came round, the Divine goodness so ordaining it, that as he was a great lover of peace and unity, he should be taken away to everlasting life before he should be obliged, on the return of the time of Easter, to quarrel still more seriously with those that would not follow him in the truth.

This same person wrote a book about the holy places, most useful to many readers; his authority, from whom he procured his information, was Arculf, a French bishop, who had gone to Jerusalem for the sake of the holy places; and having seen all the Land of Promise, travelled to Damascus, Constantinople, Alexandria, and many islands, and returning home by sea, was by a violent storm forced upon the western coast of Britain. After many other accidents, he came to the aforesaid servant of Christ, Adamnan, who, finding him to be learned in the Scriptures, and acquainted with the holy places, entertained him zealously, and attentively gave ear to him, in so much that he presently committed to writing all that Arculf said he had seen remarkable in the holy places. Thus he composed a work bene-

ficial to many, and particularly to those who, being far removed from those places where the patriarchs and apostles lived, know no more of them than what they learn by reading. Adamnan presented this book to King Alfrid, and through his bounty it came to be read by lesser persons.

II. The Present State of the English Nation

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 725, being the seventh year of Osric, king of the Northumbrians, who succeeded Coenred, Wictred, the son of Egbert, king of Kent, died on the 23rd of April, and left his three sons, Ethelbert, Eadbert, and Alric, heirs of that kingdom, which he had governed thirty-four years and a half. The next year died Tobias, bishop of the church of Rochester, a most learned man, disciple to those teachers of blessed memory, Theodore, the archbishop, and Abbat Hadrian, by which means, besides his erudition in ecclesiastical and general literature, he learned both the Greek and Latin tongues to such perfection, that they were as well known and familiar to him as his native language. He was buried in the porch of St. Paul the Apostle, which he had built within the church of St. Andrew for his own place of burial. After him Aldwulf took upon him the office of bishop, having been consecrated by Archbishop Bertwald.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 729, two comets appeared about the sun, to the great terror of the beholders. One of them went before the rising sun in the morning, the other followed him when he set at night, as it were presaging much destruction to the east and west; one was the forerunner of the day, and the other of the night, to signify that mortals were threatened with calamities at both times. They carried their flaming tails towards the north, as it were ready to set the world on fire. They appeared in January, and continued nearly a fortnight. At which time a dreadful plague of Saracens ravaged France with miserable slaughter; but they not long after in that country received the punishment due to their wickedness. In which year the holy man of God, Egbert, departed to our Lord on Easter day; and immediately after Easter, that is, on the 9th of May, Osric, king of the Northumbrians, departed this life, after he had reigned eleven years, and appointed Ceolwulf, brother to Coenred, who had reigned before him, his successor; the beginning and progress of whose reign were so filled with commotions, that it cannot yet be known what is to be said concerning them, or what end they will have.

In the year of our Lord's incarnation 731, Archbishop Bertwald died of old age, on the 9th of January, having held his see thirty-seven years, six months and fourteen days. In his stead, the same year, Tatwine, of the province of the Mercians, was made archbishop, having been a priest in the monastery called Briudun. He was consecrated in the city of Canterbury by the venerable men, Daniel, bishop of Winchester, Ingwald of London, Aldwin of Lichfield, and Aldwulf of Rochester, on Sunday, the

10th of June, being a man renowned for religion and wisdom, and notably learned in Sacred Writ.

Thus at present, the bishops Tatwine and Aldwulf preside in the churches of Kent; Ingwald in the province of the East Saxons. In the province of the East Angles, Aldbert and Hadulac are bishops; in the province of the West Saxons, Daniel and Forthere are bishops; in the province of the Mercians, Aldwin. Among those people who live beyond the river Severn to the westward, Walstod is bishop; in the province of the Wiccians, Wilfrid; in the province of the Lindisfarnes, Cynebert presides: the bishopric of the Isle of Wight belongs to Daniel, bishop of Winchester. The province of the South Saxons, having now continued some years without a bishop, receives the episcopal ministry from the prelate of the West Saxons. All these provinces, and the others southward to the bank of the river Humber, with their kings, are subject to King Ethelbald.

But in the province of the Northumbrians, where King Ceolwulf reigns, four bishops now preside: Wilfrid in the church of York, Ethelwald in that of Lindisfarne, Acca in that of Hagulstad, Pechthelm in that which is called the White House, which, from the increased number of believers, has lately become an episcopal see, and has him for its first prelate. The Picts also at this time are at peace with the English nation, and rejoice in being united in peace and truth with the whole Catholic Church. The Scots that inhabit Britain, satisfied with their own territories, meditate no hostilities against the nation of the English. The Britons, though they, for the most part, through innate hatred, are adverse to the English nation, and wrongfully, and from wicked custom, oppose the appointed Easter of the whole Catholic Church; yet, from both the Divine and human power withstanding them, can in no way prevail as they desire; for though in part they are their own masters, yet elsewhere they are also brought under subjection to the English. Such being the peaceable and calm disposition of the times, many of the Northumbrians, as well of the nobility as private persons, laying aside their weapons, rather incline to dedicate both themselves and their children to the tonsure and monastic vows, than to study martial discipline. What will be the end hereof, the next age will show. This is for the present the state of all Britain; in the year since the coming of the English into Britain about 285, but in the 731st year of the incarnation of our Lord, in whose reign may the earth ever rejoice; may Britain exult in the profession of His faith; and may many islands be glad, and sing praises in honour of His holiness!

THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

by

EDWARD GIBBON

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EDWARD GIBBON

1737–1794

THE *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is perhaps the most famous historical masterpiece in the English language. The first volume appeared in 1776, the year of the American Revolution. The last was published eleven years later in 1787, two years before the outbreak of the French Revolution.

The author of this famous work, Edward Gibbon, was born in 1737, son of the Member of Parliament for Petersfield. Edward was the only survivor of seven children and was himself so delicate in health as a child that his life was often despaired of. Spells of ill-health interrupted his early schooling but, like many a frail child, he read widely. At sixteen he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, his mind furbished with an extraordinary combination of learning and ignorance.

After two years at Oxford, Gibbon entered the Catholic Church. An annoyed father thereupon sent him to live at Lausanne, Switzerland, with Monsieur Pavillard, a Calvinist minister. After two years in this environment, Gibbon renounced his Catholicism.

The young man continued to study, travel, and build up his health in Switzerland. In 1757 he met Voltaire. He also met and fell in love with Susan Curchod—who afterwards became Madame Necker. Gibbon returned to England to learn that his father, who had recently remarried, disapproved of the match. Edward "sighed as a lover" but "obeyed as a son."

The dutiful young man returned to the Continent for further study and travel. In 1763 he shared the interests of the intellectual circles in Paris and became well acquainted with the Encyclopedists Diderot and D'Alembert. The following winter he visited Italy. It was in Rome in October 1764, as he sat viewing the ruins of the ancient city, that Gibbon conceived the idea of writing the history of the decline and fall of

the great Roman state. The extensive researches necessary for so large an undertaking were begun shortly thereafter.

In 1774 Gibbon became Member of Parliament for Liskeard—his father had died four years earlier. He was given a seat on the Board of Trade and Plantations, at a salary of eight hundred pounds a year, which he held until the fall of Lord North's ministry and the abolition of the Board by Burke. Gibbon then decided to devote his whole time to the history. He sold all his possessions except his library and settled in Lausanne in September 1783. His parliamentary career had been "a school of civil prudence" of highest value to a historian. Three volumes of the history were already in print when Gibbon established himself permanently in Lausanne. The fourth was issued in 1784. The public eagerly awaited the appearance of each new volume and the demand caused each to pass immediately through several printings.

The *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* opens with a description of the empire in the age of the Antonines, toward the end of an era of nearly two centuries of peace and prosperity. The work divides naturally into two parts. The first half is a detailed account of the empire's history to the collapse of the imperial government in the West in 476. The second half, in a less rigorous manner, is concentrated upon the history of the surviving Eastern empire. The scope is broadened to include the history of events of world-wide importance which affected the development of the Byzantine East, such as the rise of Islam, the growth of the Frankish empire, the Crusades, and the invasions by Asiatics from Genghis Khan to the Turks. It concludes with the seizure of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453.

This is history in the grand manner, presented in an elegant and spacious style devised by Gibbon as appropriate to the character of his subject. The modern reader, conditioned to the pace of journalese, may encounter some slight initial difficulty in adjusting himself to the dignified march of Gibbon's periods. For example, of the younger Gordion, Gibbon observes: "Twenty-two acknowledged concubines, and a library of sixty-two thousand volumes, attested the variety of his inclinations, and from the productions which he left behind him, it appears that the former as well as the latter were designed for use rather than ostentation." A modern writer would undoubtedly present the same information in a somewhat different manner. But it must be acknowledged that the style is well suited both to the subject and to the exact disclosure of the mind and temper of the author.

THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

I. THE EMPIRE IN THE AGE OF THE ANTONINES

In the second century of the Christian era, the empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilised portion of mankind. The frontiers of that extensive monarchy were guarded by ancient renown and disciplined valour. The gentle but powerful influence of laws and manners had gradually cemented the union of the provinces. Their peaceful inhabitants enjoyed and abused the advantages of wealth and luxury. The image of a free constitution was preserved with decent reverence: the Roman senate appeared to possess the sovereign authority, and devolved on the emperors all the executive powers of government. During a happy period (A.D. 98–180) of more than fourscore years, the public administration was conducted by the virtue and abilities of Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines.

The principal conquests of the Romans were achieved under the republic. The seven first centuries were filled with a rapid succession of triumphs; but it was reserved for Augustus to relinquish the ambitious design of subduing the whole earth, and to introduce a spirit of moderation into the public councils. On the death of that emperor, his testament was publicly read in the senate. He bequeathed, as a valuable legacy to his successors, the advice of confining the empire within those limits, which Nature seemed to have placed as its permanent bulwarks and boundaries; on the west the Atlantic ocean; the Rhine and Danube on the north; the Euphrates on the east; and towards the south, the sandy deserts of Arabia and Africa.

Happily for the repose of mankind, the moderate system recommended by the wisdom of Augustus, was adopted by the fears and vices of his immediate successors. Engaged in the pursuit of pleasure, or in the exercise of tyranny, the first Caesars seldom showed themselves to the

armies, or to the provinces; nor were they disposed to suffer, that those triumphs which *their* indolence neglected should be usurped by the conduct and valour of their lieutenants.

The only accession which the Roman empire received, during the first century of the Christian era, was the province of Britain. In this single instance the successors of Caesar and Augustus were persuaded to follow the example of the former, rather than the precept of the latter.

Such was the state of the Roman frontiers, and such the maxims of imperial policy, from the death of Augustus to the accession of Trajan. That virtuous and active prince had received the education of a soldier, and possessed the talents of a general. The first exploits of Trajan were against the Dacians, the most warlike of men, who dwelt beyond the Danube, and who, during the reign of Domitian, had insulted with impunity the majesty of Rome. This memorable war, with a very short suspension of hostilities, lasted five years; and as the emperor could exert, without control, the whole force of the state, it was terminated by an absolute submission of the barbarians.

Trajan was ambitious of fame; and as long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters. The praises of Alexander, transmitted by a succession of poets and historians, had kindled a dangerous emulation in the mind of Trajan. Like him the Roman emperor undertook an expedition against the nations of the east, but he lamented with a sigh, that his advanced age scarcely left him any hopes of equalling the renown of the son of Philip. Yet the success of Trajan, however transient, was rapid and specious. The degenerate Parthians, broken by intestine discord, fled before his arms. He descended the river Tigris in triumph, from the mountains of Armenia to the Persian gulf. He enjoyed the honour of being the first, as he was the last, of the Roman generals, who ever navigated that remote sea. His fleets ravaged the coasts of Arabia; and Trajan vainly flattered himself that he was approaching towards the confines of India. Every day the astonished senate received the intelligence of new names and new nations, that acknowledged his sway. But the death of Trajan soon clouded the splendid prospect.

The general system of Augustus was equally adopted and uniformly pursued by Hadrian and by the two Antonines. They persisted in the design of maintaining the dignity of the empire, without attempting to enlarge its limits. By every honourable expedient they invited the friendship of the barbarians; and endeavoured to convince mankind that the Roman power, raised above the temptation of conquest, was actuated only by the love of order and justice. During a long period of forty-three years their virtuous labours were crowned with success; and if we except a few slight hostilities that served to exercise the legions of the frontier, the reigns of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius offer the fair prospect of universal peace. The Roman name was revered among the most remote

nations of the earth. The fiercest barbarians frequently submitted their differences to the arbitration of the emperor.

The resignation of all the eastern conquests was the first measure of Hadrian's reign. He restored to the Parthians the election of an independent sovereign, withdrew the Roman garrisons from the provinces of Armenia, Mesopotamia, and Assyria, and, in compliance with the precept of Augustus, once more established the Euphrates as the frontier of the empire.

II. COMMODUS AND PERTINAX

THE mildness of Marcus, which the rigid discipline of the Stoics was unable to eradicate, formed, at the same time, the most amiable, and the only defective, part of his character. His excellent understanding was often deceived by the unsuspecting goodness of his heart. Artful men, who study the passions of princes, and conceal their own, approached his person in the disguise of philosophic sanctity, and acquired riches and honours by affecting to despise them. His excessive indulgence to his brother, his wife, and his son, exceeded the bounds of private virtue, and became a public injury, by the example and consequences of their vices.

The monstrous vices of the son have cast a shade on the purity of the father's virtues. It has been objected to Marcus, that he sacrificed the happiness of millions to a fond partiality for a worthless boy; and that he chose a successor in his own family, rather than in the republic. Nothing, however, was neglected by the anxious father, and by the men of virtue and learning whom he summoned to his assistance, to expand the narrow mind of young Commodus, to correct his growing vices, and to render him worthy of the throne, for which he was designed. But the power of instruction is seldom of much efficacy, except in those happy dispositions where it is almost superfluous. The distasteful lesson of a grave philosopher was in a moment obliterated by the whisper of a profligate favourite; and Marcus himself blasted the fruits of this laboured education, by admitting his son, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, to a full participation of the imperial power. He lived but four years afterwards; but he lived long enough to repent a rash measure, which raised the impetuous youth above the restraint of reason and authority.

Yet Commodus was not, as he has been represented, a tiger born with an insatiate thirst of human blood, and capable, from his infancy, of the most inhuman actions. Nature had formed him of a weak, rather than a wicked, disposition. His simplicity and timidity rendered him the slave of his attendants, who gradually corrupted his mind. His cruelty, which at first obeyed the dictates of others, degenerated into habit, and at length became the ruling passion of his soul.

Upon the death of his father, Commodus found himself embarrassed

with the command of a great army, and the conduct of a difficult war against the Quadi and Marcomanni. The servile and profligate youths whom Marcus had banished, soon regained their station and influence about the new emperor.

Every sentiment of virtue and humanity was extinct in the mind of Commodus. Whilst he thus abandoned the reins of empire to these unworthy favourites, he valued nothing in sovereign power, except the unbounded licence of indulging his sensual appetites. His hours were spent in a seraglio of three hundred beautiful women, and as many boys, of every rank, and of every province; and, wherever the arts of seduction proved ineffectual, the brutal lover had recourse to violence.

Commodus attained the summit of vice and infamy. Amidst the acclamations of a flattering court, he was unable to disguise, from himself, that he had deserved the contempt and hatred of every man of sense and virtue in his empire. His ferocious spirit was irritated by the consciousness of that hatred, by the envy of every kind of merit, by the just apprehension of danger, and by the habit of slaughter, which he contracted in his daily amusements. History has preserved a long list of consular senators sacrificed to his wanton suspicion, which sought out, with peculiar anxiety, those unfortunate persons connected, however remotely, with the family of the Antonines, without sparing even the ministers of his crimes or pleasures. His cruelty proved at last fatal to himself. He had shed with impunity the noblest blood of Rome: he perished as soon as he was dreaded by his own domestics. Marcia his favourite concubine, Eclectus his chamberlain, and Laetus his Praetorian praefect, alarmed by the fate of their companions and predecessors, resolved to prevent the destruction which every hour hung over their heads, either from the mad caprice of the tyrant, or the sudden indignation of the people. Marcia seized the occasion of presenting a draught of wine to her lover, after he had fatigued himself with hunting some wild beasts. Commodus retired to sleep; but whilst he was labouring with the effects of poison and drunkenness, a robust youth, by profession a wrestler, entered his chamber, and strangled him without resistance. The body was secretly conveyed out of the palace, before the least suspicion was entertained in the city, or even in the court, of the emperor's death.

The measures of the conspirators were conducted with the deliberate coolness and celerity which the greatness of the occasion required. They resolved instantly to fill the vacant throne with an emperor whose character would justify and maintain the action that had been committed. They fixed on Pertinax, praefect of the city, an ancient senator of consular rank, whose conspicuous merit had broke though the obscurity of his birth, and raised him to the first honours of the state.

Pertinax found a way of condemning his predecessor's memory; by the contrast of his own virtues with the vices of Commodus. On the day of his accession, he resigned over to his wife and son his whole private fortune; that they might have no pretence to solicit favours at the ex-

pense of the state. He refused to flatter the vanity of the former with the title of Augusta; or to corrupt the inexperienced youth of the latter by the rank of Caesar. Accurately distinguishing between the duties of a parent and those of a sovereign, he educated his son with a severe simplicity, which, while it gave him no assured prospect of the throne, might in time have rendered him worthy of it. In public, the behaviour of Pertinax was grave and affable. He lived with the virtuous part of the senate (and in a private station, he had been acquainted with the true character of each individual), without either pride or jealousy; considered them as friends and companions, with whom he had shared the dangers of the tyranny, and with whom he wished to enjoy the security of the present time. He very frequently invited them to familiar entertainments, the frugality of which was ridiculed by those who remembered and regretted the luxurious prodigality of Commodus.

The finances of the state demanded the most vigilant care of the emperor. Though every measure of injustice and extortion had been adopted, which could collect the property of the subject into the coffers of the prince; the rapaciousness of Commodus had been so very inadequate to his extravagance, that, upon his death, no more than eight thousand pounds were found in the exhausted treasury, to defray the current expenses of government, and to discharge the pressing demand of a liberal donative, which the new emperor had been obliged to promise to the Praetorian guards. Yet under these distressed circumstances, Pertinax had the generous firmness to remit all the oppressive taxes invented by Commodus, and to cancel all the unjust claims of the treasury; declaring, in a decree of the senate, "that he was better satisfied to administer a poor republic with innocence, than to acquire riches by the ways of tyranny and dishonour." Economy and industry he considered as the pure and genuine sources of wealth; and from them he soon derived a copious supply for the public necessities. The expense of the household was immediately reduced to one half.

Amidst the general joy, the sullen and angry countenance of the Praetorian guards betrayed their inward dissatisfaction. They had reluctantly submitted to Pertinax; they dreaded the strictness of the ancient discipline, which he was preparing to restore; and they regretted the licence of the former reign. Their discontents were secretly fomented by Laetus their praefect, who found, when it was too late, that his new emperor would reward a servant, but would not be ruled by a favourite. On the third day of his reign the soldiers seized on a noble senator, with a design to carry him to the camp, and to invest him with the imperial purple. Instead of being dazzled by the dangerous honour, the affrighted victim escaped from their violence, and took refuge at the feet of Pertinax.

These disappointments served only to irritate the rage of the Praetorian guards. On the twenty-eighth of March, eighty-six days only after the death of Commodus, a general sedition broke out in the camp, which the officers wanted either power or inclination to suppress. Two or three

hundred of the most desperate soldiers marched at noon-day, with arms in their hands and fury in their looks, towards the Imperial palace. The gates were thrown open by their companions upon guard; and by the domestics of the old court, who had already formed a secret conspiracy against the life of the too virtuous emperor. On the news of their approach, Pertinax, disdaining either flight or concealment, advanced to meet his assassins; and recalled to their minds his own innocence, and the sanctity of their recent oath. For a few moments they stood in silent suspense, ashamed of their atrocious design, and awed by the venerable aspect and majestic firmness of their sovereign, till at length the despair of pardon reviving their fury, a barbarian of the country of Tongres levelled the first blow against Pertinax, who was instantly dispatched with a multitude of wounds. His head separated from his body, and placed on a lance, was carried in triumph to the Praetorian camp, in the sight of a mournful and indignant people, who lamented the unworthy fate of that excellent prince, and the transient blessings of a reign, the memory of which could serve only to aggravate their approaching misfortunes.

III. PUBLIC SALE OF THE EMPIRE

THE Praetorian bands, whose licentious fury was the first symptom and cause of the decline of the Roman empire, derived their institution from Augustus. That crafty tyrant, sensible that laws might colour, but that arms alone could maintain, his usurped dominion, had gradually formed this powerful body of guards in constant readiness to protect his person, to awe the senate, and either to prevent or to crush the first motions of rebellion. He distinguished these favoured troops by a double pay, and superior privileges; but, as their formidable aspect would at once have alarmed and irritated the Roman people, three cohorts only were stationed in the capital; whilst the remainder was dispersed in the adjacent towns of Italy. But after fifty years of peace and servitude, Tiberius ventured on a decisive measure, which for ever riveted the fetters of his country. Under the fair pretences of relieving Italy from the heavy burthen of military quarters, and of introducing a stricter discipline among the guards, he assembled them at Rome, in a permanent camp, which was fortified with skilful care, and placed on a commanding situation.

Such formidable servants are always necessary, but often fatal to the throne of despotism. By thus introducing the Praetorian guards, as it were into the palace and the senate, the emperors taught them to perceive their own strength, and the weakness of the civil government; to view the vices of their masters with familiar contempt, and to lay aside that reverential awe, which distance only, and mystery, can preserve towards an imaginary power. In the luxurious idleness of an opulent city, their pride was nourished by the sense of their irresistible weight; nor was it possible to conceal from them, that the person of the sovereign,

the authority of the senate, the public treasure, and the seat of empire, were all in their hands. To divert the Praetorian bands from these dangerous reflections, the firmest and best established princes were obliged to mix blandishments with commands, rewards with punishments, to flatter their pride, indulge their pleasures, connive at their irregularities, and to purchase their precarious faith by a liberal donative; which, since the elevation of Claudius, was exacted as a legal claim, on the accession of every new emperor.

The Praetorians had violated the sanctity of the throne, by the atrocious murder of Pertinax; they dishonoured the majesty of it, by their subsequent conduct. The camp was without a leader, for even the Praefect Laetus, who had excited the tempest, prudently declined the public indignation. The more prudent of the Praetorians, apprehensive that, in this private contract, they should not obtain a just price for so valuable a commodity, ran out upon the ramparts; and, with a loud voice, proclaimed that the Roman world was to be disposed of to the best bidder by public auction.

This infamous offer, the most insolent excess of military licence, diffused an universal grief, shame, and indignation throughout the city. It reached at length the ears of Didius Julianus, a wealthy senator, who, regardless of the public calamities, was indulging himself in the luxury of the table. His wife and his daughter, his freedmen and his parasites, easily convinced him that he deserved the throne, and earnestly conjured him to embrace so fortunate an opportunity. The vain old man (A.D. 193, March 28) hastened to the Praetorian camp, where Sulpicianus was still in treaty with the guards; and began to bid against him from the foot of the rampart. The unworthy negotiation was transacted by faithful emissaries, who passed alternately from one candidate to the other, and acquainted each of them with the offers of his rival. Sulpicianus had already promised a donative of five thousand drachms (above one hundred and sixty pounds) to each soldier; when Julian, eager for the prize, rose at once to the sum of six thousand two hundred and fifty drachms, or upwards of two hundred pounds sterling. The gates of the camp were instantly thrown open to the purchaser; he was declared emperor, and received an oath of allegiance from the soldiers, who retained humanity enough to stipulate that he should pardon and forget the competition of Sulpicianus.

It was now incumbent on the Praetorians to fulfil the conditions of the sale. They placed their new sovereign, whom they served and despised, in the centre of their ranks, surrounded him on every side with their shields, and conducted him in close order of battle through the deserted streets of the city. The senate was commanded to assemble; and those who had been the distinguished friends of Pertinax, or the personal enemies of Julian, found it necessary to affect a more than common share of satisfaction at this happy revolution. After Julian had filled the senate-house with armed soldiers, he expatiated on the freedom of his election,

his own eminent virtues, and his full assurance of the affections of the senate. The obsequious assembly congratulated their own and the public felicity; engaged their allegiance, and conferred on him all the several branches of the imperial power. From the senate Julian was conducted, by the same military procession, to take possession of the palace.

He had reason to tremble. On the throne of the world he found himself without a friend, and even without an adherent. The guards themselves were ashamed of the prince whom their avarice had persuaded them to accept; nor was there a citizen who did not consider his elevation with horror, as the last insult on the Roman name. The streets and public places of Rome resounded with clamours and imprecations. The enraged multitude affronted the person of Julian, rejected his liberality, and conscious of the impotence of their own resentment, they called aloud on the legions of the frontiers to assert the violated majesty of the Roman empire.

The public discontent was soon diffused from the centre to the frontiers of the empire. The armies of Britain, of Syria, and of Illyricum, lamented the death of Pertinax, in whose company, or under whose command, they had so often fought and conquered. They received with surprise, with indignation, and perhaps with envy, the extraordinary intelligence that the Praetorians had disposed of the empire by public auction; and they sternly refused to ratify the ignominious bargain. Their immediate and unanimous revolt was fatal to Julian, but it was fatal at the same time to the public peace.

The Pannonian army was at this time commanded by Septimius Severus, a native of Africa, who, in the gradual ascent of private honours, had concealed his daring ambition, which was never diverted from its steady course by the allurements of pleasure, the apprehension of danger, or the feelings of humanity. On the first news of the murder of Pertinax, he assembled his troops, painted in the most lively colours the crime, the insolence, and the weakness of the Praetorian guards, and animated the legions to arms and to revenge. He concluded (and the peroration was thought extremely eloquent) with promising every soldier about four hundred pounds; an honourable donative, double in value to the infamous bribe with which Julian had purchased the empire. The acclamations of the army immediately saluted Severus with the names of Augustus, Pertinax, and Emperor; and he (A.D. 193, April 13) thus attained the lofty station to which he was invited, by conscious merit and a long train of dreams and omens, the fruitful offspring either of his superstition or policy.

The new candidate for empire saw and improved the peculiar advantage of his situation. His province extended to the Julian Alps, which gave an easy access into Italy; and he remembered the saying of Augustus, That a Pannonian army might in ten days appear in sight of Rome. During the whole expedition he scarcely allowed himself any moments for sleep or food; marching on foot, and in complete armour, at the head

of his columns, he insinuated himself into the confidence and affection of his troops, pressed their diligence, revived their spirits, animated their hopes, and was well satisfied to share the hardships of the meanest soldier, whilst he kept in view the infinite superiority of this reward.

The wretched Julian had expected, and thought himself prepared, to dispute the empire with the governor of Syria; but in the invincible and rapid approach of the Pannonian legions, he saw his inevitable ruin. The hasty arrival of every messenger increased his just apprehensions. He was successively informed that Severus had passed the Alps; that the Italian cities, unwilling or unable to oppose his progress, had received him with the warmest professions of joy and duty; that the important place of Ravenna had surrendered without resistance, and that the Hadriatic fleet was in the hands of the conqueror. The enemy was now within two hundred and fifty miles of Rome; and every moment diminished the narrow span of life and empire allotted to Julian. Fear and shame prevented the guards from deserting his standard; but they trembled at the name of the Pannonian legions, commanded by an experienced general, and accustomed to vanquish the barbarians on the frozen Danube. They quitted, with a sigh, the pleasures of the baths and theatres, to put on arms, whose use they had almost forgotten, and beneath the weight of which they were oppressed. The unpractised elephants, whose uncouth appearance, it was hoped, would strike terror into the army of the north, threw their unskilful riders; and the awkward evolutions of the marines, drawn from the fleet of Misenum, were an object of ridicule to the populace; whilst the senate enjoyed, with secret pleasure, the distress and weakness of the usurper.

Severus guarded himself from the only danger of secret conspiracy, by the faithful attendance of six hundred chosen men, who never quitted his person or their cuirasses, either by night or by day, during the whole march. Advancing with a steady and rapid course, he passed, without difficulty, the defiles of the Apennine, received into his party the troops and ambassadors sent to retard his progress, and made a short halt at Interamnia, about seventy miles from Rome. His victory was already secure; but the despair of the Praetorians might have rendered it bloody; and Severus had the laudable ambition of ascending the throne without drawing the sword. His emissaries, dispersed in the capital, assured the guards, that provided they would abandon their worthless prince, and the perpetrators of the murder of Pertinax, to the justice of the conqueror, he would no longer consider that melancholy event as the act of the whole body. The faithless Praetorians, whose resistance was supported only by sullen obstinacy, gladly complied with the easy conditions, seized the greatest part of the assassins, and signified to the senate that they no longer defended the cause of Julian. That assembly, convoked by the consul, unanimously acknowledged Severus as lawful emperor, decreed divine honours to Pertinax, and pronounced a sentence of deposition and death against his unfortunate successor. Julian was conducted

into a private apartment of the baths of the palace, and (A.D. 193, June 2) beheaded as a common criminal.

The first cares of Severus were bestowed on two measures, the one dictated by policy, the other by decency; the revenge, and the honours, due to the memory of Pertinax. Before the new emperor entered Rome, he issued his commands to the Praetorian guards, directing them to wait his arrival on a large plain near the city, without arms, but in the habits of ceremony, in which they were accustomed to attend their sovereign. He was obeyed by those haughty troops, whose contrition was the effect of their just terrors. A chosen part of the Illyrian army encompassed them with levelled spears. Incapable of flight or resistance, they expected their fate in silent consternation. Severus mounted the tribunal, sternly reproached them with perfidy and cowardice, dismissed them with ignominy from the trust which they had betrayed, despoiled them of their splendid ornaments, and banished them, on pain of death, to the distance of an hundred miles from the capital. During the transaction, another detachment had been sent to seize their arms, occupy their camp, and prevent the hasty consequences of their despair.

The funeral and consecration of Pertinax was next solemnised with every circumstance of sad magnificence. The senate, with a melancholy pleasure, performed the last rites to that excellent prince, whom they had loved, and still regretted. The concern of his successor was probably less sincere. He esteemed the virtues of Pertinax, but those virtues would for ever have confined his ambition to a private station. Severus pronounced his funeral oration with studied eloquence, inward satisfaction, and well-acted sorrow; and by this pious regard to his memory, convinced the credulous multitude that *he alone* was worthy to supply his place.

IV. DECIUS AND THE IRRUPTION OF THE BARBARIANS

THE emperor Decius had employed a few months in the works of peace and the administration of justice, when (A.D. 250) he was summoned to the banks of the Danube by the invasion of the GOTHS.

In the age of the Antonines, the Goths were still seated in Prussia. About the reign of Alexander Severus, the Roman province of Dacia had already experienced their proximity by frequent and destructive inroads. In this interval, therefore, of about seventy years, we must place the second migration of the Goths from the Baltic to the Euxine; but the cause that produced it lies concealed among the various motives which actuate the conduct of unsettled barbarians. Either a pestilence or a famine, a victory or a defeat, an oracle of the gods or the eloquence of a daring leader, were sufficient to impel the Gothic arms on the milder climates of the south. Besides the influence of a martial religion, the numbers and spirit of the Goths were equal to the most dangerous adventures. The use of round bucklers and short swords rendered them

formidable in a close engagement; the manly obedience which they yielded to hereditary kings gave uncommon union and stability to their councils; and the renowned Amala, the hero of that age, and the tenth ancestor of Theodoric, king of Italy, enforced, by the ascendant of personal merit, the prerogative of his birth, which he derived from the *Anses,* or demi-gods of the Gothic nation.

The fame of a great enterprise excited the bravest warriors from all the Vandalic states of Germany, many of whom are seen a few years afterwards combating under the common standard of the Goths. The first motions of the emigrants carried them to the banks of the Prypec, a river universally conceived by the ancients to be the southern branch of the Borysthenes. The windings of that great stream through the plains of Poland and Russia gave a direction to their line of march, and a constant supply of fresh water and pasturage to their numerous herds of cattle. They followed the unknown course of the river, confident in their valour, and careless of whatever power might oppose their progress. As the Goths advanced near the Euxine Sea, they encountered a race of Sarmatians, the Jazyges, the Alani, and the Roxolani; and they were probably the first Germans who saw the mouth of the Borysthenes and of the Tanais.

The Goths were now in possession of the Ukraine, a country of considerable extent and uncommon fertility, intersected with navigable rivers, which, from either side, discharge themselves into the Borysthenes; and interspersed with large and lofty forests of oaks. The plenty of game and fish, the innumerable bee-hives, deposited in the hollows of old trees, and in the cavities of rocks, and forming, even in that rude age, a valuable branch of commerce, the size of the cattle, the temperature of the air, the aptness of the soil for every species of grain, and the luxuriancy of the vegetation, all displayed the liberality of Nature, and tempted the industry of man. But the Goths withstood all these temptations, and still adhered to a life of idleness, of poverty, and of rapine.

The Scythian hordes, which, towards the east, bordered on the new settlements of the Goths, presented nothing to their arms except the doubtful chance of an unprofitable victory. But the prospect of the Roman territories was far more alluring; and the fields of Dacia were covered with rich harvests, sown by the hands of an industrious, and exposed to be gathered by those of a warlike, people. The new and unsettled province of Dacia was neither strong enough to resist, nor rich enough to satiate, the rapaciousness of the barbarians. As long as the remote banks of the Dniester were considered as the boundary of the Roman power, the fortifications of the Lower Danube were more carelessly guarded, and the inhabitants of Maesia lived in supine security, fondly conceiving themselves at an inaccessible distance from any barbarian invaders. The irruptions of the Goths fatally convinced them of their mistake. The king, or leader, of that fierce nation traversed with contempt the province of Dacia, and passed both the Dniester and the Danube without encounter-

ing any opposition capable of retarding his progress. The relaxed discipline of the Roman troops betrayed the most important posts where they were stationed, and the fear of deserved punishment induced great numbers of them to enlist under the Gothic standard.

Decius found (A.D. 250) the Goths engaged before Nicopolis, on the Jatrus, one of the many monuments of Trajan's victories. On his approach they raised the siege, but with a design only of marching away to a conquest of greater importance, the siege of Philippopolis, a city of Thrace, founded by the father of Alexander, near the foot of Mount Haemus. Decius followed them through a difficult country, and by forced marches; but when he imagined himself at a considerable distance from the rear of the Goths, Cniva turned with rapid fury on his pursuers. The camp of the Romans was surprised and pillaged, and, for the first time, their emperor fled in disorder before a troop of half-armed barbarians. After a long resistance, Philippopolis, destitute of succour, was taken by storm. A hundred thousand persons are reported to have been massacred in the sack of that great city.

The Goths were now, on every side, surrounded and pursued by the Roman arms. The flower of their troops had perished in the long siege of Philippopolis, and the exhausted country could no longer afford subsistence for the remaining multitude of licentious barbarians. Reduced to this extremity, the Goths would gladly have purchased, by the surrender of all their booty and prisoners, the permission of an undistubed retreat. But the emperor, confident of victory, and resolving, by the chastisement of these invaders, to strike a salutary terror into the nations of the North, refused to listen to any terms of accommodation. The high-spirited barbarians preferred death to slavery. An obscure town of Maesia, called Forum Terebronii, was the scene of the battle. The Gothic army was drawn up in three lines, and, either from choice or accident, the front of the third line was covered by a morass. In the beginning of the action, the son of Decius, a youth of the fairest hopes, and already associated to the honours of the purple, was slain by an arrow, in the sight of his afflicted father; who, summoning all his fortitude, admonished the dismayed troops that the loss of a single soldier was of little importance to the republic. The conflict was terrible; it was the combat of despair against grief and rage. The first line of the Goths at length gave way in disorder; the second, advancing to sustain it, shared its fate; and the third only remained entire, prepared to dispute the passage of the morass, which was imprudently attempted by the presumption of the enemy. "Here the fortune of the day turned, and all things became adverse to the Romans: the place deep with ooze, sinking under those who stood, slippery to such as advanced; their armour heavy, the waters deep; nor could they wield, in that uneasy situation, their weighty javelins. The barbarians, on the contrary, were enured to encounters in the bogs, their persons tall, their spears long, such as could wound at a distance." In the morass the Roman army, after an ineffectual struggle, was irrecover-

ably lost; nor could the body of the emperor ever be found. Such was the fate of Decius, in the fiftieth year of his age; an accomplished prince, active in war, and affable in peace; who, together with his son, has deserved to be compared, both in life and death, with the brightest examples of ancient virtue.

V. THE REIGN OF DIOCLETIAN

As THE reign of Diocletian was more illustrious than that of any of his predecessors, so was his birth more abject and obscure. The strong claims of merit and of violence had frequently superseded the ideal prerogatives of nobility; but a distinct line of separation was hitherto preserved between the free and the servile part of mankind. The parents of Diocletian had been slaves in the house of Anulinus, a Roman senator; nor was he himself distinguished by any other name than that which he derived from a small town in Dalmatia, from whence his mother deduced her origin. His abilities were useful rather than splendid—a vigorous mind improved by the experience and study of mankind; dexterity and application in business; a judicious mixture of liberality and economy, of mildness and rigour; profound dissimulation under the disguise of military frankness; steadiness to pursue his ends; flexibility to vary his means; and, above all, the great art of submitting his own passions, as well as those of others, to the interest of his ambition, and of colouring his ambition with the most specious pretences of justice and public utility. Like Augustus, Diocletian may be considered as the founder of a new empire. Like the adopted son of Caesar, he was distinguished as a statesman rather than as a warrior; nor did either of those princes employ force, whenever their purpose could be effected by policy.

After the example of Marcus, he gave himself a colleague in the person of Maximian, on whom he bestowed at first the title of Caesar, and afterwards that of Augustus. By associating a friend and a fellow-soldier to the favours of government, Diocletian, in a time of public danger, provided for the defence both of the East and of the West.

The prudence of Diocletian discovered that the empire, assailed on every side by the barbarians, required on every side the presence of a great army and of an emperor. With this view, he resolved once more to divide his unwieldy power, and, with the inferior title of *Caesar,* to confer on two generals of approved merit an equal share of the sovereign authority. Galerius, surnamed Armentarius, from his original profession of a herdsman, and Constantius, who from his pale complexion had acquired the denomination of Chlorus, were the two persons invested with the second honours of the imperial purple.

Notwithstanding the policy of Diocletian, it was impossible to maintain an equal and undisturbed tranquillity during a reign of twenty years, and along a frontier of many hundred miles. Sometimes the barbarians suspended their domestic animosities, and the relaxed vigilance of the

garrisons sometimes gave a passage to their strength or dexterity. Whenever the provinces were invaded, Diocletian conducted himself with that calm dignity which he always affected or possessed; reserved his presence for such occasions as were worthy of his interposition, never exposed his person or reputation to any unnecessary danger, ensured his success by every means that prudence could suggest, and displayed, with ostentation, the consequences of his victory. In wars of a more difficult nature, and more doubtful event, he employed the rough valour of Maximian; and that faithful soldier was content to ascribe his own victories to the wise counsels and auspicious influence of his benefactor. But after the adoption of the two Caesars, the emperors, themselves retiring to a less laborious scene of action, devolved on their adopted sons the defence of the Danube and of the Rhine. The vigilant Galerius was never reduced to the necessity of vanquishing an army of barbarians on the Roman territory. The brave and active Constantius delivered Gaul from a very furious inroad of the Alemanni; and his victories of Langres and Vindonissa appear to have been actions of considerable danger and merit.

While the Caesars exercised their valour on the banks of the Rhine and Danube, the presence of the emperors was required on the southern confines of the Roman world. From the Nile to Mount Atlas Africa was in arms. A confederacy of five Moorish nations issued from their deserts to invade the peaceful provinces. Julian had assumed the purple at Carthage. Achilleus at Alexandria, and even the Blemmyes, renewed, or rather continued, their incursions into the Upper Egypt. Scarcely any circumstances have been preserved of the exploits of Maximian in the western parts of Africa; but it appears, by the event, that the progress of his arms was rapid and decisive, that he vanquished the fiercest barbarians of Mauritania, and that he removed them from the mountains, whose inaccessible strength had inspired their inhabitants with a lawless confidence, and habituated them to a life of rapine and violence. Diocletian, of his side, opened the campaign in Egypt by the siege of Alexandria, cut off the aqueducts which conveyed the waters of the Nile into every quarter of that immense city, and, rendering his camp impregnable to the sallies of the besieged multitude, he pushed his reiterated attacks with caution and vigour. After a siege of eight months, Alexandria, wasted by the sword and by fire, implored the clemency of the conqueror, but it experienced the full extent of his severity. Many thousands of the citizens perished in a promiscuous slaughter, and there were few obnoxious persons in Egypt who escaped a sentence either of death or at least of exile. The fate of Busiris and of Coptos was still more melancholy than that of Alexandria; those proud cities, the former distinguished by its antiquity, the latter enriched by the passage of the Indian trade, were utterly destroyed by the arms and by the severe order of Diocletian. The character of the Egyptian nation, insensible to kindness, but extremely susceptible of fear, could alone justify this excessive rigour.

The reduction of Egypt was immediately followed by the Persian war. It was reserved for the reign of Diocletian to vanquish that powerful nation, and to extort a confession from the successors of Artaxerxes of the superior majesty of the Roman empire.

Diocletian was a man of sense, who, in the course of private as well as public life, had formed a just estimate both of himself and of mankind: nor is it easy to conceive that in substituting the manners of Persia to those of Rome he was seriously actuated by so mean a principle as that of vanity. He flattered himself that an ostentation of splendour and luxury would subdue the imagination of the multitude; that the monarch would be less exposed to the rude licence of the people and the soldiers, as his person was secluded from the public view; and that habits of submission would insensibly be productive of sentiments of veneration. Like the modesty affected by Augustus, the state maintained by Diocletian was a theatrical representation; but it must be confessed that, of the two comedies, the former was of a much more liberal and manly character than the latter. It was the aim of the one to disguise, and the object of the other to display, the unbounded power which the emperors possessed over the Roman world.

Ostentation was the first principle of the new system instituted by Diocletian. The second was division. He divided the empire, the provinces, and every branch of the civil as well as military administration. He multiplied the wheels of the machine of government, and rendered its operations less rapid but more secure. He had associated three colleagues in the exercise of the supreme power; and as he was convinced that the abilities of a single man were inadequate to the public defence, he considered the joint administration of four princes not as a temporary expedient, but as a fundamental law of the constitution. It was his intention that the two elder princes should be distinguished by the use of the diadem and the title of *Augusti;* that, as affection or esteem might direct their choice, they should regularly call to their assistance two subordinate colleagues; and that the *Caesars,* rising in their turn to the first rank, should supply an uninterrupted succession of emperors. The empire was divided into four parts. The East and Italy were the most honourable, the Danube and the Rhine the most laborious stations. The former claimed the presence of the *Augusti,* the latter were intrusted to the administration of the Caesars. The strength of the legions was in the hands of the four partners of sovereignty, and the despair of successively vanquishing four formidable rivals might intimidate the ambition of an aspiring general. In their civil government the emperors were supposed to exercise the undivided power of the monarch, and their edicts, inscribed with their joint names, were received in all the provinces as promulgated by their mutual councils and authority.

The system of Diocletian was accompanied with a very material disadvantage, which cannot even at present be totally overlooked; a more expensive establishment, and consequently an increase of taxes, and the

oppression of the people. Instead of a modest family of slaves and freedmen, such as had contented the simple greatness of Augustus and Trajan, three or four magnificent courts were established in the various parts of the empire, and as many Roman *kings* contended with each other and with the Persian monarch for the vain superiority of pomp and luxury. The emperor Diocletian was indeed the author of that system; but during his reign the growing evil was confined within the bounds of modesty and discretion, and he deserves the reproach of establishing pernicious precedents, rather than of exercising actual oppression. It may be added, that his revenues were managed with prudent economy; and that, after all the current expenses were discharged, there still remained in the imperial treasury an ample provision either for judicious liberality or for any emergency of the state.

It was in the twenty-first year of his reign that Diocletian executed his memorable resolution of abdicating the empire; an action more naturally to have been expected from the elder or the younger Antoninus than from a prince who had never practised the lessons of philosophy either in the attainment or in the use of supreme power. Diocletian acquired the glory of giving to the world the first example of a resignation which has not been very frequently imitated by succeeding monarchs.

The ceremony of his abdication was performed in a spacious plain, about three miles from Nicomedia. The emperor ascended a lofty throne, and, in a speech full of reason and dignity, declared his intention, both to the people and to the soldiers who were assembled on this extraordinary occasion. As soon as he had divested himself of the purple, he withdrew from the gazing multitude, and, traversing the city in a covered chariot, proceeded without delay to the favourite retirement which he had chosen in his native country of Dalmatia. On the same day, which was the first of May, Maximian, as it had been previously concerted, made his resignation of the imperial dignity at Milan. Even in the splendour of the Roman triumph, Diocletian had meditated his design of abdicating the government. As he wished to secure the obedience of Maximian, he exacted from him either a general assurance that he would submit his actions to the authority of his benefactor, or a particular promise that he would descend from the throne whenever he should receive the advice and the example. He yielded, however reluctantly, and retired immediately after his abdication to a villa in Lucania, where it was almost impossible that such an impatient spirit could find any lasting tranquillity.

Diocletian, who, from a servile origin, had raised himself to the throne, passed the nine last years of his life in a private condition.

VI. TROUBLES AFTER THE ABDICATION OF DIOCLETIAN

THE balance of power established by Diocletian subsisted no longer than while it was sustained by the firm and dexterous hand of the founder.

It required such a fortunate mixture of different tempers and abilities as could scarcely be found, or even expected, a second time; two emperors without jealousy, two Caesars without ambition and the same general interest invariably pursued by four independent princes. The abdication of Diocletion and Maximian was succeeded by eighteen years of discord and confusion.

As soon as Diocletian and Maximian had resigned the purple, their station, according to the rules of the new constitution, was filled by the two Caesars, Constantius and Galerius, who immediately assumed the title of Augustus. The honours of seniority and precedence were allowed to the former of those princes, and he continued under a new appellation to administer his ancient department of Gaul, Spain, and Britain. The government of those ample provinces was sufficient to exercise his talents and to satisfy his ambition. Clemency, temperance, and moderation distinguished the amiable character of Constantius, and his fortunate subjects had frequently occasion to compare the virtues of their sovereign with the passions of Maximian, and even with the arts of Diocletian. Instead of imitating their eastern pride and magnificence, Constantius preserved the modesty of a Roman prince.

After the elevation of Constantius and Galerius to the rank of *Augusti,* two new *Caesars* were required to supply their place, and to complete the system of the imperial government. Diocletian was sincerely desirous of withdrawing himself from the world; he considered Galerius, who had married his daughter, as the firmest support of his family and of the empire; and he consented, without reluctance, that his successor should assume the merit as well as the envy of the important nomination. It was fixed without consulting the interest or inclination of the princes of the West. Each of them had a son who was arrived at the age of manhood, and who might have been deemed the most natural candidates for the vacant honour. The two persons whom Galerius promoted to the rank of Caesar were much better suited to serve the views of his ambition; and their principal recommendation seems to have consisted in the want of merit or personal consequence. The first of these was Daza, or, as he was afterwards called, Maximian, whose mother was the sister of Galerius. The inexperienced youth still betrayed by his manners and language his rustic education, when, to his own astonishment, as well as that of the world, he was invested by Diocletian with the purple, exalted to the dignity of Caesar, and intrusted with the sovereign command of Egypt and Syria. At the same time Severus, a faithful servant, addicted to pleasure but not incapable of business, was sent to Milan to receive from the reluctant hands of Maximian the Caesarian ornaments and the possession of Italy and Africa. According to the forms of the constitution, Severus acknowledged the supremacy of the western emperor; but he was absolutely devoted to the commands of his benefactor Galerius, who, reserving to himself the intermediate countries from the confines of Italy to those of Syria, firmly established his power over three-fourths of the monarchy,

in the full confidence that the approaching death of Constantius would leave him sole master of the Roman world.

But, within less than eighteen months, two unexpected revolutions overturned the ambitious schemes of Galerius. The hopes of uniting the western provinces to his empire were disappointed by the elevation of Constantine [Constantius' son]; whilst Italy and Africa were lost by the successful revolt of Maxentius.

The fame of Constantine has rendered posterity attentive to the most minute circumstances of his life and actions. He was most probably born at Naissus, in Dacia; and it is not surprising that, in a family and province distinguished only by the profession of arms, the youth should discover very little inclination to improve his mind by the acquisition of knowledge. He was about eighteen years of age when his father was promoted to the rank of Caesar.

A British expedition, and an easy victory over the barbarians of Caledonia, were the last exploits of the reign of Constantius. He ended his life in the imperial palace of York, fifteen months after he had received the title of Augustus, and almost fourteen years and a half after he had been promoted to the rank of Caesar. His death was immediately succeeded by the elevation of Constantine. The ideas of inheritance and succession are so very familiar that the generality of mankind consider them as founded not only in reason but in nature itself. Our imagination readily transfers the same principles from private property to public dominion: and whenever a virtuous father leaves behind him a son whose merit seems to justify the esteem, or even the hopes, of the people, the joint influence of prejudice and of affection operates with irresistible weight. The flower of the western armies had followed Constantius into Britain, and the national troops were reinforced by a numerous body of Alemanni, who obeyed the orders of Crocus, one of their hereditary chieftains. The opinion of their own importance, and the assurance that Britain, Gaul, and Spain would acquiesce in their nomination, were diligently inculcated to the legions by the adherents of Constantine. The soldiers were asked whether they could hesitate a moment between the honour of placing at their head the worthy son of their beloved emperor and the ignominy of tamely expecting the arrival of some obscure stranger, on whom it might please the sovereign of Asia to bestow the armies and provinces of the West. The first emotions of Galerius were those of surprise, disappointment, and rage. But his resentment insensibly subsided; and when he recollected the doubtful chance of war, when he had weighed the character and strength of his adversary, he consented to embrace the honourable accommodation which the prudence of Constantine had left open to him. Without either condemning or ratifying the choice of the British army, Galerius accepted the son of his deceased colleague as the sovereign of the provinces beyond the Alps; but he gave him only the title of Caesar, and the fourth rank among the Roman princes, whilst he conferred the vacant place of Augustus on his favourite Severus. The apparent harmony of the empire

was still preserved, and Constantine, who already possessed the substance, expected, without impatience, an opportunity of obtaining the honours of supreme power.

The privileges which had exalted Italy above the rank of the provinces were no longer regarded: and the officers of the revenue already began to number the Roman people, and to settle the proportion of the new taxes. Even when the spirit of freedom had been utterly extinguished, the tamest subjects have sometimes ventured to resist an unprecedented invasion of their property; but on this occasion the injury was aggravated by the insult, and the sense of private interest was quickened by that of national honour.

Maxentius was the son of the emperor Maximian, and he had married the daughter of Galerius. His birth and alliance seemed to offer him the fairest promise of succeeding to the empire; but his vices and incapacity procured him the same exclusion from the dignity of Caesar which Constantine had deserved by a dangerous superiority of merit. The policy of Galerius preferred such associates as would never disgrace the choice, nor dispute the commands, of their benefactor. An obscure stranger was therefore raised to the throne of Italy, and the son of the late emperor of the West was left to enjoy the luxury of a private fortune in a villa a few miles distant from the capital. The gloomy passions of his soul, shame, vexation, and rage, were inflamed by envy on the news of Constantine's success; but the hopes of Maxentius revived with the public discontent, and he was easily persuaded to unite his personal injury and pretensions with the cause of the Roman people. Two Praetorian tribunes and a commissary of provisions undertook the management of the conspiracy; and, as every order of men was actuated by the same spirit, the immediate event was neither doubtful nor difficult. The praefect of the city and a few magistrates, who maintained their fidelity to Severus, were massacred by the guards; and Maxentius, invested with the imperial ornaments, was acknowledged, by the applauding senate and people, as the protector of the Roman freedom and dignity. It is uncertain whether Maximian was previously acquainted with the conspiracy; but as soon as the standard of rebellion was erected at Rome, the old emperor broke from the retirement where the authority of Diocletian had condemned him to pass a life of melancholy solitude, and concealed his returning ambition under the disguise of paternal tenderness. At the request of his son and of the senate he condescended to reassume the purple. His ancient dignity, his experience, and his fame in arms added strength as well as reputation to the party of Maxentius.

The virtues of Constantine were rendered more illustrious by the vices of Maxentius. Whilst the Gallic provinces enjoyed as much happiness as the condition of the times was capable of receiving, Italy and Africa groaned under the dominion of a tyrant as contemptible as he was odious. The zeal of flattery and faction has indeed too frequently sacrificed the reputation of the vanquished to the glory of their successful

rivals; but even those writers who have revealed, with the most freedom and pleasure, the faults of Constantine, unanimously confess that Maxentius was cruel, rapacious, and profligate. The wealth of Rome supplied an inexhaustible fund for his vain and prodigal expenses, and the ministers of his revenue were skilled in the arts of rapine. It was under his reign that the method of exacting a *free gift* from the senators was first invented; and as the sum was insensibly increased, the pretences of levying it, a victory, a birth, a marriage, or an imperial consulship, were proportionately multiplied. Whilst he passed his indolent life, either within the walls of his palace or in the neighboring gardens of Sallust, he was repeatedly heard to declare that *he alone* was emperor, and that the other princes were no more than his lieutenants, on whom he had devolved the defence of the frontier provinces, that he might enjoy without interruption the elegant luxury of the capital. Rome, which had so long regretted the absence, lamented, during the six years of his reign, the presence of her sovereign.

Though Constantine might view the conduct of Maxentius with abhorrence, and the situation of the Romans with compassion, we have no reason to presume that he would have taken up arms to punish the one or to relieve the other. But the tyrant of Italy rashly ventured to provoke a formidable enemy whose ambition had been hitherto restrained by considerations of prudence rather than by principles of justice. After the death of Maximian, his titles, according to the established custom, had been erased, and his statues thrown down with ignominy. His son, who had persecuted and deserted him when alive, affected to display the most pious regard for his memory, and gave orders that a similar treatment should be immediately inflicted on all the statues that had been erected in Italy and Africa to the honour of Constantine. That wise prince, who sincerely wished to decline a war, with the difficulty and importance of which he was sufficiently acquainted, at first dissembled the insult, and sought for redress by the milder expedients of negotiation, till he was convinced that the hostile and ambitious designs of the Italian emperor made it necessary for him to arm in his own defence. He had deliberated with caution, he acted with vigour.

Maxentius, who considered the Praetorian guards as the firmest defence of his throne, had increased them to their ancient establishment; and they composed, including the rest of the Italians who were enlisted into his service, a formidable body of fourscore thousand men. Forty thousand Moors and Carthaginians had been raised since the reduction of Africa. Even Sicily furnished its proportion of troops; and the armies of Maxentius amounted to one hundred and seventy thousand foot and eighteen thousand horse.

The whole force of Constantine consisted of ninety thousand foot and eight thousand horse; and as the defence of the Rhine required an extraordinary attention during the absence of the emperor, it was not in his power to employ above half his troops in the Italian expedition, unless

he sacrificed the public safety to his private quarrel. At the head of about forty thousand soldiers, he marched to encounter an enemy whose numbers were at least four times superior to his own. But the armies of Rome, placed at a secure distance from danger, were enervated by indulgence and luxury. The hardy legions of Gaul had long defended the frontiers of the empire against the barbarians of the North; and in the performance of that laborious service their valour was exercised and their discipline confirmed.

Constantine preferred the road of the Cottian Alps, or, as it is now called, of Mount Cenis, and led his troops with such active diligence, that he descended into the plain of Piedmont before the court of Maxentius had received any certain intelligence of his departure from the banks of the Rhine. The city of Susa, however, which is situated at the foot of Mount Cenis, was surrounded with walls, and provided with a garrison sufficiently numerous to check the progress of an invader; but the impatience of Constantine's troops disdained the tedious forms of a siege. The same day that they appeared before Susa they applied fire to the gates and ladders to the walls; and mounting to the assault amidst a shower of stones and arrows, they entered the place sword in hand, and cut in pieces the greatest part of the garrison. The flames were extinguished by the care of Constantine, and the remains of Susa preserved from total destruction. About forty miles from thence a more severe contest awaited him. A numerous army of Italians was assembled, under the lieutenants of Maxentius, in the plains of Turin. Its principal strength consisted in a species of heavy cavalry, which the Romans, since the decline of their discipline, had borrowed from the nations of the East. The horses, as well as the men, were clothed in complete armour, the joints of which were artfully adapted to the motions of their bodies. The aspect of this cavalry was formidable, their weight almost irresistible; and as, on this occasion, their generals had drawn them up in a compact column or wedge, with a sharp point, and with spreading flanks, they flattered themselves that they should easily break and trample down the army of Constantine.

The skilful evolutions of Constantine divided and baffled this massy column of cavalry. The troops of Maxentius fled in confusion towards Turin; and as the gates of the city were shut against them, very few escaped the sword of the victorious pursuers. By this important service Turin deserved to experience the clemency and even favour of the conqueror. He made his entry into the imperial palace of Milan, and almost all the cities of Italy between the Alps and the Po not only acknowledged the power, but embraced with zeal the party of Constantine.

The celerity of Constantine's march has been compared to the rapid conquest of Italy by the first of the Caesars; nor is the flattering parallel repugnant to the truth of history. Constantine had always apprehended that the tyrant would consult the dictates of fear, and perhaps of prudence; and that, instead of risking his last hopes in a general engagement,

he would shut himself up within the walls of Rome. His ample magazines secured him against the danger of famine; and as the situation of Constantine admitted not of delay, he might have been reduced to the sad necessity of destroying with fire and sword the imperial city, the noblest reward of his victory, and the deliverance of which had been the motive, or rather indeed the pretence, of the civil war. It was with equal surprise and pleasure that, on his arrival at a place called Saxa Rubra, about nine miles from Rome, he discovered the army of Maxentius prepared to give him battle. Their long front filled a very spacious plain, and their deep array reached to the banks of the Tiber, which covered their rear, and forbade their retreat. We are informed, and we may believe, that Constantine disposed his troops with consummate skill, and that he chose for himself the post of honour and danger. Distinguished by the splendour of his arms, he charged in person the cavalry of his rival; and his irresistible attack determined the fortune of the day. The cavalry of Maxentius was principally composed either of unwieldy cuirassiers or of light Moors and Numidians. They yielded to the vigour of the Gallic horse, which possessed more activity than the one, more firmness than the other. The defeat of the two wings left the infantry without any protection on its flanks, and the undisciplined Italians fled without reluctance from the standard of a tyrant whom they had always hated, and whom they no longer feared. The Praetorians, conscious that their offences were beyond the reach of mercy, were animated by revenge and despair. Notwithstanding their repeated efforts, those brave veterans were unable to recover the victory; they obtained, however, an honourable death; and it was observed that their bodies covered the same ground which had been occupied by their ranks. The emperor himself attempted to escape back into the city over the Milvian bridge, but the crowds which pressed together through that narrow passage forced him into the river, where he was immediately drowned by the weight of his armour. His body, which had sunk very deep into the mud, was found with some difficulty the next day.

In the use of victory Constantine neither deserved the praise of clemency nor incurred the censure of immoderate rigour. He inflicted the same treatment to which a defeat would have exposed his own person and family, put to death the two sons of the tyrant, and carefully extirpated his whole race. The most distinguished adherents of Maxentius must have expected to share his fate, as they had shared his prosperity and his crimes; but when the Roman people loudly demanded a greater number of victims, the conqueror resisted, with firmness and humanity, those servile clamours, which were dictated by flattery as well as by resentment. Informers were punished and discouraged; the innocent who had suffered under the late tyranny were recalled from exile, and restored to their estates. A general act of oblivion quieted the minds and settled the property of the people both in Italy and in Africa.

The triumphal arch of Constantine still remains a melancholy proof of the decline of the arts, and a singular testimony of the meanest vanity.

As it was not possible to find in the capital of the empire a sculptor who was capable of adorning that public monument, the arch of Trajan, without any respect either for his memory or for the rules of propriety, was stripped of its most elegant figures. The new ornaments which it was necessary to introduce between the vacancies of ancient sculpture are executed in the rudest and most unskilful manner.

The final abolition of the Praetorian guards was a measure of prudence as well as of revenge. By suppressing the troops which were usually stationed in Rome, Constantine gave the fatal blow to the dignity of the senate and people, and the disarmed capital was exposed, without protection, to the insults or neglect of its distant master.

After the defeat of Maxentius the victorious emperor passed no more than two or three months in Rome, which he visited twice during the remainder of his life to celebrate the solemn festivals of the tenth and of the twentieth years of his reign. Constantine was almost perpetually in motion, to exercise the legions or to inspect the state of the provinces. Treves, Milan, Aquileia, Sirmium, Naissus, and Thessalonica were the occasional places of his residence till he founded a NEW ROME on the confines of Europe and Asia.

VII. FOUNDATION OF CONSTANTINOPLE

THE harbour of Constantinople, which may be considered as an arm of the Bosphorus, obtained, in a very remote period, the denomination of the *Golden Horn*. The curve which it describes might be compared to the horn of a stag, or as it should seem, with more propriety, to that of an ox. The epithet of *golden* was expressive of the riches which every wind wafted from the most distant countries into the secure and capacious port of Constantinople. Situated in the forty-first degree of latitude, the imperial city commanded, from her seven hills, the opposite shores of Europe and Asia; the climate was healthy and temperate, the soil fertile, the harbour secure and capacious, and the approach on the side of the continent was of small extent and easy defence. The Bosphorus and the Hellespont may be considered as the two gates of Constantinople, and the prince who possessed those important passages could always shut them against a naval enemy and open them to the fleets of commerce. The prospect of beauty, of safety, and of wealth, united in a single spot, was sufficient to justify the choice of Constantine.

The master of the Roman world, who aspired to erect an eternal monument of the glories of his reign, could employ in the prosecution of that great work the wealth, the labour, and all that yet remained of the genius, of obedient millions. Some estimate may be formed of the expense bestowed with imperial liberality on the foundation of Constantinople by the allowance of about two million five hundred thousand pounds for the construction of the walls, the porticoes, and the aqueducts. The forests

that overshadowed the shores of the Euxine, and the celebrated quarries of white marble in the little island of Proconnesus, supplied an inexhaustible stock of materials, ready to be conveyed, by the convenience of a short water-carriage, to the harbour of Byzantium. A multitude of labourers and artificers urged the conclusion of the work with incessant toil; but the impatience of Constantine soon discovered that, in the decline of the arts, the skill as well as numbers of his architects bore a very unequal proportion to the greatness of his designs. The buildings of the new city were executed by such artificers as the reign of Constantine could afford; but they were decorated by the hands of the most celebrated masters of the age of Pericles and Alexander. To revive the genius of Phidias and Lysippus surpassed indeed the power of a Roman emperor; but the immortal productions which they had bequeathed to posterity were exposed without defence to the rapacious vanity of a despot. By his commands the cities of Greece and Asia were despoiled of their most valuable ornaments.

The Circus, or Hippodrome, was a stately building about four hundred paces in length, and one hundred in breadth. The space between the two *metoe* or goals was filled with statues and obelisks; and we may still remark a very singular fragment of antiquity, the bodies of three serpents twisted into one pillar of brass. Their triple heads had once supported the golden tripod which, after the defeat of Xerxes, was consecrated in the temple of Delphi by the victorious Greeks. The beauty of the Hippodrome has been long since defaced by the rude hands of the Turkish conquerors. From the throne, whence the emperor viewed the Circensian games, a winding staircase descended to the palace, a magnificent edifice, which scarcely yielded to the residence of Rome itself, and which, together with the dependent courts, gardens, and porticoes, covered a considerable extent of ground upon the banks of the Propontis, between the Hippodrome and the church of St. Sophia. It may be sufficient to observe that whatever could adorn the dignity of a great capital, or contribute to the benefit or pleasure of its numerous inhabitants, was contained within the walls of Constantinople. A particular description, composed about a century after its foundation, enumerates a capitol or school of learning, a circus, two theatres, eight public and one hundred and fifty-three private baths, fifty-two porticoes, five granaries, eight aqueducts or reservoirs of water, four spacious halls for the meetings of the senate or courts of justice, fourteen churches, fourteen palaces, and four thousand three hundred and eighty-eight houses which, for their size or beauty, deserved to be distinguished from the multitude of plebeian habitations. At the festival of the dedication, an edict, engraved on a column of marble, bestowed the title of SECOND or NEW ROME on the city of Constantine. But the name of Constantinople has prevailed over that honourable epithet, and after the revolution of fourteen centuries still perpetuates the fame of its author.

The foundation of a new capital is naturally connected with the establishment of a new form of civil and military administration. The

distinct view of the complicated system of policy introduced by Diocletian, improved by Constantine, and completed by his immediate successors, may not only amuse the fancy by the singular picture of a great empire, but will tend to illustrate the secret and internal causes of its rapid decay.

From the time of Commodus to the reign of Constantine near one hundred governors might be enumerated, who, with various success, erected the standard of revolt; and though the innocent were too often sacrificed, the guilty might be sometimes prevented, by the suspicious cruelty of their master. To secure his throne and the public tranquillity from these formidable servants, Constantine resolved to divide the military from the civil administration, and to establish, as a permanent and professional distinction, a practice which had been adopted only as an occasional expedient. The supreme jurisdiction exercised by the Praetorian praefects over the armies of the empire was transferred to the two *masters general* whom he instituted, the one for the *cavalry,* the other for the *infantry;* and though each of these *illustrious* officers was more peculiarly responsible for the discipline of those troops which were under his immediate inspection, they both indifferently commanded in the field the several bodies, whether of horse or foot, which were united in the same army. Their number was soon doubled by the division of the East and West; and as separate generals of the same rank and title were appointed on the four important frontiers of the Rhine, of the Upper and the Lower Danube, and of the Euphrates, the defence of the Roman empire was at length committed to eight masters general of the cavalry and infantry. Under their orders, thirty-five military commanders were stationed in the provinces: three in Britain, six in Gaul, one in Spain, one in Italy, five on the Upper and four on the Lower Danube, in Asia eight, three in Egypt, and four in Africa. The titles of *counts* and *dukes,* by which they were properly distinguished, have obtained in modern languages so very different a sense that the use of them may occasion some surprise. But it should be recollected that the second of those appellations is only a corruption of the Latin word which was indiscriminately applied to any military chief.

The soldiers insensibly forgot the virtues of their profession, and contracted only the vices of civil life. They were either degraded by the industry of mechanic trades, or enervated by the luxury of baths and theatres. They soon became careless of their martial exercises, curious in their diet and apparel, and, while they inspired terror to the subjects of the empire, they trembled at the hostile approach of the barbarians.

In the various states of society armies are recruited from very different motives. Barbarians are urged by their love of war; the citizens of a free republic may be prompted by a principle of duty; the subjects, or at least the nobles, of a monarchy are animated by a sentiment of honour; but the timid and luxurious inhabitants of a declining empire must be allured into the service by the hopes of profit, or compelled by the dread of punishment. The resources of the Roman treasury were exhausted by the increase

of pay, by the repetition of donatives, and by the invention of new emoluments and indulgences, which, in the opinion of the provincial youth, might compensate the hardships and dangers of a military life. Yet, although the stature was lowered, although slaves, at least by a tacit connivance, were indiscriminately received into the ranks, the insurmountable difficulty of procuring a regular and adequate supply of volunteers obliged the emperors to adopt more effectual and coercive methods. The lands bestowed on the veterans, as the free reward of their valour, were henceforwards granted under a condition which contains the first rudiments of the feudal tenures—that their sons, who succeeded to the inheritance, should devote themselves to the profession of arms as soon as they attained the age of manhood; and their cowardly refusal was punished by the loss of honour, of fortune, or even of life.

The introduction of barbarians into the Roman armies became every day more universal, more necessary, and more fatal. The most daring of the Scythians, of the Goths, and of the Germans, who delighted in war, and who found it more profitable to defend than to ravage the provinces, were enrolled not only in the auxiliaries of their respective nations, but in the legions themselves, and among the most distinguished of the Palatine troops. As they freely mingled with the subjects of the empire, they gradually learned to despise their manners and to imitate their arts. They abjured the implicit reverence which the pride of Rome had exacted from their ignorance, while they acquired the knowledge and possession of those advantages by which alone she supported her declining greatness. The barbarian soldiers who displayed any military talents were advanced, without exception, to the most important commands; and the names of the tribunes, of the counts and dukes, and of the generals themselves, betray a foreign origin, which they no longer condescended to disguise.

A people elated by pride, or soured by discontent, is seldom qualified to form a just estimate of their actual situation. The subjects of Constantine were incapable of discerning the decline of genius and manly virtue, which so far degraded them below the dignity of their ancestors; but they could feel and lament the rage of tyranny, the relaxation of discipline, and the increase of taxes. The impartial historian, who acknowledges the justice of their complaints, will observe some favourable circumstances which tended to alleviate the misery of their condition. The threatening tempest of barbarians, which so soon subverted the foundations of Roman greatness, was still repelled, or suspended, on the frontiers. The arts of luxury and literature were cultivated, and the elegant pleasures of society were enjoyed, by the inhabitants of a considerable portion of the globe.

VIII. THE CONVERSION OF CONSTANTINE

THE public establishment of Christianity may be considered as one of the most important and domestic revolutions which excite the most lively

curiosity, and afford the most valuable instruction. The victories and the civil policy of Constantine no longer influence the state of Europe; but a considerable portion of the globe still retains the impression which it received from the conversion of that monarch; and the ecclesiastical institutions of his reign are still connected, by an indissoluble chain, with the opinions, the passions, and the interests of the present generation.

As long as Constantine exercised a limited sovereignty over the provinces of Gaul, his Christian subjects were protected by the authority, and perhaps by the laws, of a prince who wisely left to the gods the care of vindicating their own honour. If we may credit the assertion of Constantine himself, he had been an indignant spectator of the savage cruelties which were inflicted, by the hands of Roman soldiers, on those citizens whose religion was their only crime.

About five months after the conquest of Italy, the emperor made a solemn and authentic declaration of his sentiments by the celebrated edict of Milan, which restored peace to the Catholic church. The wisdom of the emperor provided for the restitution of all the civil and religious rights of which the Christians had been so unjustly deprived. It was enacted that the places of worship, and public lands, which had been confiscated, should be restored to the church, without dispute, without delay, and without expense: and this severe injunction was accompanied with a gracious promise, that, if any of the purchasers had paid a fair and adequate price, they should be indemnified from the imperial treasury. The salutary regulations which guard the future tranquillity of the faithful are framed on the principles of enlarged and equal toleration; and such an equality must have been interpreted by a recent sect as an advantageous and honourable distinction.

The passive and unresisting obedience which bows under the yoke of authority, or even of oppression, must have appeared in the eyes of an absolute monarch the most conspicuous and useful of the evangelic virtues. The primitive Christians derived the institution of civil government, not from the consent of the people, but from the decrees of Heaven. The reigning emperor, though he had usurped the sceptre by treason and murder, immediately assumed the sacred character of vicegerent of the Deity. To the Deity alone he was accountable for the abuse of his power; and his subjects were indissolubly bound by their oath of fidelity to a tyrant who had violated every law of nature and society. Perhaps the patience of the primitive church may be ascribed to its weakness as well as to its virtue. A sect of unwarlike plebeians, without leaders, without arms, without fortifications, must have encountered inevitable destruction in a rash and fruitless resistance to the master of the Roman legions. But the Christians when they deprecated the wrath of Diocletian, or solicited the favour of Constantine, could allege, with truth and confidence, that they held the principle of passive obedience, and that, in the space of three centuries, their conduct had always been conformable to their principles.

In the beginning of the fourth century the Christians still bore a very inadequate proportion to the inhabitants of the empire; but among a degenerate people, who viewed the change of masters with the indifference of slaves, the spirit and union of a religious party might assist the popular leader, to whose service, from a principle of conscience, they had devoted their lives and fortunes. The example of his father instructed Constantine to esteem and to reward the merit of the Christians; and in the distribution of public offices he had the advantage of strengthening his government by the choice of ministers or generals in whose fidelity he could repose a just and unreserved confidence. By the influence of these dignified missionaries the proselytes of the new faith must have multiplied in the court and army; the barbarians of Germany, who filled the ranks of the legions, were of a careless temper, which acquiesced without resistance in the religion of their commander; and when they passed the Alps it may fairly be presumed that a great number of the soldiers had already consecrated their swords to the service of Christ and of Constantine.

The enthusiasm which inspired the troops, and perhaps the emperor himself, had sharpened their swords while it satisfied their conscience. They marched to battle with the full assurance that the same God who had formerly opened a passage to the Israelites through the waters of Jordan, and had thrown down the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpets of Joshua, would display his visible majesty and power in the victory of Constantine.

By the edicts of toleration Constantine removed the temporal disadvantages which had hitherto retarded the progress of Christianity; and its active and numerous ministers received a free permission, a liberal encouragement, to recommend the salutary truths of revelation by every argument which could affect the reason or piety of mankind. The exact balance of the two religions continued but a moment; and the piercing eye of ambition and avarice soon discovered that the profession of Christianity might contribute to the interest of the present, as well as of a future life. The hopes of wealth and honours, the example of an emperor, his exhortations, his irresistible smiles, diffused conviction among the venal and obsequious crowds which usually fill the apartments of a palace. The cities which signalised a forward zeal by the voluntary destruction of their temples were distinguished by municipal privileges and rewarded with popular donatives; and the new capital of the East gloried in the singular advantage that Constantinople was never profaned by the worship of idols. As the lower ranks of society are governed by imitation, the conversion of those who possessed any eminence of birth, of power, or of riches, was soon followed by dependent multitudes. The salvation of the common people was purchased at an easy rate, if it be true that, in one year, twelve thousand men were baptised at Rome, besides a proportionable number of women and children.

The Catholic church was administered by the spiritual and legal juris-

diction of eighteen hundred bishops; of whom one thousand were seated in the Greek, and eight hundred in the Latin, provinces of the empire. The extent and boundaries of their respective dioceses had been variously and accidentally decided by the zeal and success of the first missionaries, by the wishes of the people, and by the propagation of the Gospel.

A Christian diocese might be spread over a province, or reduced to a village; but all the bishops possessed an equal and indelible character; they all derived the same powers and privileges from the apostles, from the people, and from the laws. While the *civil* and *military* professions were separated by the policy of Constantine, a new and perpetual order of *ecclesiastical* ministers, always respectable, sometimes dangerous, was established in the church and state. The important review of their station and attributes may be distributed under the following heads: I. Popular election. II. Ordination of the clergy. III. Property. IV. Civil jurisdiction. V. Spiritual censures. VI. Exercise of public oratory. VII. Privilege of legislative assemblies.

The bishops alone possessed the faculty of *spiritual* generation, and this extraordinary privilege might compensate, in some degree, for the painful celibacy which was imposed as a virtue, as a duty, and at length as a positive obligation. The religions of antiquity, which established a separate order of priests, dedicated a holy race, a tribe or family, to the perpetual service of the gods. But the Christian sanctuary was open to every ambitious candidate who aspired to its heavenly promises or temporal possessions. The office of priests, like that of soldiers or magistrates, was strenuously exercised by those men whose temper and abilities had prompted them to embrace the ecclesiastical profession, or who had been selected by a discerning bishop as the best qualified to promote the glory and interest of the church.

The edict of Milan secured the revenue as well as the peace of the church. The Christians not only recovered the lands and houses of which they had been stripped by the persecuting laws of Diocletian, but they acquired a perfect title to all the possessions which they had hitherto enjoyed by the connivance of the magistrate. As soon as Christianity became the religion of the emperor and the empire, the national clergy might claim a decent and honourable maintenance: and the payment of an annual tax might have delivered the people from the more oppressive tribute which superstition imposes on her votaries. But as the wants and expenses of the church increased with her prosperity, the ecclesiastical order was still supported and enriched by the voluntary oblations of the faithful. Eight years after the edict of Milan, Constantine granted to all his subjects the free and universal permission of bequeathing their fortunes to the holy catholic church; and their devout liberality, which during their lives was checked by luxury or avarice, flowed with a profuse stream at the hour of their death. The wealthy Christians were encouraged by the example of their sovereign. In the space of two centuries, from the reign of Constantine to that of Justinian, the eighteen hundred

churches of the empire were enriched by the frequent and unalienable gifts of the prince and people.

IX. MANNERS OF THE PASTORAL NATIONS

IN THE disastrous period of the fall of the Roman empire, which may justly be dated from the reign of Valens, the happiness and security of each individual were personally attacked, and the arts and labours of ages were rudely defaced by the barbarians of Scythia and Germany. The invasion of the Huns precipitated on the provinces of the West the Gothic nation, which advanced, in less than forty years, from the Danube to the Atlantic, and opened a way, by the success of their arms, to the inroads of so many hostile tribes more savage than themselves.

In every age the Scythians and Tartars have been renowned for their invincible courage and rapid conquests. The thrones of Asia have been repeatedly overturned by the shepherds of the North, and their arms have spread terror and devastation over the most fertile and warlike countries of Europe. On this occasion, as well as on many others, the sober historian is forcibly awakened from a pleasing vision, and is compelled, with some reluctance, to confess that the pastoral manners, which have been adorned with the fairest attributes of peace and innocence, are much better adapted to the fierce and cruel habits of a military life.

The skilful practitioners of the medical art will determine (if they are able to determine) how far the temper of the human mind may be affected by the use of animal or of vegetable food; and whether the common association of carnivorous and cruel deserves to be considered in any other light than that of an innocent, perhaps a salutary, prejudice of humanity. Yet, if it be true that the sentiment of compassion is imperceptibly weakened by the sight and practice of domestic cruelty, we may observe that the horrid objects which are disguised by the arts of European refinement are exhibited in their naked and most disgusting simplicity in the tent of a Tartarian shepherd. The ox or the sheep are slaughtered by the same hand from which they were accustomed to receive their daily food; and the bleeding limbs are served, with very little preparation, on the table of their unfeeling murderer. In the military profession, and especially in the conduct of a numerous army, the exclusive use of animal food appears to be productive of the most solid advantages. Corn is a bulky and perishable commodity, and the large magazines, which are indispensably necessary for the subsistence of our troops, must be slowly transported by the labour of men or horses. But the flock and herds which accompany the march of the Tartars afford a sure and increasing supply of flesh and milk; in the far greater part of the uncultivated waste the vegetation of the grass is quick and luxuriant; and there are few places so extremely barren that the hardy cattle of the North cannot find some tolerable pasture. The supply is multiplied and pro-

longed by the undistinguishing appetite and patient abstinence of the Tartars. They indifferently feed on the flesh of those animals that have been killed for the table or have died of disease.

The houses of the Tartars are no more than small tents, of an oval form, which afford a cold and dirty habitation for the promiscuous youth of both sexes. As soon as the forage of a certain district is consumed, the tribe, or rather army, of shepherds makes a regular march to some fresh pastures, and thus acquires, in the ordinary occupations of the pastoral life, the practical knowledge of one of the most important and difficult operations of war. The choice of stations is regulated by the difference of the seasons; in the summer the Tartars advance towards the North, and pitch their tents on the banks of a river, or, at least, in the neighbourhood of a running stream. But in the winter they return to the South, and shelter their camp, behind some convenient eminence, against the winds, which are chilled in their passage over the bleak and icy regions of Siberia. These manners are admirably adapted to diffuse among the wandering tribes the spirit of emigration and conquest. The connection between the people and their territory is of so frail a texture that it may be broken by the slightest accident. The camp, and not the soil, is the native country of the genuine Tartar. The thirst of rapine, the fear or the resentment of injury, the impatience of servitude, have, in every age, been sufficient causes to urge the tribes of Scythia boldly to advance into some unknown countries, where they might hope to find a more plentiful subsistence or a less formidable enemy.

The conquest of China has been twice achieved by the pastoral tribes of the North: the forces of the Huns were not inferior to those of the Moguls, or of the Mantcheoux; and their ambition might entertain the most sanguine hopes of success. But their pride was humbled, and their progress was checked, by the arms and policy of Vouti, the fifth emperor of the powerful dynasty of the Han.

It is impossible to fill the dark interval of time which elapsed after the Huns of the Volga were lost in the eyes of the Chinese, and before they showed themselves to those of the Romans. There is some reason, however, to apprehend that the same force which had driven them from their native seats still continued to impel their march towards the frontiers of Europe. The Huns, with their flocks and herds, their wives and children, their dependents and allies, were transported to the West of the Volga, and they boldly advanced to invade the country of the Alani, a pastoral people, who occupied, or wasted, an extensive tract of the deserts of Scythia. They were less deformed in their persons, less brutish in their manners, than the Huns; but they did not yield to those formidable barbarians in their martial and independent spirit; in the love of freedom, which rejected even the use of domestic slaves; and in the love of arms, which considered war and rapine as the pleasure and the glory of mankind. A naked scimitar, fixed in the ground, was the only object of their religious worship; the scalps of their enemies formed the costly trappings

of their horses; and they viewed with pity and contempt the pusillanimous warriors who patiently expected the infirmities of age and the tortures of lingering disease. On the banks of the Tanais the military power of the Huns and the Alani encountered each other with equal valour, but with unequal success. The Huns prevailed in the bloody contest; the king of the Alani was slain; and the remains of the vanquished nation were dispersed by the ordinary alternative of flight or submission. The Huns, who esteemed the valour of their less fortunate enemies, proceeded, with an increase of numbers and confidence, to invade the limits of the Gothic empire.

The great Hermanric, whose dominions extended from the Baltic to the Euxine, enjoyed, in the full maturity of age and reputation, the fruit of his victories, when he was alarmed by the formidable approach of a host of unknown enemies, on whom his barbarous subjects might, without injustice, bestow the epithet of barbarians. The numbers, the strength, the rapid motions, and the implacable cruelty of the Huns were felt, and dreaded, and magnified by the astonished Goths, who beheld their fields and villages consumed with flames and deluged with indiscriminate slaughter. To these real terrors they added the surprise and abhorrence which were excited by the shrill voice, the uncouth gestures, and the strange deformity of the Huns. They were distinguished from the rest of the human species by their broad shoulders, flat noses, and small black eyes, deeply buried in the head; and as they were almost destitute of beards, they never enjoyed either the manly graces of youth or the venerable aspect of age. A fabulous origin was assigned worthy of their form and manners—that the witches of Scythia, who, for their foul and deadly practices, had been driven from society, had copulated in the desert with infernal spirits, and that the Huns were the offspring of this execrable conjunction. The tale, so full of horror and absurdity, was greedily embraced by the credulous hatred of the Goths; but while it gratified their hatred it increased their fear, since the posterity of daemons and witches might be supposed to inherit some share of the preternatural powers as well as of the malignant temper of their parents. Against these enemies, Hermanric prepared to exert the united forces of the Gothic state; but he soon discovered that his vassal tribes, provoked by oppression, were much more inclined to second than to repel the invasion of the Huns. His death, which has been imputed to his own despair, left the reins of government in the hands of Withimer, who, with the doubtful aid of some Scythian mercenaries, maintained the unequal contest against the arms of the Huns and the Alani till he was defeated and slain in a decisive battle. The Ostrogoths submitted to their fate. On the banks of the Dniester the prudent Athanaric had fixed the camp of the Visigoths; with the firm resolution of opposing the victorious barbarians. The undaunted general had already formed a new and judicious plan of defensive war; and the strong lines which he was preparing to construct between the mountains, the Pruth, and the Danube, would have secured the extensive and fertile territory

that bears the modern name of Wallachia from the destructive inroads of the Huns. But the hopes and measures of the judge of the Visigoths were soon disappointed by the trembling impatience of his dismayed countrymen, who were persuaded by their fears that the interposition of the Danube was the only barrier that could save them from the rapid pursuit and invincible valour of the barbarians of Scythia. Under the command of Fritigern and Alavivus, the body of the nation hastily advanced to the banks of the great river, and implored the protection of the Roman emperor of the East.

The attention of the emperor Valens was most seriously engaged by the important intelligence which he received from the civil and military officers who were intrusted with the defence of the Danube. He was informed that the North was agitated by a furious tempest; that the irruption of the Huns, an unknown and monstrous race of savages, had subverted the power of the Goths; and that the suppliant multitudes of that warlike nation, whose pride was now humbled in the dust, covered a space many miles along the banks of the river. With outstretched arms and pathetic lamentations they loudly deplored their past misfortunes and their present danger; acknowledged that their only hope of safety was in the clemency of the Roman government; and most solemnly protested that, if the gracious liberality of the emperor would permit them to cultivate the waste lands of Thrace, they should ever hold themselves bound, by the strongest obligations of duty and gratitude, to obey the laws and to guard the limits of the republic. These assurances were confirmed by the ambassadors of the Goths, who impatiently expected from the mouth of Valens an answer that must finally determine the fate of their unhappy countrymen. The emperor of the East was no longer guided by the wisdom and authority of his elder brother, whose death happened towards the end of the preceding year; and the distressful situation of the Goths required an instant and peremptory decision. When that important proposition, so essentially connected with the public safety, was referred to the ministers of Valens, they were perplexed and divided; but they soon acquiesced in the flattering sentiment which seemed the most favourable to the pride, the indolence, and the avarice of their sovereign. The prayers of the Goths were granted, and their service was accepted by the imperial court; and orders were immediately despatched by the civil and military governors of the Thracian diocese to make the necessary preparations for the passage and subsistence of a great people, till a proper and sufficient territory could be allotted for their future residence. The liberality of the emperor was accompanied, however, with two harsh and rigorous conditions, which prudence might justify on the side of the Romans, but which distress alone could extort from the indignant Goths. Before they passed the Danube they were required to deliver their arms, and it was insisted that their children should be taken from them and dispersed through the provinces of Asia, where they might be civilised by the arts of education, and serve as hostages to secure the fidelity of their parents.

A probable testimony has fixed the number of the Gothic warriors at two hundred thousand men; and if we can venture to add the just proportion of women, of children, and of slaves, the whole mass of people which composed this formidable emigration must have amounted to near a million of persons, of both sexes and of all ages. The children of the Goths, those at least of a distinguished rank, were separated from the multitude. They were conducted without delay to the distant seats assigned for their residence and education; and as the numerous train of hostages or captives passed through the cities, their gay and splendid apparel, their robust and martial figure, excited the surprise and envy of the provincials. But the stipulation, the most offensive to the Goths and the most important to the Romans, was shamefully eluded. The barbarians, who considered their arms as the ensigns of honour and the pledges of safety, were disposed to offer a price which the lust or avarice of the imperial officers was easily tempted to accept. To preserve their arms, the haughty warriors consented, with some reluctance, to prostitute their wives or their daughters; the charms of a beauteous maid, or a comely boy, secured the connivance of the inspectors, who sometimes cast an eye of covetousness on the fringed carpets and linen garments of their new allies, or who sacrificed their duty to the mean consideration of filling their farms with cattle and their houses with slaves. The Goths, with arms in their hands, were permitted to enter the boats; and when their strength was collected on the other side of the river, the immense camp which was spread over the plains and the hills of the Lower Maesia assumed a threatening and even hostile aspect. At this important crisis the military government of Thrace was exercised by Lupicinus and Maximus. Instead of obeying the orders of their sovereign, and satisfying, with decent liberality, the demands of the Goths, they levied an ungenerous and oppressive tax on the wants of the hungry barbarians. The vilest food was sold at an extravagant price, and, in the room of wholesome and substantial provisions, the markets were filled with the flesh of dogs and of unclean animals who had died of disease. To obtain the valuable acquisition of a pound of bread, the Goths resigned the possession of an expensive though serviceable slave, and a small quantity of meat was greedily purchased with ten pounds of a precious but useless metal. When their property was exhausted, they continued this necessary traffic by the sale of their sons and daughters; and notwithstanding the love of freedom which animated every Gothic breast, they submitted to the humiliating maxim that it was better for their children to be maintained in a servile condition than to perish in a state of wretched and helpless independence. The most lively resentment is excited by the tyranny of pretended benefactors, who sternly exact the debt of gratitude which they have cancelled by subsequent injuries; a spirit of discontent insensibly arose in the camp of the barbarians, who pleaded, without success, the merit of their patient and dutiful behaviour, and loudly complained of the inhospitable treatment which they had received from their new allies. They beheld around them the wealth

and plenty of a fertile province, in the midst of which they suffered the intolerable hardships of artificial famine. But the means of relief, and even of revenge, were in their hands, since the rapaciousness of their tyrants had left to an injured people the possession and the use of arms. A blow was imprudently given; a sword was hastily drawn; and the first blood that was spilt in this accidental quarrel became the signal of a long and destructive war.

The imprudence of Valens and his ministers had introduced into the heart of the empire a nation of enemies; but the Visigoths might even yet have been reconciled by the manly confession of past errors and the sincere performance of former engagements. These healing and temperate measures seemed to concur with the timorous disposition of the sovereign of the East: but on this occasion alone Valens was brave; and his unseasonable bravery was fatal to himself and to his subjects.

The imperial generals embraced the rational plan of destroying the barbarians by the wants and pressure of their own multitudes. They prepared to confine the Visigoths in the narrow angle of land between the Danube, the desert of Scythia, and the mountains of Haemus, till their strength and spirit should be insensibly wasted by the inevitable operation of famine. The design was prosecuted with some conduct and success; the barbarians had almost exhausted their own magazines and the harvests of the country; and the diligence of Saturninus, the master-general of the cavalry, was employed to improve the strength and to contract the extent of the Roman fortifications. His labours were interrupted by the alarming intelligence that new swarms of barbarians had passed the unguarded Danube, either to support the cause or to imitate the example of Fritigern. The just apprehension that he himself might be surrounded and overwhelmed by the arms of hostile and unknown nations, compelled Saturninus to relinquish the siege of the Gothic camp; and the indignant Visigoths, breaking from their confinement, satiated their hunger and revenge by the repeated devastation of the fruitful country which extends above three hundred miles from the banks of the Danube to the straits of the Hellespont. The sagacious Fritigern had successfully appealed to the passions as well as to the interest of his barbarian allies; and the love of rapine and the hatred of Rome seconded, or even prevented, the eloquence of his ambassadors. He obtained the formidable aid of the Taifalae, whose military renown was disgraced and polluted by the public infamy of their domestic manners. Every youth, on his entrance into the world, was united by the ties of honourable friendship and brutal love to some warrior of the tribe; nor could he hope to be released from this unnatural connection till he had approved his manhood by slaying in single combat a huge bear or a wild boar of the forest. But the most powerful auxiliaries of the Goths were drawn from the camp of those enemies who had expelled them from their native seats. The loose subordination and extensive possessions of the Huns and the Alani delayed the conquests and distracted the councils of that victorious people. Several of the hordes were allured by the liberal

promises of Fritigern; and the rapid cavalry of Scythia added weight and energy to the steady and strenuous efforts of the Gothic infantry.

One of the most dangerous inconveniences of the introduction of the barbarians into the army and the palace was sensibly felt in their correspondence with their hostile countrymen, to whom they imprudently or maliciously revealed the weakness of the Roman empire. A soldier of the life-guards of Gratian was of the nation of the Alemanni, and of the tribe of the Lentienses, who dwelt beyond the lake of Constance. Some domestic business obliged him to request a leave of absence. In a short visit to his family and friends he was exposed to their curious inquiries, and the vanity of the loquacious soldier tempted him to display his intimate acquaintance with the secrets of the state and the designs of his master. The intelligence that Gratian was preparing to lead the military force of Gaul and of the West to the assistance of his uncle Valens, pointed out to the restless spirit of the Alemanni the moment and the mode of a successful invasion. The enterprise of some light detachments, who in the month of February passed the Rhine upon the ice, was the prelude of a more important war. The boldest hopes of rapine, perhaps of conquest, outweighed the considerations of timid prudence or national faith. Every forest and every village poured forth a band of hardy adventurers; and the great army of the Alemanni, which on their approach was estimated at forty thousand men by the fears of the people, was afterwards magnified to the number of seventy thousand by the vain and credulous flattery of the imperial court. The legions which had been ordered to march into Pannonia were immediately recalled or detained for the defence of Gaul.

The emperor Valens, who at length had removed his court and army from Antioch, was received by the people of Constantinople as the author of the public calamity. Before he had reposed himself ten days in the capital he was urged by the licentious clamours of the Hippodrome to march against the barbarians whom he had invited into his dominions: and the citizens, who are always brave at a distance from any real danger, declared, with confidence, that if they were supplied with arms, *they* alone would undertake to deliver the province from the ravages of an insulting foe. The vain reproaches of an ignorant multitude hastened the downfall of the Roman empire; they provoked the desperate rashness of Valens, who did not find, either in his reputation or in his mind, any motives to support with firmness the public contempt. His army was strengthened by a numerous reinforcement of veterans; and his march from Constantinople to Hadrianople was conducted with so much military skill that he prevented the activity of the barbarians, who designed to occupy the intermediate defiles, and to intercept either the troops themselves or their convoys of provisions. The camp of Valens, which he pitched under the walls of Hadrianople, was fortified, according to the practice of the Romans, with a ditch and rampart; and a most important council was summoned to decide the fate of the emperor and of the empire.

The ruin of Valens was precipitated by the deceitful arts of Fritigern

and the prudent admonitions of the emperor of the West. The advantages of negotiating in the midst of war were perfectly understood by the general of the barbarians; and a Christian ecclesiastic was despatched, as the holy minister of peace, to penetrate and to perplex the councils of the enemy. The misfortunes, as well as the provocations, of the Gothic nation were forcibly and truly described by their ambassador, who protested, in the name of Fritigern, that he was still disposed to lay down his arms, or to employ them only in the defence of the empire, if he could secure for his wandering countrymen a tranquil settlement on the waste lands of Thrace, and a sufficient allowance of corn and cattle. But he added, in a whisper of confidential friendship, that the exasperated barbarians were averse to these reasonable conditions; and that Fritigern was doubtful whether he could accomplish the conclusion of the treaty unless he found himself supported by the presence and terrors of an imperial army. About the same time, Count Richomer returned from the West to announce the defeat and submission of the Alemanni; to inform Valens that his nephew advanced by rapid marches at the head of the veteran and victorious legions of Gaul; and to request, in the name of Gratian and of the republic, that every dangerous and decisive measure might be suspended till the junction of the two emperors should ensure the success of the Gothic war. But the feeble sovereign of the East was actuated only by the fatal illusions of pride and jealousy. He disdained the importunate advice; he rejected the humiliating aid; he secretly compared the ignominious, at least the inglorious, period of his own reign with the fame of a beardless youth; and Valens rushed into the field to erect his imaginary trophy before the diligence of his colleague could usurp any share of the triumphs of the day.

On the 9th of August [A.D. 378], a day which has deserved to be marked among the most inauspicious of the Roman calendar, Valens, leaving, under a strong guard, his baggage and military treasure, marched from Hadrianople to attack the Goths, who were encamped about twelve miles from the city. By some mistake of the orders, or some ignorance of the ground, the right wing or column of cavalry arrived in sight of the enemy whilst the left was still at a considerable distance; the soldiers were compelled, in the sultry heat of summer, to precipitate their pace; and the line of battle was formed with tedious confusion and irregular delay. The Gothic cavalry had been detached to forage in the adjacent country; and Fritigern still continued to practise his customary arts. He despatched messengers of peace, made proposals, required hostages, and wasted the hours, till the Romans, exposed without shelter to the burning rays of the sun, were exhausted by thirst, hunger, and intolerable fatigue. The emperor was persuaded to send an ambassador to the Gothic camp; the zeal of Richomer, who alone had courage to accept the dangerous commission, was applauded; and the count of the domestics, adorned with the splendid ensigns of his dignity, had proceeded some way in the space between the two armies when he was suddenly recalled by the alarm of battle. The hasty and imprudent attack was made by Bacurius the Iberian, who com-

manded a body of archers and targeteers: and, as they advanced with rashness, they retreated with loss and disgrace. In the same moment the flying squadrons of Alatheus and Saphrax, whose return was anxiously expected by the general of the Goths, descended like a whirlwind from the hills, swept across the plain, and added new terrors to the tumultuous but irresistible charge of the barbarian host. The event of the battle of Hadrianople, so fatal to Valens and to the empire, may be described in a few words: the Roman cavalry fled; the infantry was abandoned, surrounded, and cut in pieces. The most skilful evolutions, the firmest courage, are scarcely sufficient to extricate a body of foot encompassed on an open plain by superior numbers of horse; but the troops of Valens, oppressed by the weight of the enemy and their own fears, were crowded into a narrow space, where it was impossible for them to extend their ranks, or even to use, with effect, their swords and javelins. In the midst of tumult, of slaughter, and of dismay, the emperor, deserted by his guards, and wounded, as it was supposed, with an arrow, sought protection among the Lancearii and the Mattiarii, who still maintained their ground with some appearance of order and firmness. His faithful generals, Trajan and Victor, who perceived his danger, loudly exclaimed that all was lost unless the person of the emperor could be saved. Some troops, animated by their exhortation, advanced to his relief: they found only a bloody spot, covered with a heap of broken arms and mangled bodies, without being able to discover their unfortunate prince either among the living or the dead. Their search could not indeed be successful, if there is any truth in the circumstances with which some historians have related the death of the emperor. By the care of his attendants, Valens was removed from the field of battle to a neighbouring cottage, where they attempted to dress his wound and to provide for his future safety. But this humble retreat was instantly surrounded by the enemy; they tried to force the door; they were provoked by a discharge of arrows from the roof; till at length, impatient of delay, they set fire to a pile of dry faggots, and consumed the cottage with the Roman emperor and his train. Valens perished in the flames; and a youth, who dropped from the window, alone escaped, to attest the melancholy tale and to inform the Goths of the inestimable prize which they had lost by their own rashness. A great number of brave and distinguished officers perished in the battle of Hadrianople, which equalled in the actual loss, and far surpassed in the fatal consequences, the misfortune which Rome had formerly sustained in the fields of Cannae.

X. FINAL DIVISION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

The genius of Rome expired with Theodosius, the last of the successors of Augustus and Constantine who appeared in the field at the head of their armies, and whose authority was universally acknowledged throughout the whole extent of the empire. The memory of his virtues still con-

tinued, however, to protect the feeble and inexperienced youth of his two sons. After the death of their father, Arcadius and Honorius were saluted, by the unanimous consent of mankind, as the lawful emperors of the East and of the West; and the oath of fidelity was eagerly taken by every order of the state; the senates of old and new Rome, the clergy, the magistrates, the soldiers, and the people. Arcadius, who then was about eighteen years of age, was born in Spain in the humble habitation of a private family. But he received a princely education in the palace of Constantinople; and his inglorious life was spent in that peaceful and splendid seat of royalty, from whence he appeared to reign over the provinces of Thrace, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, from the Lower Danube to the confines of Persia and Aethiopia. His younger brother, Honorius, assumed, in the eleventh year of his age, the nominal government of Italy, Africa, Gaul, Spain, and Britain; and the troops which guarded the frontiers of his kingdom were opposed, on one side, to the Caledonians, and on the other to the Moors.

Theodosius had tarnished the glory of his reign by the elevation of Rufinus, an odious favourite, who in an age of civil and religious faction has deserved, from every party, the imputation of every crime. In the exercise of his various functions, so essentially connected with the whole system of civil government, he acquired the confidence of a monarch who soon discovered his diligence and capacity in business, and who long remained ignorant of the pride, the malice, and the covetousness of his disposition. These vices were concealed beneath the mask of profound dissimulation. Perhaps he vainly imagined that he laboured for the interest of an only daughter, on whom he intended to bestow his royal pupil and the august rank of empress of the East. But the absence, and soon afterwards the death, of the emperor confirmed the absolute authority of Rufinus over the person and dominions of Arcadius, a feeble youth, whom the imperious praefect considered as his pupil, rather than his sovereign. Regardless of the public opinion, he indulged his passions without remorse and without resistance; and his malignant and rapacious spirit rejected every passion that might have contributed to his own glory or the happiness of the people.

The various multitudes of Europe and Asia, exasperated by recent animosities, were overawed by the authority of a single man; and the rigid discipline of Stilicho [general of the empire of the West; of Vandal descent] protected the lands of the citizen from the rapine of the licentious soldier. Anxious, however, and impatient to relieve Italy from the presence of this formidable host, which could be useful only on the frontiers, he listened to the requisition of the minister of Arcadius, declared his intention of reconducting in person the troops of the East, and dexterously employed the rumour of a Gothic tumult to conceal his private designs of ambition and revenge. The guilty soul of Rufinus was alarmed by the approach of a warrior and a rival whose enmity he deserved; he computed, with increasing terror, the narrow space of his life and greatness; and, as the last hope of safety, he interposed the authority of the emperor

Arcadius. Stilicho, who appears to have directed his march along the sea-coast of the Hadriatic, was not far distant from the city of Thessalonica when he received a peremptory message to recall the troops of the East, and to declare that *his* nearer approach would be considered, by the Byzantine court, as an act of hostility. The prompt and unexpected obedience of the general of the West convinced the vulgar of his loyalty and moderation. The distinction of two governments, which soon produced the separation of two nations, will justify my design of suspending the series of the Byzantine history, to prosecute, without interruption, the disgraceful but memorable reign of Honorius.

The prudent Stilicho, instead of persisting to force the inclinations of a prince and people who rejected his government, wisely abandoned Arcadius to his unworthy favourites; and his reluctance to involve the two empires in a civil war displayed the moderation of a minister who had so often signalised his military spirit and abilities.

If the subjects of Rome could be ignorant of their obligations to the great Theodosius, they were too soon convinced how painfully the spirit and abilities of their deceased emperor had supported the frail and mouldering edifice of the republic. He died in the month of January [395]; and before the end of the winter of the same year, the Gothic nation was in arms. The Goths, instead of being impelled by the blind and headstrong passions of their chiefs, were now directed by the bold and artful genius of Alaric. That renowned leader was descended from the noble race of the Balti, which yielded only to the royal dignity of the Amali: he had solicited the command of the Roman armies; and the imperial court provoked him to demonstrate the folly of their refusal, and the importance of their loss. Whatever hopes might be entertained of the conquest of Constantinople, the judicious general soon abandoned an impracticable enterprise. In the midst of a divided court and a discontented people, the emperor Arcadius was terrified by the aspect of the Gothic arms: but the want of wisdom and valour was supplied by the strength of the city; and the fortifications, both of the sea and land, might securely brave the impotent and random darts of the barbarians. Alaric disdained to trample any longer on the prostrate and ruined countries of Thrace and Dacia, and he resolved to seek a plentiful harvest of fame and riches in a province which had hitherto escaped the ravages of war.

The troops which had been posted to defend the straits of Thermopylae retired, as they were directed, without attempting to disturb the secure and rapid passage of Alaric; and the fertile fields of Phocis and Boeotia were instantly covered by a deluge of barbarians, who massacred the males of an age to bear arms, and drove away the beautiful females, with the spoil and cattle of the flaming villages. The travellers who visited Greece several years afterwards could easily discover the deep and bloody traces of the march of the Goths; and Thebes was less indebted for her preservation to the strength of her seven gates than to the eager haste of Alaric, who advanced to occupy the city of Athens and the important

harbour of the Piraeus. The whole territory of Attica, from the promontory of Sunium to the town of Megara, was blasted by his baleful presence; and, if we may use the comparison of a contemporary philosopher, Athens itself resembled the bleeding and empty skin of a slaughtered victim. Corinth, Argos, Sparta, yielded without resistance to the arms of the Goths; and the most fortunate of the inhabitants were saved by death from beholding the slavery of their families and the conflagration of their cities.

From Thermopylae to Sparta the leader of the Goths pursued his victorious march without encountering any mortal antagonists.

The last hope of a people who could no longer depend on their arms, their gods, or their sovereign, was placed in the powerful assistance of the general of the West; and Stilicho, who had not been permitted to repulse, advanced to chastise the invaders of Greece. A numerous fleet was equipped in the ports of Italy; and the troops, after a short and prosperous navigation over the Ionian Sea, were safely disembarked on the isthmus, near the ruins of Corinth. The woody and mountainous country of Arcadia, the fabulous residence of Pan and the Dryads, became the scene of a long and doubtful conflict between two generals not unworthy of each other. The skill and perseverance of the Roman at length prevailed; and the Goths, after sustaining a considerable loss from disease and desertion, gradually retreated to the lofty mountain of Pholoe, near the sources of the Peneus, and on the frontiers of Elis—a sacred country, which had formerly been exempted from the calamities of war. The camp of the barbarians was immediately besieged; the waters of the river were diverted into another channel; and while they laboured under the intolerable pressure of thirst and hunger, a strong line of circumvallation was formed to prevent their escape. This unfortunate delay allowed Alaric sufficient time to conclude the treaty which he secretly negotiated with the ministers of Constantinople. The apprehension of a civil war compelled Stilicho to retire, at the haughty mandate of his rivals, from the dominions of Arcadius; and he respected, in the enemy of Rome, the honourable character of the ally and servant of the emperor of the East.

The scarcity of facts, and the uncertainty of dates, oppose our attempts to describe the circumstances of the first invasion of Italy by the arms of Alaric. His march, perhaps from Thessalonica, through the warlike and hostile country of Pannonia, as far as the foot of the Julian Alps; his passage of those mountains, which were strongly guarded by troops and entrenchments; the siege of Aquileia, and the conquest of the provinces of Istria and Venetia, appear to have employed a considerable time. Unless his operations were extremely cautious and slow, the length of the interval would suggest a probable suspicion that the Gothic king retreated towards the banks of the Danube, and reinforced his army with fresh swarms of barbarians, before he again attempted to penetrate into the heart of Italy.

Without losing a moment (while each moment was so important to

the public safety), Stilicho hastily embarked on the Larian lake, ascended the mountains of ice and snow amidst the severity of an Alpine winter, and suddenly repressed, by his unexpected presence, the enemy, who had disturbed the tranquillity of Rhaetia. Stilicho issued his orders to the most remote troops of the West, to advance, by rapid marches, to the defence of Honorius and of Italy. The fortresses of the Rhine were abandoned; and the safety of Gaul was protected only by the faith of the Germans, and the ancient terror of the Roman name. Even the legion which had been stationed to guard the wall of Britain against the Caledonians of the North was hastily recalled; and a numerous body of the cavalry of the Alani was persuaded to engage in the service of the emperor, who anxiously expected the return of his general. The prudence and vigour of Stilicho were conspicuous on this occasion, which revealed, at the same time, the weakness of the falling empire. The legions of Rome, which had long since languished in the gradual decay of discipline and courage, were exterminated by the Gothic and civil wars; and it was found impossible without exhausting and exposing the provinces, to assemble an army for the defence of Italy.

Stilicho resolved to attack the Goths whilst they were devoutly employed in celebrating the festival of Easter. The camp of the Goths, which Alaric had pitched in the neighbourhood of Pollentia, was thrown into confusion by the sudden and impetuous charge of the imperial cavalry; but, in a few moments, the undaunted genius of their leader gave them an order and a field of battle; and soon they had recovered from their astonishment. The defeat of the wing of cavalry might have decided the victory of Alaric, if Stilicho had not immediately led the Roman and barbarian infantry to the attack. The skill of the general, and the bravery of the soldiers, surmounted every obstacle. In the evening of the bloody day, the Goths retreated from the field of battle; the entrenchments of their camp were forced, and the scene of rapine and slaughter made some atonement for the calamities which they had inflicted on the subjects of the empire. The magnificent spoils of Corinth and Argos enriched the veterans of the West; the captive wife of Alaric, who had impatiently claimed his promise of Roman jewels and Patrician handmaids, was reduced to implore the mercy of the insulting foe; and many thousand prisoners, released from the Gothic chains, dispersed through the provinces of Italy the praises of their heroic deliverer.

The capital was saved by the active and incessant diligence of Stilicho; but he respected the despair of his enemy; and, instead of committing the fate of the republic to the chance of another battle, he proposed to purchase the absence of the barbarians. The spirit of Alaric would have rejected such terms, the permission of a retreat, and the offer of a pension, with contempt and indignation; but he exercised a limited and precarious authority over the independent chieftains who had raised him, for *their* service, above the rank of his equals; they were still less disposed to follow an unsuccessful general, and many of them were tempted to consult their

interest by a private negotiation with the minister of Honorius. The king submitted to the voice of his people, ratified the treaty with the empire of the West, and repassed the Po with the remains of the flourishing army which he had led into Italy.

The recent danger to which the person of the emperor had been exposed in the defenceless palace of Milan urged him to seek a retreat in some inaccessible fortress of Italy, where he might securely remain, while the open country was covered by a deluge of barbarians. On the coast of the Hadriatic, about ten or twelve miles from the most southern of the seven mouths of the Po, the Thessalians had founded the ancient colony of RAVENNA, which they afterwards resigned to the natives of Umbria. The adjacent country, to the distance of many miles, was a deep and impassable morass; and the artificial causeway which connected Ravenna with the continent might be easily guarded or destroyed on the approach of an hostile army. This advantageous situation was fortified by art and labour; and in the twentieth year of his age the emperor of the West, anxious only for his personal safety, retired to the perpetual confinement of the walls and morasses of Ravenna.

The fears of Honorius were not without foundation, nor were his precautions without effect. While Italy rejoiced in her deliverance from the Goths, a furious tempest was excited among the nations of Germany, who yielded to the irresistible impulse that appears to have been gradually communicated from the eastern extremity of the continent of Asia.

The correspondence of nations was in that age so imperfect and precarious, that the revolutions of the North might escape the knowledge of the court of Ravenna, till the dark cloud, which was collected along the coast of the Baltic, burst in thunder upon the banks of the Upper Danube. When the limits of Gaul and Germany were shaken by the northern emigration, the Franks bravely encountered the single force of the Vandals, who, regardless of the lessons of adversity, had again separated their troops from the standard of their barbarian allies. They paid the penalty of their rashness; and twenty thousand Vandals, with their king Godigisclus, were slain in the field of battle. The whole people must have been extirpated if the squadrons of the Alani, advancing to their relief, had not trampled down the infantry of the Franks, who, after an honourable resistance, were compelled to relinquish the unequal contest. The victorious confederates pursued their march, and on the last day of the year, in a season when the waters of the Rhine were most probably frozen, they entered without opposition the defenceless provinces of Gaul. This memorable passage of the Suevi, the Vandals, the Alani, and the Burgundians, who never afterwards retreated, may be considered as the fall of the Roman empire in the countries beyond the Alps; and the barriers, which had so long separated the savage and the civilised nations of the earth, were from that fatal moment levelled with the ground.

While the peace of Germany was secured by the attachment of the Franks and the neutrality of the Alemanni, the subjects of Rome, un-

conscious of their approaching calamities, enjoyed the state of quiet and prosperity which had seldom blessed the frontiers of Gaul. Their flocks and herds were permitted to graze in the pastures of the barbarians; their huntsmen penetrated, without fear or danger, into the darkest recesses of the Hercynian wood. The banks of the Rhine were crowned, like those of the Tiber, with elegant houses and well-cultivated farms; and if a poet descended the river, he might express his doubt on which side was situated the territory of the Romans. This scene of peace and plenty was suddenly changed into a desert; and the prospect of the smoking ruins could alone distinguish the solitude of nature from the desolation of man. The flourishing city of Mentz was surprised and destroyed, and many thousand Christians were inhumanly massacred in the church. Worms perished after a long and obstinate siege; Strasburg, Spires, Rheims, Tournay, Arras, Amiens, experienced the cruel oppression of the German yoke; and the consuming flames of war spread from the banks of the Rhine over the greatest part of the seventeen provinces of Gaul. That rich and extensive country, as far as the ocean, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, was delivered to the barbarians, who drove before them in a promiscuous crowd the bishop, the senator, and the virgin, laden with the spoils of their houses and altars.

Stilicho might have continued to brave the clamours of the people, and even of the soldiers, if he could have maintained his dominion over the feeble mind of his pupil. But the respectful attachment of Honorius was converted into fear, suspicion, and hatred. The crafty Olympius, who concealed his vices under the mask of Christian piety, had secretly undermined the benefactor by whose favour he was promoted to the honourable offices of the imperial palace. Olympius revealed to the unsuspecting emperor, who had attained the twenty-fifth year of his age, that he was without weight or authority in his own government; and artfully alarmed his timid and indolent disposition by a lively picture of the designs of Stilicho, who already meditated the death of his sovereign, with the ambitious hope of placing the diadem on the head of his son Eucherius. The emperor was instigated by his new favourite to assume the tone of independent dignity; and the minister was astonished to find that secret resolutions were formed in the court and council, which were repugnant to his interest, or to his intentions. Instead of residing in the palace of Rome, Honorius declared that it was his pleasure to return to the secure fortress of Ravenna. On the first intelligence of the death of his brother Arcadius, he prepared to visit Constantinople, and to regulate, with the authority of a guardian, the provinces of the infant Theodosius.

In the passage of the emperor through Bologna a mutiny of the guards was excited and appeased by the secret policy of Stilicho, who announced his instructions to decimate the guilty, and ascribed to his own intercession the merit of their pardon. After this tumult, Honorius embraced, for the last time, the minister whom he now considered as a tyrant, and proceeded on his way to the camp of Pavia, where he was received by the loyal acclamations of the troops who were assembled for the

service of the Gallic war. At the first signal they massacred the friends of Stilicho, the most illustrious officers of the empire; two Praetorian praefects, of Gaul and of Italy; two masters-general of the cavalry and infantry; the master of the offices, the quaestor, the treasurer, and the count of the domestics. Stilicho escaped with difficulty from the sword of the Goths, and after issuing a last and generous admonition to the cities of Italy to shut their gates against the barbarians, his confidence or his despair urged him to throw himself into Ravenna, which was already in the absolute possession of his enemies. Olympius, who had assumed the dominion of Honorius, was speedily informed that his rival had embraced, as a suppliant, the altar of the Christian church. The base and cruel disposition of the hypocrite was incapable of pity or remorse; but he piously affected to elude, rather than to violate, the privilege of the sanctuary. Count Heraclian, with a troop of soldiers, appeared at the dawn of day before the gates of the church of Ravenna. The bishop was satisfied by a solemn oath that the Imperial mandate only directed them to secure the person of Stilicho: but as soon as the unfortunate minister had been tempted beyond the holy threshold, he produced the warrant for his instant execution. Stilicho supported with calm resignation the injurious names of traitor and parricide; repressed the unseasonable zeal of his followers, who were ready to attempt an ineffectual rescue; and, with a firmness not unworthy of the last of the Roman generals, submitted his neck to the sword of Heraclian.

XI. INVASION OF ITALY BY ALARIC

If Alaric himself had been introduced into the council of Ravenna, he would probably have advised the same measures which were actually pursued by the ministers of Honorius. Honorius excluded all persons who were adverse to the Catholic church from holding any office in the state; obstinately rejected the service of all those who dissented from his religion; and rashly disqualified many of his bravest and most skilful officers who adhered to the pagan worship or who had imbibed the opinions of Arianism. By the imprudent conduct of the ministers of Honorius the republic lost the assistance, and deserved the enmity, of thirty thousand of her bravest soldiers; and the weight of that formidable army, which alone might have determined the event of the war, was transferred from the scale of the Romans into that of the Goths.

From his camp, on the confines of Italy, Alaric attentively observed the revolutions of the palace, watched the progress of faction and discontent, disguised the hostile aspect of a barbarian invader, and assumed the more popular appearance of the friend and ally of the great Stilicho; to whose virtues, when they were no longer formidable, he could pay a just tribute of sincere praise and regret. The pressing invitation of the malcontents, who urged the king of the Goths to invade Italy, was enforced

by a lively sense of his personal injuries; and he might speciously complain that the imperial ministers still delayed and eluded the payment of the four thousand pounds of gold which had been granted by the Roman senate either to reward his services or to appease his fury.

The modesty of Alaric was interpreted by the ministers of Ravenna as a sure evidence of his weakness and fear. They disdained either to negotiate a treaty or to assemble an army; and with a rash confidence, derived only from their ignorance of the extreme danger, irretrievably wasted the decisive moments of peace and war. While they expected, in sullen silence, that the barbarians should evacuate the confines of Italy, Alaric, with bold and rapid marches, passed the Alps and the Po; hastily pillaged the cities of Aquileia, Altinum, Concordia, and Cremona, which yielded to his arms; increased his forces by the accession of thirty thousand auxiliaries; and, without meeting a single enemy in the field, advanced as far as the edge of the morass which protected the impregnable residence of the emperor of the West. Instead of attempting the hopeless siege of Ravenna, the prudent leader of the Goths proceeded to Rimini, stretched his ravages along the sea-coast of the Hadriatic, and meditated the conquest of the ancient mistress of the world.

While the emperor and his court enjoyed with sullen pride the security of the marshes and fortifications of Ravenna, they abandoned Rome, almost without defence, to the resentment of Alaric. Yet such was the moderation which he still preserved, or affected, that as he moved with his army along the Flaminian way he successively despatched the bishops of the towns of Italy to reiterate his offers of peace, and to conjure the emperor that he would save the city and its inhabitants from hostile fire and the sword of the barbarians. These impending calamities were however averted, not indeed by the wisdom of Honorius, but by the prudence or humanity of the Gothic king, who employed a milder, though not less effectual, method of conquest. Instead of assaulting the capital he successfully directed his efforts against the *Port* of Ostia, one of the boldest and most stupendous works of Roman magnificence. As soon as Alaric was in possession of that important place he summoned the city to surrender at discretion; and his demands were enforced by the positive declaration that a refusal, or even a delay, should be instantly followed by the destruction of the magazines on which the life of the Roman people depended. The clamours of that people and the terror of famine subdued the pride of the senate.

In the sack of Rome some rare and extraordinary examples of barbarian virtue have been deservedly applauded. But the holy precincts of the Vatican and the apostolic churches could receive a very small proportion of the Roman people: many thousand warriors, more especially of the Huns who served under the standard of Alaric, were strangers to the name, or at least to the faith, of Christ, and we may suspect, without any breach of charity or candour, that in the hour of savage licence, when every passion was inflamed and every restraint was removed, the precepts

of the Gospel seldom influenced the behaviour of the Gothic Christians. The writers the best disposed to exaggerate their clemency have freely confessed that a cruel slaughter was made of the Romans, and that the streets of the city were filled with dead bodies, which remained without burial during the general consternation. The despair of the citizens was sometimes converted into fury; and whenever the barbarians were provoked by opposition, they extended the promiscuous massacre to the feeble, the innocent, and the helpless. The private revenge of forty thousand slaves was exercised without pity or remorse; and the ignominious lashes which they had formerly received were washed away in the blood of the guilty or obnoxious families. The brutal soldiers satisfied their sensual appetites without consulting either the inclination or the duties of their female captives; and a nice question of casuistry was seriously agitated, Whether those tender victims, who had inflexibly refused their consent to the violation which they sustained, had lost, by their misfortune, the glorious crown of virginity. There were other losses indeed of a more substantial kind and more general concern. It cannot be presumed that all the barbarians were at all times capable of perpetrating such amorous outrages; and the want of youth, or beauty, or chastity, protected the greatest part of the Roman women from the danger of a rape. But avarice is an insatiate and universal passion; since the enjoyment of almost every object that can afford pleasure to the different tastes and tempers of mankind may be procured by the possession of wealth. In the pillage of Rome a just preference was given to gold and jewels, which contain the greatest value in the smallest compass and weight; but, after these portable riches had been removed by the more diligent robbers, the palaces of Rome were rudely stripped of their splendid and costly furniture.

The retreat of the victorious Goths, who evacuated Rome on the sixth day, might be the result of prudence, but it was not surely the effect of fear. At the head of an army encumbered with rich and weighty spoils, their intrepid leader advanced along the Appian Way into the southern provinces of Italy, destroying whatever dared to oppose his passage, and contenting himself with the plunder of the unresisting country.

Whether fame, or conquest, or riches were the object of Alaric, he pursued that object with an indefatigable ardour which could neither be quelled by adversity nor satiated by success. No sooner had he reached the extreme land of Italy than he was attracted by the neighbouring prospect of a fertile and peaceful island. Yet even the possession of Sicily he considered only as an intermediate step to the important expedition which he already meditated against the continent of Africa. The straits of Rhegium and Messina are twelve miles in length, and in the narrowest passage about one mile and a half broad; and the fabulous monsters of the deep, the rocks of Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis, could terrify none but the most timid and unskilled mariners. Yet as soon as the first division of the Goths had embarked, a sudden tempest arose, which sunk or scattered many of the transports; their courage was daunted by the

terrors of a new element; and the whole design was defeated by the premature death of Alaric, which fixed, after a short illness, the fatal term of his conquests. The ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero whose valour and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labour of a captive multitude they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel; and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work.

XII. REIGN OF JUSTINIAN AND THEODORA

The emperor Justinian was born near the ruins of Sardica (the modern Sophia), of an obscure race of barbarians, the inhabitants of a wild and desolate country, to which the names of Dardania, of Dacia, and of Bulgaria have been successively applied. His elevation was prepared by the adventurous spirit of his uncle Justin, who, with two other peasants of the same village, deserted for the profession of arms the more useful employment of husbandmen or shepherds. On foot, with a scanty provision of biscuit in their knapsacks, the three youths followed the high road of Constantinople, and were soon enrolled, for their strength and stature, among the guards of the emperor Leo. Under the two succeeding reigns, the fortunate peasant emerged to wealth and honours; and his escape from some dangers which threatened his life was afterwards ascribed to the guardian angel who watches over the fate of kings. His long and laudable service in the Isaurian and Persian wars would not have preserved from oblivion the name of Justin; yet they might warrant the military promotion which, in the course of fifty years, he gradually obtained—the rank of tribune, of count, and of general, the dignity of senator, and the command of the guards, who obeyed him as their chief at the important crisis when the emperor Anastasius was removed from the world. The powerful kinsmen whom he had raised and enriched were excluded from the throne; and the eunuch Amantius, who reigned in the palace, had secretly resolved to fix the diadem on the head of the most obsequious of his creatures. A liberal donative, to conciliate the suffrage of the guards, was intrusted for that purpose in the hands of their commander. But these weighty arguments were treacherously employed by Justin in his own favour; and as no competitor presumed to appear, the Dacian peasant was invested with the purple by the unanimous consent of the soldiers, who knew him to be brave and gentle; of the clergy and people, who believed him to be orthodox; and of the provincials, who yielded a blind and implicit submission to the will of the capital. The elder Justin, as he is distinguished from another emperor of the same family and name, ascended the Byzantine

throne at the age of sixty-eight years; and, had he been left to his own guidance, every moment of a nine-years' reign must have exposed to his subjects the impropriety of their choice. His ignorance was similar to that of Theodoric; and it is remarkable that, in an age not destitute of learning, two contemporary monarchs had never been instructed in the knowledge of the alphabet. But the official business of the state was diligently and faithfully transacted by the quaestor Proclus; and the aged emperor adopted the talents and ambition of his nephew Justinian, an aspiring youth, whom his uncle had drawn from the rustic solitude of Dacia, and educated at Constantinople as the heir of his private fortune, and at length of the Eastern empire.

The Catholics were attached to the nephew of Justin, who, between the Nestorian and Eutychian heresies, trod the narrow path of inflexible and intolerant orthodoxy. While he indulged the people of Constantinople, and received the addresses of foreign kings, the nephew of Justin assiduously cultivated the friendship of the senate. The senate proceeded to decorate Justinian with the royal epithet of *nobilissimus;* and their decree was ratified by the affection or the fears of his uncle. After some time the languour of mind and body to which he was reduced by an incurable wound in his thigh indispensably required the aid of a guardian. He summoned the patriarch and senators, and in their presence solemnly placed the diadem on the head of his nephew, who was conducted from the palace to the circus, and saluted by the loud and joyful applause of the people. The life of Justin was prolonged about four months; but from the instant of this ceremony he was considered as dead to the empire, which acknowledged Justinian in the forty-fifth year of his age, for the lawful sovereign of the East.

Under the reign of Anastasius, the care of the wild beasts maintained by a leading faction at Constantinople was intrusted to Acacius, a native of the isle of Cyprus, who, from his employment, was surnamed the master of the bears. This honourable office was given after his death to another candidate, notwithstanding the diligence of his widow, who had already provided a husband and a successor. Acacius had left three daughters, Comito, THEODORA, and Anastasia, the eldest of whom did not then exceed the age of seven years. As they improved in age and beauty, the three sisters were successively devoted to the public and private pleasures of the Byzantine people; and Theodora, after following Comito on the stage, in the dress of a slave, with a stool on her head, was at length permitted to exercise her independent talents. She neither danced, nor sung, nor played on the flute; her skill was confined to the pantomime art; she excelled in buffoon characters; and as often as the comedian swelled her cheeks, and complained with a ridiculous tone and gesture of the blows that were inflicted, the whole theatre of Constantinople resounded with laughter and applause. The beauty of Theodora was the subject of more flattering praise, and the source of more exquisite delight. But this form was degraded by the facility with which it was exposed to the public eye, and prostituted

to licentious desire. Her venal charms were abandoned to a promiscuous crowd of citizens and strangers, of every rank and of every profession: the fortunate lover who had been promised a night of enjoyment was often driven from her bed by a stronger or more wealthy favourite; and when she passed through the streets, her presence was avoided by all who wished to escape either the scandal or the temptation.

In the most abject state of her fortune and reputation, some vision, either of sleep or of fancy, had whispered to Theodora the pleasing assurance that she was destined to become the spouse of a potent monarch. Conscious of her approaching greatness, she assumed, like a skilful actress, a more decent character; relieved her poverty by the laudable industry of spinning wool; and affected a life of chastity and solitude in a small house, which she afterwards changed into a magnificent temple. Her beauty, assisted by art or accident, soon attracted, captivated, and fixed, the patrician Justinian, who already reigned with absolute sway under the name of his uncle. The nephew of Justin was determined, perhaps by religious scruples, to bestow on his concubine the sacred and legal character of a wife. But the laws of Rome expressly prohibited the marriage of a senator with any female who had been dishonoured by a servile origin or theatrical profession: the empress Lupicina or Euphemia, a barbarian of rustic manners, but of irreproachable virtue, refused to accept a prostitute for her niece. These obstacles were removed by the inflexible constancy of Justinian. He patiently expected the death of the empress; he despised the tears of his mother, who soon sunk under the weight of her affliction; and a law was promulgated, in the name of the emperor Justin, which abolished the rigid jurisprudence of antiquity. A glorious repentance (the words of the edict) was left open for the unhappy females who had prostituted their persons on the theatre, and they were permitted to contract a legal union with the most illustrious of the Romans. This indulgence was speedily followed by the solemn nuptials of Justinian and Theodora; her dignity was gradually exalted with that of her lover; and, as soon as Justin had invested his nephew with the purple, the patriarch of Constantinople placed the diadem on the heads of the emperor and empress of the East. But the usual honours which the severity of Roman manners had allowed to the wives of princes could not satisfy either the ambition of Theodora or the fondness of Justinian. He seated her on the throne as an equal and independent colleague in the sovereignty of the empire, and an oath of allegiance was imposed on the governors of the provinces in the joint names of Justinian and Theodora.

The name of Theodora was introduced, with equal honour, in all the pious and charitable foundations of Justinian; and the most benevolent institution of his reign may be ascribed to the sympathy of the empress for her less fortunate sisters, who had been seduced or compelled to embrace the trade of prostitution. A palace, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, was converted into a stately and spacious monastery, and a liberal maintenance was assigned to five hundred women who had been collected

from the streets and brothels of Constantinople. In this safe and holy retreat they were devoted to perpetual confinement; and the despair of some, who threw themselves headlong into the sea, was lost in the gratitude of the penitents who had been delivered from sin and misery by their generous benefactress. The prudence of Theodora is celebrated by Justinian himself; and his laws are attributed to the sage counsels of his most reverend wife, whom he had received as the gift of the Deity. Her courage was displayed amidst the tumult of the people and the terrors of the court. Her chastity, from the moment of her union with Justinian, is founded on the silence of her implacable enemies; and although the daughter of Acacius might be satiated with love, yet some applause is due to the firmness of a mind which could sacrifice pleasure and habit to the stronger sense either of duty or interest. The wishes and prayers of Theodora could never obtain the blessing of a lawful son, and she buried an infant daughter, the sole offspring of her marriage. Notwithstanding this disappointment, her dominion was permanent and absolute; she preserved, by art or merit, the affections of Justinian.

A material difference may be observed in the games of antiquity: the most eminent of the Greeks were actors, the Romans were merely spectators. The race, in its first institution, was a simple contest of two chariots, whose drivers were distinguished by *white* and *red* liveries: two additional colours, a light *green* and a caerulean *blue,* were afterwards introduced.

Constantinople adopted the follies, though not the virtues, of ancient Rome; and the same factions which had agitated the circus raged with redoubled fury in the hippodrome. Under the reign of Anastasius, this popular frenzy was inflamed by religious zeal; and the greens, who had treacherously concealed stones and daggers under baskets of fruit, massacred at a solemn festival three thousand of their blue adversaries. From the capital this pestilence was diffused into the provinces and cities of the East, and the sportive distinction of two colours produced two strong and irreconcilable factions, which shook the foundations of a feeble government. A secret attachment to the family or sect of Anastasius was imputed to the greens; the blues were zealously devoted to the cause of orthodoxy and Justinian, and their grateful patron protected, above five years, the disorders of a faction whose seasonable tumults overawed the palace, the senate, and the capitals of the East. Their adversaries of the green faction, or even inoffensive citizens, were stripped and often murdered by these nocturnal robbers, and it became dangerous to wear any gold buttons or girdles, or to appear at a late hour in the streets of a peaceful capital. A daring spirit, rising with impunity, proceeded to violate the safeguard of private houses; and fire was employed to facilitate the attack, or to conceal the crimes, of these factious rioters. The dissolute youth of Constantinople adopted the blue livery of disorder; the laws were silent, and the bonds of society were relaxed; creditors were compelled to resign their obligations; judges to reverse their sentence; masters to enfranchise

their slaves; fathers to supply the extravagance of their children; noble matrons were prostituted to the lust of their servants; beautiful boys were torn from the arms of their parents; and wives, unless they preferred a voluntary death, were ravished in the presence of their husbands.

A sedition, which almost laid Constantinople in ashes, was excited by the mutual hatred and momentary reconciliation of the two factions. In the fifth year of his reign Justinian celebrated the festival of the ides of January: the games were incessantly disturbed by the clamorous discontent of the greens; till the twenty-second race the emperor maintained his silent gravity; at length, yielding to his impatience, he condescended to hold, in abrupt sentences, and by the voice of a crier, the most singular dialogue that ever passed between a prince and his subjects. Their first complaints were respectful and modest; they accused the subordinate ministers of oppression, and proclaimed their wishes for the long life and victory of the emperor. "Be patient and attentive, ye insolent railers!" exclaimed Justinian; "be mute, ye Jews, Samaritans, and Manichaeans!" The greens still attempted to awaken his compassion. "We are poor, we are innocent, we are injured, we dare not pass through the streets: a general persecution is exercised against our name and colour. Let us die, O emperor! but let us die by your command, and for your service!" But the repetition of partial and passionate invectives degraded, in their eyes, the majesty of the purple; they renounced allegiance to the prince who refused justice to his people, lamented that the father of Justinian had been born, and branded his son with the opprobrious names of a homicide, an ass, and a perjured tyrant. "Do you despise your lives?" cried the indignant monarch. The blues rose with fury from their seats, their hostile clamours thundered in the hippodrome, and their adversaries, deserting the unequal contest, spread terror and despair through the streets of Constantinople. At this dangerous moment, seven notorious assassins of both factions, who had been condemned by the praefect, were carried round the city, and afterwards transported to the place of execution in the suburb of Pera. Four were immediately beheaded; a fifth was hanged; but, when the same punishment was inflicted on the remaining two, the rope broke, they fell alive to the ground, and the populace applauded their escape. As one of these criminals was of the blue, and the other of the green, livery, the two factions were equally provoked by the cruelty of their oppressor or the ingratitude of their patron, and a short truce was concluded till they had delivered their prisoners and satisfied their revenge. The palace of the praefect, who withstood the seditious torrent, was instantly burnt, his officers and guards were massacred, the prisons were forced open, and freedom was restored to those who could only use it for the public destruction. A military force which had been despatched to the aid of the civil magistrate was fiercely encountered by an armed multitude, whose numbers and boldness continually increased: and the Heruli, the wildest barbarians in the service of the empire, overturned the priests and their relics, which, from a pious motive, had been rashly interposed to separate

the bloody conflict. The tumult was exasperated by this sacrilege; the people fought with enthusiasm in the cause of God; the women, from the roofs and windows, showered stones on the heads of the soldiers, who darted firebrands against the houses; and the various flames, which had been kindled by the hands of citizens and strangers, spread without control over the face of the city. The conflagration involved the cathedral of St. Sophia, the baths of Zeuxippus, a part of the palace from the first entrance to the altar of Mars, and the long portico from the palace to the forum of Constantine: a large hospital, with the sick patients, was consumed; many churches and stately edifices were destroyed; and an immense treasure of gold and silver was either melted or lost. From such scenes of horror and distress the wise and wealthy citizens escaped over the Bosphorus to the Asiatic side, and during five days Constantinople was abandoned to the factions, whose watchword, NIKA, *vanquish!* has given a name to this memorable sedition.

In the morning of the sixth day Hypatius [nephew of the emperor Anastasius] was surrounded and seized by the people, who, regardless of his virtuous resistance and the tears of his wife, transported their favourite to the forum of Constantine, and, instead of a diadem, placed a rich collar on his head. If the usurper, who afterwards pleaded the merit of his delay, had complied with the advice of his senate, and urged the fury of the multitude, their first irresistible effort might have oppressed or expelled his trembling competitor. The Byzantine palace enjoyed a free communication with the sea, vessels lay ready at the garden-stairs, and a secret resolution was already formed to convey the emperor with his family and treasures to a safe retreat at some distance from the capital.

Justinian was lost, if the prostitute whom he raised from the theatre had not renounced the timidity as well as the virtues of her sex. In the midst of a council where Belisarius was present, Theodora alone displayed the spirit of a hero, and she alone, without apprehending his future hatred, could save the emperor from the imminent danger and his unworthy fears. "If flight," said the consort of Justinian, "were the only means of safety, yet I should disdain to fly. Death is the condition of our birth, but they who have reigned should never survive the loss of dignity and dominion. I implore Heaven that I may never be seen, not a day, without my diadem and purple; that I may no longer behold the light when I cease to be saluted with the name of queen. If you resolve, O Caesar! to fly, you have treasures; behold the sea, you have ships; but tremble lest the desire of life should expose you to wretched exile and ignominious death. For my own part, I adhere to the maxim of antiquity, that the throne is a glorious sepulchre." The firmness of a woman restored the courage to deliberate and act, and courage soon discovers the resources of the most desperate situation. The fidelity of the guards was doubtful; but the military force of Justinian consisted in three thousand veterans, who had been trained to valour and discipline in the Persian and Illyrian wars. Under the command of Belisarius and Mundus, they silently

marched in two divisions from the palace, forced their obscure way through narrow passages, expiring flames, and falling edifices, and burst open at the same moment the two opposite gates of the hippodrome. In this narrow space the disorderly and affrighted crowd was incapable of resisting on either side a firm and regular attack; the blues signalised the fury of their repentance, and it is computed that above thirty thousand persons were slain in the merciless and promiscuous carnage of the day. Hypatius was dragged from his throne, and conducted with his brother Pompey to the feet of the emperor; they implored his clemency, but their crime was manifest, their innocence uncertain, and Justinian had been too much terrified to forgive. The next morning the two nephews of Anastasius, with eighteen *illustrious* accomplices, of patrician or consular rank, were privately executed by the soldiers, their bodies were thrown into the sea, their palaces razed, and their fortunes confiscated. The hippodrome itself was condemned, during several years, to a mournful silence.

The principal church, which was dedicated by the founder of Constantinople to Saint Sophia, or the eternal wisdom, had been twice destroyed by fire; after the exile of John Chrysostom and during the *Nika* of the blue and green factions. No sooner did the tumult subside than the Christian populace deplored their sacrilegious rashness; but they might have rejoiced in the calamity, had they foreseen the glory of the new temple, which at the end of forty days was strenuously undertaken by the piety of Justinian. The ruins were cleared away, a more spacious plan was described, and, as it required the consent of some proprietors of ground, they obtained the most exorbitant terms from the eager desires and timorous conscience of the monarch. Anthemius formed the design, and his genius directed the hands of ten thousand workmen, whose payment in pieces of fine silver was never delayed beyond the evening. The emperor himself, clad in a linen tunic, surveyed each day their rapid progress, and encouraged their diligence by his familiarity, his zeal, and his rewards. The new cathedral of St. Sophia was consecrated by the patriarch, five years, eleven months, and ten days from the first foundation; and in the midst of the solemn festival Justinian exclaimed with devout vanity, "Glory be to God, who hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work; I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!" But the pride of the Roman Solomon, before twenty years had elapsed, was humbled by an earthquake, which overthrew the eastern part of the dome. Its splendour was again restored by the perseverance of the same prince; and in the thirty-sixth year of his reign Justinian celebrated the second dedication of a temple which remains, after twelve centuries, a stately monument of his fame. The architecture of St. Sophia, which is now converted into the principal mosque, has been imitated by the Turkish sultans, and that venerable pile continues to excite the fond admiration of the Greeks, and the more rational curiosity of European travellers. The dome of St. Sophia, illuminated by four-and-twenty windows, is formed with so small a curve, that the depth is equal only to one-sixth of its diameter; the measure of

that diameter is one hundred and fifteen feet, and the lofty centre, where a crescent has supplanted the cross, rises to the perpendicular height of one hundred and eighty feet above the pavement. The circle which encompasses the dome lightly reposes on four strong arches, and their weight is firmly supported by four massy piles, whose strength is assisted on the northern and southern sides by four columns of Egyptian granite. A Greek cross, inscribed in a quadrangle, represents the form of the edifice; the exact breadth is two hundred and forty-three feet, and two hundred and sixty-nine may be assigned for the extreme length, from the sanctuary in the east to the nine western doors which open into the vestibule, and from thence into the *narthex* or exterior portico. A variety of ornaments and figures was curiously expressed in mosaic; and the images of Christ, of the Virgin, of saints, and of angels, which have been defaced by Turkish fanaticism, were dangerously exposed to the superstition of the Greeks. According to the sanctity of each object, the precious metals were distributed in thin leaves or in solid masses. The balustrade of the choir, the capitals of the pillars, the ornaments of the doors and galleries, were of gilt bronze. The spectator was dazzled by the glittering aspect of the cupola. The sanctuary contained forty thousand pound weight of silver, and the holy vases and vestments of the altar were of the purest gold, enriched with inestimable gems.

So minute a description of an edifice which time has respected may attest the truth and excuse the relation of the innumerable works, both in the capital and provinces, which Justinian constructed on a smaller scale and less durable foundations. In Constantinople alone, and the adjacent suburbs, he dedicated twenty-five churches to the honour of Christ, the Virgin, and the saints. Most of these churches were decorated with marble and gold; and their various situation was skilfully chosen in a populous square or a pleasant grove, on the margin of the sea-shore or on some lofty eminence which overlooked the continents of Europe and Asia.

The fortifications of Europe and Asia were multiplied by Justinian; but the repetition of those timid and fruitless precautions exposes, to a philosophic eye, the debility of the empire. From Belgrade to the Euxine, from the conflux of the Save to the mouth of the Danube, a chain of above fourscore fortified places was extended along the banks of the great river. Single watch-towers were changed into spacious citadels; vacant walls, which the engineers contracted or enlarged according to the nature of the ground, were filled with colonies or garrisons; a strong fortress defended the ruins of Trajan's bridge; and several military stations affected to spread beyond the Danube the pride of the Roman name.

XIII. CONQUESTS OF JUSTINIAN

WHEN Justinian ascended the throne, about fifty years after the fall of the western empire, the kingdoms of the Goths and Vandals had obtained a

solid, and, as it might seem, a legal establishment both in Europe and Africa. After Rome herself had been stripped of the imperial purple, the princes of Constantinople assumed the sole and sacred sceptre of the monarchy; demanded, as their rightful inheritance, the provinces which had been subdued by the consuls or possessed by the Caesars; and feebly aspired to deliver their faithful subjects of the West from the usurpation of heretics and barbarians. The execution of this splendid design was in some degree reserved for Justinian. During the five first years of his reign he reluctantly waged a costly and unprofitable war against the Persians, till his pride submitted to his ambition, and he purchased, at the price of four hundred and forty thousand pounds sterling, the benefit of a precarious truce, which, in the language of both nations, was dignified with the appellation of the *endless* peace. The safety of the East enabled the emperor to employ his forces against the Vandals; and the internal state of Africa afforded an honourable motive, and promised a powerful support to the Roman arms.

According to the testament of the founder, the African kingdom had lineally descended to Hilderic, the eldest of the Vandal princes. A mild disposition inclined the son of a tyrant, the grandson of a conqueror, to prefer the counsels of clemency and peace, and his accession was marked by the salutary edict which restored two hundred bishops to their churches, and allowed the free profession of the Athanasian creed. The public discontent was exasperated by Gelimer, whose age, descent, and military fame gave him an apparent title to the succession: he assumed, with the consent of the nation, the reins of government, and his unfortunate sovereign sunk without a struggle from the throne to a dungeon, where he was strictly guarded with a faithful counsellor, and his unpopular nephew the Achilles of the Vandals. But the indulgence which Hilderic had shown to his Catholic subjects had powerfully recommended him to the favour of Justinian, who, for the benefit of his own sect, could acknowledge the use and justice of religious toleration. In two successive embassies he admonished the usurper to repent of his treason, or to abstain, at least, from any further violence which might provoke the displeasure of God and of the Romans, to reverence the laws of kindred and succession, and to suffer an infirm old man peaceably to end his days either on the throne of Carthage or in the palace of Constantinople. The passions or even the prudence of Gelimer compelled him to reject these requests, which were urged in the haughty tone of menace and command; and he justified his ambition in a language rarely spoken in the Byzantine court, by alleging the right of a free people to remove or punish their chief magistrate who had failed in the execution of the kingly office. Justinian resolved to deliver or revenge his friend, Gelimer to maintain his usurpation; and the war was preceded, according to the practice of civilised nations, by the most solemn protestations that each party was sincerely desirous of peace.

The preparations for the African war were not unworthy of the last contest between Rome and Carthage. The pride and flower of the army consisted of the guards of Belisarius, who, according to the pernicious indulgence of the times, devoted themselves, by a particular oath of fidelity, to the service of their patrons. Their strength and stature, for which they had been curiously selected, the goodness of their horses and armour, and the assiduous practice of all the exercises of war, enabled them to act whatever their courage might prompt. In the seventh year of the reign of Justinian, and about the time of the summer solstice, the whole fleet of six hundred ships was ranged in martial pomp before the gardens of the palace. The patriarch pronounced his benediction, the emperor signified his last commands, the general's trumpet gave the signal of departure, and every heart, according to its fears or wishes, explored with anxious curiosity the omens of misfortune and success. The first halt was made at Perinthus or Heraclea, where Belisarius waited five days to receive some Thracian horses, a military gift of his sovereign. From thence the fleet pursued their course through the midst of the Propontis. Three months after their departure from Constantinople, the men and horses, the arms and military stores, were safely disembarked; and five soldiers were left as a guard on board each of the ships, which were disposed in the form of a semicircle. The remainder of the troops occupied a camp on the sea-shore, which they fortified, according to ancient discipline, with a ditch and rampart; and the discovery of a source of fresh water, while it allayed the thirst, excited the superstitious confidence of the Romans. The next morning some of the neighbouring gardens were pillaged; and Belisarius, after chastising the offenders, embraced the slight occasion, but the decisive moment, of inculcating the maxims of justice, moderation, and genuine policy. "When I first accepted the commission of subduing Africa, I depended much less," said the general, "on the numbers, or even the bravery of my troops, than upon the friendly disposition of the natives, and their immortal hatred to the Vandals. You alone can deprive me of this hope: if you continue to extort by rapine what might be purchased for a little money, such acts of violence will reconcile these implacable enemies, and unite them in a just and holy league against the invaders of their country." These exhortations were enforced by a rigid discipline, of which the soldiers themselves soon felt and praised the salutary effects. In three generations prosperity and a warm climate had dissolved the hardy virtue of the Vandals, who insensibly became the most luxurious of mankind. In their villas and gardens, which might deserve the Persian name of *Paradise,* they enjoyed a cool and elegant repose; and, after the daily use of the bath, the barbarians were seated at a table profusely spread with the delicacies of the land and sea. Their silken robes, loosely flowing after the fashion of the Medes, were embroidered with gold; love and hunting were the labours of their life, and their vacant hours were amused by pantomimes, chariot-races, and the music and dances of the theatre.

In a march of ten or twelve days the vigilance of Belisarius was constantly awake and active against his unseen enemies, by whom, in every place and at every hour, he might be suddenly attacked. The near approach of the Romans to Carthage filled the mind of Gelimer with anxiety and terror. He prudently wished to protract the war till his brother, with his veteran troops, should return from the conquest of Sardinia; and he now lamented the rash policy of his ancestors, who, by destroying the fortifications of Africa, had left him only the dangerous resource of risking a battle in the neighbourhood of his capital. The Vandal conquerors, from their original number of fifty thousand, were multiplied, without including their women and children, to one hundred and sixty thousand fighting men; and such forces, animated with valour and union, might have crushed at their first landing the feeble and exhausted bands of the Roman general. But the friends of the captive king were more inclined to accept the invitations than to resist the progress of Belisarius; and many a proud barbarian disguised his aversion to war under the more specious name of his hatred to the usurper. Yet the authority and promises of Gelimer collected a formidable army, and his plans were concerted with some degree of military skill.

As soon as the tumult had subsided, the several parts of the army informed each other of the accidents of the day; and Belisarius pitched his camp on the field to which the tenth mile-stone from Carthage had applied the Latin appellation of *Decimus*. From a wise suspicion of the stratagems and resources of the Vandals, he marched the next day in order of battle, halted in the evening before the gates of Carthage, and allowed a night of repose, that he might not in darkness and disorder expose the city to the licence of the soldiers, or the soldiers themselves to the secret ambush of the city. But as the fears of Belisarius were the result of calm and intrepid reason, he was soon satisfied that he might confide, without danger, in the peaceful and friendly aspect of the capital. Carthage blazed, with innumerable torches, the signals of the public joy; the chain was removed that guarded the entrance of the port, the gates were thrown open, and the people with acclamations of gratitude hailed and invited their Roman deliverers. The Romans marched through the streets in close ranks, prepared for battle if an enemy had appeared: the strict order maintained by the general imprinted on their minds the duty of obedience; and in an age in which custom and impunity almost sanctified the abuse of conquest, the genius of one man repressed the passions of a victorious army. The voice of menace and complaint was silent; the trade of Carthage was not interrupted; while Africa changed her master and her government, the shops continued open and busy; and the soldiers, after sufficient guards had been posted, modestly departed to the houses which were allotted for their reception. Belisarius fixed his residence in the palace, seated himself on the throne of Genseric, accepted and distributed the barbaric spoil, granted their lives to the suppliant Vandals, and laboured to repair the damage which the suburb of Mandracium had

sustained in the preceding night. At supper he entertained his principal officers with the form and magnificence of a royal banquet.

Gelimer encamped in the fields of Bulla, four days' journey from Carthage; insulted the capital, which he deprived of the use of an aqueduct; proposed a high reward for the head of every Roman; affected to spare the persons and property of his African subjects; and secretly negotiated with the Arian sectaries and the confederate Huns. Under these circumstances the conquest of Sardinia served only to aggravate his distress: he reflected, with the deepest anguish, that he had wasted in that useless enterprise five thousand of his bravest troops, and he read, with grief and shame, the victorious letters of his brother Zano, who expressed a sanguine confidence that the king, after the example of their ancestors, had already chastised the rashness of the Roman invader. "Alas! my brother," replied Gelimer, "Heaven has declared against our unhappy nation. While you have subdued Sardinia, we have lost Africa."

On the receipt of this epistle Zano imparted his grief to the principal Vandals, but the intelligence was prudently concealed from the natives of the island. The troops embarked in one hundred and twenty galleys at the port of Cagliari, cast anchor the third day on the confines of Mauritania, and hastily pursued their march to join the royal standard in the camp of Bulla. The languid spirit of the Vandals was at length awakened and united by the entreaties of their king, the example of Zano, and the instant danger which threatened their monarchy and religion. The military strength of the nation advanced to battle, and such was the rapid increase, that, before their army reached Tricameron, about twenty miles from Carthage, they might boast, perhaps with some exaggeration, that they surpassed, in a tenfold proportion, the diminutive powers of the Romans. But these powers were under the command of Belisarius, and, as he was conscious of their superior merit, he permitted the barbarians to surprise him at an unseasonable hour. The Romans were instantly under arms; a rivulet covered their front; the cavalry formed the first line, which Belisarius supported in the centre at the head of five hundred guards; the infantry, at some distance, was posted in the second line; and the vigilance of the general watched the separate station and ambiguous faith of the Massagetae, who secretly reserved their aid for the conquerors. The historian has inserted, and the reader may easily supply, the speeches of the commanders, who, by arguments the most opposite to their situation, inculcated the importance of victory and the contempt of life. Zano, with the troops which had followed him to the conquest of Sardinia, was placed in the centre, and the throne of Genseric might have stood, if the multitude of Vandals had imitated their intrepid resolution. Casting away their lances and missile weapons, they drew their swords and expected the charge; the Roman cavalry thrice passed the rivulet, they were thrice repulsed, and the conflict was firmly maintained till Zano fell and the standard of Belisarius was displayed. Gelimer retreated to his camp, the Huns joined the pursuit, and the victors despoiled

the bodies of the slain. Yet no more than fifty Romans and eight hundred Vandals were found on the field of battle; so inconsiderable was the carnage of a day which extinguished a nation and transferred the empire of Africa. In the evening Belisarius led his infantry to the attack of the camp, and the pusillanimous flight of Gelimer exposed the vanity of his recent declarations, that to the vanquished death was a relief, life a burden, and infamy the only object of terror. His departure was secret, but, as soon as the Vandals discovered that their king had deserted them, they hastily dispersed, anxious only for their personal safety, and careless of every object that is dear or valuable to mankind. The Romans entered the camp without resistance, and the wildest scenes of disorder were veiled in the darkness and confusion of the night. Every barbarian who met their swords was inhumanly massacred: their widows and daughters, as rich heirs or beautiful concubines, were embraced by the licentious soldiers; and avarice itself was almost satiated with the treasures of gold and silver, the accumulated fruits of conquest or economy in a long period of prosperity and peace. In this frantic search the troops, even of Belisarius, forgot their caution and respect. Intoxicated with lust and rapine, they explored, in small parties or alone, the adjacent fields, the woods, the rocks and the caverns that might possibly conceal any desirable prize; laden with booty, they deserted their ranks, and wandered, without a guide, on the high road to Carthage, and, if the flying enemies had dared to return, very few of the conquerors would have escaped. Deeply sensible of the disgrace and danger, Belisarius passed an apprehensive night on the field of victory; at the dawn of day he planted his standard on a hill, recalled his guards and veterans, and gradually restored the modesty and obedience of the camp.

The surviving Vandals yielded, without resistance, their arms and their freedom; the neighbourhood of Carthage submitted to his presence, and the more distant provinces were successively subdued by the report of his victory. Tripoli was confirmed in her voluntary allegiance; Sardinia and Corsica surrendered to an officer who carried instead of a sword the head of the valiant Zano; and the isles of Majorca, Minorca, and Yvica consented to remain an humble appendage of the African kingdom. Caesarea, a royal city, which in looser geography may be confounded with the modern Algiers, was situate thirty days' march to the westward of Carthage; by land the road was infested by the Moors, but the sea was open, and the Romans were now masters of the sea. An active and discreet tribune sailed as far as the Straits, where he occupied Septem or Ceuta, which rises opposite to Gibraltar on the African coast; that remote place was afterwards adorned and fortified by Justinian, and he seems to have indulged the vain ambition of extending his empire to the Columns of Hercules. He received the messengers of victory at the time when he was preparing to publish the Pandects of the Roman law, and the devout or jealous emperor celebrated the divine goodness, and confessed in silence the merit of his successful general.

The birth of Amalasontha, the regent and queen of Italy, united the two most illustrious families of the barbarians. Her mother, the sister of Clovis, was descended from the long-haired kings of the *Merovingian* race, and the regal succession of the *Amali* was illustrated in the eleventh generation by her father, the great Theodoric, whose merit might have ennobled a plebeian origin. The sex of his daughter excluded her from the Gothic throne; but his vigilant tenderness for his family and his people discovered the last heir of the royal line, whose ancestors had taken refuge in Spain, and the fortunate Eutharic was suddenly exalted to the rank of a consul and a prince. He enjoyed only a short time the charms of Amalasontha and the hopes of the succession; and his widow, after the death of her husband and father, was left the guardian of her son Athalaric and the kingdom of Italy. At the age of about twenty-eight years, the endowments of her mind and person had attained their perfect maturity. Her beauty, which, in the apprehension of Theodora herself, might have disputed the conquest of an emperor, was animated by manly sense, activity, and resolution. Education and experience had cultivated her talents; her philosophic studies were exempt from vanity; and, though she expressed herself with equal elegance and ease in the Greek, the Latin, and the Gothic tongue, the daughter of Theodoric maintained in her counsels a discreet and impenetrable silence. By a faithful imitation of the virtues, she revived the prosperity of his reign; while she strove, with pious care, to expiate the faults and to obliterate the darker memory of his declining age.

From the age of ten years Athalaric was diligently instructed in the arts and sciences either useful or ornamental for a Roman prince, and three venerable Goths were chosen to instil the principles of honour and virtue into the mind of their young king. But the pupil who is insensible of the benefits must abhor the restraints of education; and the solicitude of the queen, which affection rendered anxious and severe, offended the untractable nature of her son and his subjects. On a solemn festival, when the Goths were assembled in the palace of Ravenna, the royal youth escaped from his mother's apartment, and, with tears of pride and anger, complained of a blow which his stubborn disobedience had provoked her to inflict. The barbarians resented the indignity which had been offered to their king, accused the regent of conspiring against his life and crown, and imperiously demanded that the grandson of Theodoric should be rescued from the dastardly discipline of women and pedants, and educated, like a valiant Goth, in the society of his equals and the glorious ignorance of his ancestors. To this rude clamour, importunately urged as the voice of the nation, Amalasontha was compelled to yield her reason and the dearest wishes of her heart. The king of Italy was abandoned to wine, to women, and to rustic sports; and the indiscreet contempt of the ungrateful youth betrayed the mischievous designs of his favourites and her enemies. But if she had lamented the disorders of her son, she soon wept his irreparable loss; and the death of Athalaric, who,

at the age of sixteen, was consumed by premature intemperance, left her destitute of any firm support or legal authority. Instead of submitting to the laws of her country, which held as a fundamental maxim that the succession could never pass from the lance to the distaff, the daughter of Theodoric conceived the impracticable design of sharing, with one of her cousins, the regal title, and of reserving in her own hands the substance of supreme power. He received the proposal with profound respect and affected gratitude; and the eloquent Cassiodorus announced to the senate and the emperor that Amalasontha and Theodatus had ascended the throne of Italy. But Theodatus was exasperated by the contempt which he deserved. The letters of congratulation were scarcely despatched before the queen of Italy was imprisoned in a small island of the lake of Bolsena, where, after a short confinement, she was strangled in the bath, by the order or with the connivance of the new king, who instructed his turbulent subjects to shed the blood of their sovereigns.

Justinian beheld with joy the dissensions of the Goths, and the mediation of an ally concealed and promoted the ambitious views of the conqueror. In Italy, as well as in Africa, the guilt of a usurper appeared to justify the arms of Justinian; but the forces which he prepared were insufficient for the subversion of a mighty kingdom, if their feeble numbers had not been multiplied by the name, the spirit, and the conduct of a hero. A chosen troop of guards, who served on horseback and were armed with lances and bucklers, attended the person of Belisarius; his cavalry was composed of two hundred Huns, three hundred Moors, and four thousand *confederates,* and the infantry consisted only of three thousand Isaurians. Steering the same course as in his former expedition, the Roman consul cast anchor before Catana, in Sicily, to survey the strength of the island, and to decide whether he should attempt the conquest or peaceably pursue his voyage for the African coast. He found a fruitful land and a friendly people. Instead of soliciting and expecting the aid of the king of Italy, they yielded to the first summons a cheerful obedience; and this province, the first fruits of the Punic wars, was again, after a long separation, united to the Roman empire.

After Belisarius had left sufficient garrisons in Palermo and Syracuse, he embarked his troops at Messina, and landed them, without resistance, on the opposite shores of Rhegium. A Gothic prince, who had married the daughter of Theodatus, was stationed with an army to guard the entrance of Italy; but he imitated without scruple the example of a sovereign faithless to his public and private duties. The perfidious Ebermor deserted with his followers to the Roman camp, and was dismissed to enjoy the servile honours of the Byzantine court. From Rhegium to Naples the fleet and army of Belisarius, almost always in view of each other, advanced near three hundred miles along the sea-coast. As soon as the place was invested by sea and land, Belisarius gave audience to the deputies of the people. Their deliberations, however, were not perfectly free: the city was commanded by eight hundred barbarians, whose wives and

children were detained at Ravenna as the pledge of their fidelity; and even the Jews, who were rich and numerous, resisted, with desperate enthusiasm, the intolerant laws of Justinian. In a much later period the circumference of Naples measured only two thousand three hundred and sixty-three paces: the fortifications were defended by precipices or the sea; when the aqueducts were intercepted, a supply of water might be drawn from wells and fountains; and the stock of provisions was sufficient to consume the patience of the besiegers. At the end of twenty days that of Belisarius was almost exhausted, and he had reconciled himself to the disgrace of abandoning the siege, that he might march, before the winter season, against Rome and the Gothic king. But his anxiety was relieved by the bold curiosity of an Isaurian, who explored the dry channel of an aqueduct, and secretly reported that a passage might be perforated to introduce a file of armed soldiers into the heart of the city. In the darkness of the night four hundred Romans entered the aqueduct, surprised the sentinels, and gave admittance to their companions, who on all sides scaled the walls and burst open the gates of the city.

The faithful soldiers and citizens of Naples had expected their deliverance from a prince who remained the inactive and almost indifferent spectator of their ruin. Theodatus secured his person within the walls of Rome, while his cavalry advanced forty miles on the Appian Way, and encamped in the Pomptine Marshes; which, by a canal of nineteen miles in length, had been recently drained and converted into excellent pastures. But the principal forces of the Goths were dispersed in Dalmatia, Venetia, and Gaul; and the feeble mind of their king was confounded by the unsuccessful event of a divination which seemed to presage the downfall of his empire. The most abject slaves have arraigned the guilt or weakness of an unfortunate master. The character of Theodatus was rigorously scrutinised by a free and idle camp of barbarians, conscious of their privilege and power: he was declared unworthy of his race, his nation, and his throne; and their general Vitiges, whose valour had been signalised in the Illyrian war, was raised with unanimous applause on the bucklers of his companions.

The Goths consented to retreat in the presence of a victorious enemy, to delay till the next spring the operations of offensive war, to summon their scattered forces, to relinquish their distant possessions, and to trust even Rome itself to the faith of its inhabitants. Leuderis, an aged warrior, was left in the capital with four thousand soldiers; a feeble garrison, which might have seconded the zeal, though it was incapable of opposing the wishes, of the Romans. But a momentary enthusiasm of religion and patriotism was kindled in their minds. They furiously exclaimed that the apostolic throne should no longer be profaned by the triumph or toleration of Arianism; that the tombs of the Caesars should no longer be trampled by the savages of the North; and, without reflecting that Italy must sink into a province of Constantinople, they fondly hailed the restoration of a Roman emperor as a new era of freedom and prosperity. The deputies

of the pope and clergy, of the senate and people, invited the lieutenant of Justinian to accept their voluntary allegiance, and to enter the city, whose gates would be thrown open for his reception. They applauded the rapid success of his arms, which overran the adjacent country as far as Narni, Perusia, and Spoleto; but they trembled, the senate, the clergy, and the unwarlike people, as soon as they understood that he had resolved, and would speedily be reduced, to sustain a siege against the powers of the Gothic monarchy.

Eighteen days were employed by the besiegers to provide for all the instruments of attack which antiquity had invented. Fascines were prepared to fill the ditches, scaling-ladders to ascend the walls. The largest trees of the forest supplied the timbers of four battering-rams: their heads were armed with iron; they were suspended by ropes, and each of them was worked by the labour of fifty men. The lofty wooden turrets moved on wheels or rollers, and formed a spacious platform of the level of the rampart. On the morning of the nineteenth day a general attack was made from the Praenestine gate to the Vatican: seven Gothic columns, with their military engines, advanced to the assault; and the Romans, who lined the ramparts, listened with doubt and anxiety to the cheerful assurances of their commander. As soon as the enemy approached the ditch, Belisarius himself drew the first arrow; and such was his strength and dexterity, that he transfixed the foremost of the barbarian leaders.

A shout of applause and victory was re-echoed along the wall. He drew a second arrow, and the stroke was followed with the same success and the same acclamation. The Roman general then gave the word that the archers should aim at the teams of oxen; they were instantly covered with mortal wounds; the towers which they drew remained useless and immovable, and a single moment disconcerted the laborious projects of the king of the Goths. After this disappointment Vitiges still continued, or feigned to continue, the assault of the Salarian gate, that he might divert the attention of his adversary, while his principal forces more strenuously attacked the Praenestine gate and the sepulchre of Hadrian, at the distance of three miles from each other. This perilous day was the most glorious in the life of Belisarius. Amidst tumult and dismay, the whole plan of the attack and defence was distinctly present to his mind; he observed the changes of each instant, weighed every possible advantage, transported his person to the scenes of danger, and communicated his spirit in calm and decisive orders. The contest was fiercely maintained from the morning to the evening; the Goths were repulsed on all sides; and each Roman might boast that he had vanquished thirty barbarians, if the strange disproportion of numbers were not counterbalanced by the merit of one man. Thirty thousand Goths, according to the confession of their own chiefs, perished in this bloody action; and the multitude of the wounded was equal to that of the slain. When they advanced to the assault, their close disorder suffered not a javelin to fall without effect; and as they retired, the populace of the city joined the pursuit, and slaugh-

tered, with impunity, the backs of their flying enemies. Belisarius instantly sallied from the gates; and while the soldiers chanted his name and victory, the hostile engines of war were reduced to ashes. Such was the loss and consternation of the Goths, that from this day the siege of Rome degenerated into a tedious and indolent blockade; and they were incessantly harassed by the Roman general, who, in frequent skirmishes, destroyed about five thousand of their bravest troops.

The whole nation of the Ostrogoths had been assembled for the attack, and was almost entirely consumed in the siege of Rome. If any credit be due to an intelligent spectator, one-third at least of their enormous host was destroyed in frequent and bloody combats under the walls of the city. The bad fame and pernicious qualities of the summer air might already be imputed to the decay of agriculture and population, and the evils of famine and pestilence were aggravated by their own licentiousness and the unfriendly disposition of the country. While Vitiges struggled with his fortune, while he hesitated between shame and ruin, his retreat was hastened by domestic alarms. One year and nine days after the commencement of the siege, an army so lately strong and triumphant burnt their tents, and tumultuously repassed the Milvian bridge. They repassed not with impunity; their thronging multitudes, oppressed in a narrow passage, were driven headlong into the Tiber by their own fears and the pursuit of the enemy, and the Roman general, sallying from the Pincian gate, inflicted a severe and disgraceful wound on their retreat.

XIV. CODE, PANDECTS, AND INSTITUTES OF JUSTINIAN

THE vain titles of the victories of Justinian are crumbled into dust, but the name of the legislator is inscribed on a fair and everlasting monument. Under his reign, and by his care, the civil jurisprudence was digested in the immortal works of the CODE, the PANDECTS, and the INSTITUTES: the public reason of the Romans has been silently or studiously transfused into the domestic institutions of Europe, and the laws of Justinian still command the respect or obedience of independent nations.

From Augustus to Trajan, the modest Caesars were content to promulgate their edicts in the various characters of a Roman magistrate; and in the decrees of the senate the *epistles* and *orations* of the prince were respectfully inserted. Hadrian appears to have been the first who assumed without disguise the plenitude of legislative power. And this innovation, so agreeable to his active mind, was countenanced by the patience of the times and his long absence from the seat of government. The same policy was embraced by succeeding monarchs, and, according to the harsh metaphor of Tertullian, "the gloomy and intricate forest of ancient laws was cleared away by the acts of royal mandates and *constitutions*." During four centuries, from Hadrian to Justinian, the public and private jurisprudence was moulded by the will of the sovereign, and few institutions,

either human or divine, were permitted to stand on their former basis. Yet in the *rescripts,* replies to the consultations of the magistrates, the wisest of princes might be deceived by a partial exposition of the case. And this abuse, which placed their hasty decisions on the same level with mature and deliberate acts of legislation, was ineffectually condemned by the sense and example of Trajan. The *rescripts* of the emperor, his *grants* and *decrees,* his *edicts* and *pragmatic sanctions,* were subscribed in purple ink, and transmitted to the provinces as general or special laws, which the magistrates were bound to execute and the people to obey. But as their number continually multiplied, the rule of obedience became each day more doubtful and obscure, till the will of the sovereign was fixed and ascertained in the Gregorian, the Hermogenian, and the Theodosian codes. The two first, of which some fragments have escaped, were framed by two private lawyers to preserve the constitutions of the pagan emperors from Hadrian to Constantine. The third, which is still extant, was digested in sixteen books by the order of the younger Theodosius to consecrate the laws of the Christian princes from Constantine to his own reign. But the three codes obtained an equal authority in the tribunals, and any act which was not included in the sacred deposit might be disregarded by the judge as spurious or obsolete.

When Justinian ascended the throne, the reformation of the Roman jurisprudence was an arduous but indispensable task. In the space of ten centuries the infinite variety of laws and legal opinions had filled many thousand volumes, which no fortune could purchase and no capacity could digest. Books could not easily be found; and the judges, poor in the midst of riches, were reduced to the exercise of their illiterate discretion. The subjects of the Greek provinces were ignorant of the language that disposed of their lives and properties; and the *barbarous* dialect of the Latins was imperfectly studied in the academies of Berytus and Constantinople. As an Illyrian soldier, that idiom was familiar to the infancy of Justinian; his youth had been instructed by the lessons of jurisprudence, and his imperial choice selected the most learned civilians of the East, to labour with their sovereign in the work of reformation. The theory of professors was assisted by the practice of advocates and the experience of magistrates; and the whole undertaking was animated by the spirit of Tribonian. This extraordinary man, the object of so much praise and censure, was a native of Side in Pamphilia; and his genius, like that of Bacon, embraced, as his own, all the business and knowledge of the age.

Whatever flattery might suggest, the emperor of the East was afraid to establish his private judgment as the standard of equity: in the possession of legislative power, he borrowed the aid of time and opinion; and his laborious compilations are guarded by the sages and legislators of past times. Instead of a statue cast in a simple mould by the hand of an artist, the works of Justinian represent a tesselated pavement of antique and costly, but too often of incoherent, fragments. In the first year of his

reign, he directed the faithful Tribonian, and nine learned associates, to revise the ordinances of his predecessors, as they were contained, since the time of Hadrian, in the Gregorian, Hermogenian, and Theodosian codes; to purge the errors and contradictions, to retrench whatever was obsolete or superfluous, and to select the wise and salutary laws best adapted to the practice of the tribunals and the use of his subjects. The work was accomplished in fourteen months; and the twelve books or *tables,* which the new decemvirs produced, might be designed to imitate the labours of their Roman predecessors. The new CODE of Justinian was honoured with his name, and confirmed by his royal signature: authentic transcripts were multiplied by the pens of notaries and scribes; they were transmitted to the magistrates of the European, the Asiatic, and afterwards the African provinces; and the law of the empire was proclaimed on solemn festivals at the doors of churches. A more arduous operation was still behind—to extract the spirit of jurisprudence from the decisions and conjectures, the questions and disputes, of the Roman civilians. Seventeen lawyers, with Tribonian at their head, were appointed by the emperor to exercise an absolute jurisdiction over the works of their predecessors. If they had obeyed his commands in ten years, Justinian would have been satisfied with their diligence; and the rapid composition of the DIGEST or PANDECTS in three years will deserve praise or censure according to the merit of the execution. From the library of Tribonian they chose forty, the most eminent civilians of former times: two thousand treatises were comprised in an abridgment of fifty books; and it has been carefully recorded that three millions of lines or sentences were reduced, in this abstract, to the moderate number of one hundred and fifty thousand. The edition of this great work was delayed a month after that of the INSTITUTES; and it seemed reasonable that the elements should precede the digest of the Roman law. As soon as the emperor had approved their labours, he ratified, by his legislative power, the speculations of these private citizens: their commentaries on the Twelve Tables, the Perpetual Edict, the laws of the people, and the decrees of the senate, succeeded to the authority of the text; and the text was abandoned, as a useless, though venerable, relic of antiquity. The *Code,* the *Pandects,* and the *Institutes* were declared to be the legitimate system of civil jurisprudence; they alone were admitted in the tribunals, and they alone were taught in the academies, of Rome, Constantinople, and Berytus. Justinian addressed to the senate and provinces his *eternal oracles:* and his pride, under the mask of piety, ascribed the consummation of this great design to the support and inspiration of the Deity.

XV. THE TWO SIEGES OF CONSTANTINOPLE

WHEN the Arabs first issued from the desert they must have been surprised at the ease and rapidity of their own success. But when they ad-

vanced in the career of victory to the banks of the Indus and the summit of the Pyrenees, when they had repeatedly tried the edge of their scimitars and the energy of their faith, they might be equally astonished that any nation could resist their invincible arms, that any boundary should confine the dominion of the successor of the prophet.

Forty-six years after the flight of Mohammed from Mecca his disciples appeared in arms under the walls of Constantinople. No sooner had the caliph Moawiyah suppressed his rivals and established his throne, than he aspired to expiate the guilt of civil blood by the success and glory of this holy expedition; his preparations by sea and land were adequate to the importance of the object; his standard was intrusted to Sophian, a veteran warrior, but the troops were encouraged by the example and presence of Yezid, the son and presumptive heir of the commander of the faithful. The Greeks had little to hope, nor had their enemies any reasons of fear, from the courage and vigilance of the reigning emperor, who disgraced the name of Constantine, and imitated only the inglorious years of his grandfather Heraclius. Without delay or opposition, the naval forces of the Saracens passed through the unguarded channel of the Hellespont. The Arabian fleet cast anchor, and the troops were disembarked near the palace of Hebdomon, seven miles from the city. During many days, from the dawn of light to the evening, the line of assault was extended from the golden gate to the eastern promontory, and the foremost warriors were impelled by the weight and effort of the succeeding columns. But the besiegers had formed an insufficient estimate of the strength and resources of Constantinople. The solid and lofty walls were guarded by numbers and discipline: the spirit of the Romans was rekindled by the last danger of their religion and empire: and the Saracens were dismayed by the strange and prodigious effects of artificial fire. This firm and effectual resistance diverted their arms to the more easy attempts of plundering the European and Asiatic coasts of the Propontis; and, after keeping the sea from the month of April to that of September, on the approach of winter they retreated fourscore miles from the capital, to the isle of Cyzicus, in which they had established their magazine of spoil and provisions. So patient was their perseverance, or so languid were their operations, that they repeated in the six following summers the same attack and retreat, with a gradual abatement of hope and vigour, till the mischances of shipwreck and disease, of the sword and of fire, compelled them to relinquish the fruitless enterprise. They might bewail the loss, or commemorate the martyrdom, of thirty thousand Moslems who fell in the siege of Constantinople.

The event of the siege revived, both in the East and West, the reputation of the Roman arms, and cast a momentary shade over the glories of the Saracens. The Greek ambassador was favourably received at Damascus, in a general council of the emirs or Koreish: a peace, or truce, of thirty years was ratified between the two empires; and the stipulation of an annual tribute, fifty horses of a noble breed, fifty slaves, and three

thousand pieces of gold, degraded the majesty of the commander of the faithful.

Whilst the caliph Walid sat idle on the throne of Damascus, while his lieutenants achieved the conquest of Transoxiana and Spain, a third army of Saracens overspread the provinces of Asia Minor, and approached the borders of the Byzantine capital. But the attempt and disgrace of the second siege was reserved for his brother Soliman, whose ambition appears to have been quickened by a more active and martial spirit. The name of Theodosius might recommend him to the senate and people; but after some months he sunk into a cloister, and resigned, to the firmer hand of Leo the Isaurian, the urgent defence of the capital and empire. The most formidable of the Saracens, Moslemah the brother of the caliph, was advancing at the head of one hundred and twenty thousand Arabs and Persians, the greater part mounted on horses or camels; and the successful sieges of Tyana, Amorium, and Pergamus were of sufficient duration to exercise their skill and to elevate their hopes. At the well-known passage of Abydus, on the Hellespont, the Mohammedan arms were transported, for the first time, from Asia to Europe. From thence, wheeling round the Thracian cities of the Propontis, Moslemah invested Constantinople on the land side, surrounded his camp with a ditch and rampart, prepared and planted his engines of assault, and declared, by words and actions, a patient resolution of expecting the return of seed-time and harvest, should the obstinacy of the besieged prove equal to his own. The Greeks would gladly have ransomed their religion and empire by a fine or assessment of a piece of gold on the head of each inhabitant of the city; but the liberal offer was rejected with disdain, and the presumption of Moslemah was exalted by the speedy approach and invincible force of the navies of Egypt and Syria. They are said to have amounted to eighteen hundred ships: the number betrays their inconsiderable size; and of the twenty stout and capacious vessels, whose magnitude impeded their progress, each was manned with no more than one hundred heavy-armed soldiers. This huge armada proceeded on a smooth sea, and with a gentle gale, towards the mouth of the Bosphorus; the surface of the strait was overshadowed, in the language of the Greeks, with a moving forest, and the same fatal night had been fixed by the Saracen chief for a general assault by sea and land. To allure the confidence of the enemy the emperor had thrown aside the chain that usually guarded the entrance of the harbour; but while they hesitated whether they should seize the opportunity or apprehend the snare, the ministers of destruction were at hand. The fire-ships of the Greeks were launched against them; the Arabs, their arms, and vessels were involved in the same flames; the disorderly fugitives were dashed against each other or overwhelmed in the waves; and I no longer find a vestige of the fleet that had threatened to extirpate the Roman name. A still more fatal and irreparable loss was that of the caliph Soliman, who died of an indigestion, in his camp near Kinnisrin or Chalcis in Syria, as he was preparing to lead against

Constantinople the remaining forces of the East. The brother of Moslemah was succeeded by a kinsman and an enemy; and the throne of an active and able prince was degraded by the useless and pernicious virtues of a bigot. While he started and satisfied the scruples of a blind conscience, the siege was continued through the winter by the neglect, rather than by the resolution of the caliph Omar. The winter proved uncommonly rigorous: above a hundred days the ground was covered with deep snow, and the natives of the sultry climes of Egypt and Arabia lay torpid and almost lifeless in their frozen camp. They revived on the return of spring; a second effort had been made in their favour, and their distress was relieved by the arrival of two numerous fleets laden with corn, and arms, and soldiers; the first from Alexandria, of four hundred transports and galleys; the second, of three hundred and sixty vessels, from the ports of Africa. But the Greek fires were again kindled, and, if the destruction was less complete, it was owing to the experience which had taught the Moslems to remain at a safe distance, or to the perfidy of the Egyptian mariners, who deserted with their ships to the emperor of the Christians. The trade and navigation of the capital were restored; and the produce of the fisheries supplied the wants, and even the luxury, of the inhabitants. But the calamities of famine and disease were soon felt by the troops of Moslemah, and, as the former was miserably assuaged, so the latter was dreadfully propagated, by the pernicious nutriment which hunger compelled them to extract from the most unclean or unnatural food. The spirit of conquest, and even of enthusiasm, was extinct: the Saracens could no longer straggle beyond their lines, either single or in small parties, without exposing themselves to the merciless retaliation of the Thracian peasants. An army of Bulgarians was attracted from the Danube by the gifts and promises of Leo; and these savage auxiliaries made some atonement for the evils which they had inflicted on the empire by the defeat and slaughter of twenty-two thousand Asiatics. A report was dexterously scattered that the Franks, the unknown nations of the Latin world, were arming by sea and land in the defence of the Christian cause, and their formidable aid was expected with far different sensations in the camp and city. At length, after a siege of thirteen months, the hopeless Moslemah received from the caliph the welcome permission of retreat. The march of the Arabian cavalry over the Hellespont and through the provinces of Asia was executed without delay or molestation; but an army of their brethren had been cut in pieces on the side of Bithynia, and the remains of the fleet were so repeatedly damaged by tempest and fire, that only five galleys entered the port of Alexandria to relate the tale of their various and almost incredible disasters.

In the two sieges the deliverance of Constantinople may be chiefly ascribed to the novelty, the terrors, and the real efficacy of the *Greek fire*. The important secret of compounding and directing this artificial flame was imparted by Callinicus, a native of Heliopolis in Syria, who deserted from the service of the caliph to that of the emperor. The skill of a

chemist and engineer was equivalent to the succour of fleets and armies; and this discovery or improvement of the military art was fortunately reserved for the distressful period when the degenerate Romans of the East were incapable of contending with the warlike enthusiasm and youthful vigour of the Saracens. The historian who presumes to analyse this extraordinary composition should suspect his own ignorance and that of his Byzantine guides, so prone to the marvellous, so careless, and, in this instance, so jealous of the truth. From their obscure, and perhaps fallacious hints, it should seem that the principal ingredient of the Greek fire was the *naphtha,* or liquid bitumen, a light, tenacious, and inflammable oil, which springs from the earth, and catches fire as soon as it comes in contact with the air. The naphtha was mingled, I know not by what methods or in what proportions, with sulphur and with the pitch that is extracted from evergreen firs. From this mixture, which produced a thick smoke and a loud explosion, proceeded a fierce and obstinate flame, which not only rose in perpendicular ascent, but likewise burnt with equal vehemence in descent or lateral progress; instead of being extinguished, it was nourished and quickened by the element of water; and sand, urine, or vinegar, were the only remedies that could damp the fury of this powerful agent, which was justly denominated by the Greeks the *liquid,* or the *maritime,* fire. For the annoyance of the enemy, it was employed with equal effect by sea and land, in battles or in sieges. It was either poured from the rampart in large boilers, or launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil; sometimes it was deposited in fire-ships, the victims and instruments of a more ample revenge, and was most commonly blown through long tubes of copper, which were planted on the prow of a galley, and fancifully shaped into the mouths of savage monsters, that seemed to vomit a stream of liquid and consuming fire. This important art was preserved at Constantinople, as the palladium of the stage: the galleys and *artillery* might occasionally be lent to the allies of Rome; but the composition of the Greek fire was concealed with the most jealous scruple, and the terror of the enemies was increased and prolonged by their ignorance and surprise.

Constantinople and the Greek fire might exclude the Arabs from the eastern entrance of Europe; but in the West, on the side of the Pyrenees, the provinces of Gaul were threatened and invaded by the conquerors of Spain. The decline of the French monarchy invited the attack of these insatiate fanatics. The descendants of Clovis had lost the inheritance of his martial and ferocious spirit; and their misfortune or demerit has affixed the epithet of *lazy* to the last kings of the Merovingian race. They ascended the throne without power, and sunk into the grave without a name. A country palace, in the neighbourhood of Compiègne, was allotted for their residence or prison: but each year, in the month of March or May, they were conducted in a waggon drawn by oxen to the assembly of the Franks, to give audience to foreign ambassadors and to ratify the

acts of the mayor of the palace. That domestic officer was become the minister of the nation and the master of the prince. A government, half savage and half corrupt, was almost dissolved; and the tributary dukes, and provincial counts, and the territorial lords, were tempted to despise the weakness of the monarch, and to imitate the ambition of the mayor. Among these independent chiefs, one of the boldest and most successful was Eudes, duke of Aquitain, who in the southern provinces of Gaul usurped the authority, and even the title, of king. The Goths, the Gascons, and the Franks assembled under the standard of this Christian hero: he repelled the first invasion of the Saracens; and Zama, lieutenant of the caliph, lost his army and his life under the walls of Toulouse. The ambition of his successors was stimulated by revenge; they repassed the Pyrenees with the means and the resolution of conquest. The advantageous situation which had recommended Narbonne as the first Roman colony was again chosen by the Moslems: they claimed the province of Septimania or Languedoc as a just dependence of the Spanish monarchy: the vineyards of Gascony and the city of Bordeaux were possessed by the sovereign of Damascus and Samarcand; and the south of France, from the mouth of the Garonne to that of the Rhône, assumed the manners and religion of Arabia.

But these narrow limits were scorned by the spirit of Abdalrahman, or Abderame, who had been restored by the caliph Hashem to the wishes of the soldiers and people of Spain. That veteran and daring commander adjudged to the obedience of the prophet whatever yet remained of France or of Europe; and prepared to execute the sentence, at the head of a formidable host, in the full confidence of surmounting all opposition either of nature or of man. His first care was to suppress a domestic rebel, who commanded the most important passes of the Pyrenees: Munuza, a Moorish chief, had accepted the alliance of the duke of Aquitain; and Eudes, from a motive of private or public interest, devoted his beauteous daughter to the embraces of the African misbeliever. But the strongest fortresses of Cerdagne were invested by a superior force; the rebel was overtaken and slain in the mountains; and his widow was sent a captive to Damascus, to gratify the desires, or more probably the vanity, of the commander of the faithful. From the Pyrenees, Abderame proceeded without delay to the passage of the Rhône and the siege of Arles. An army of Christians attempted the relief of the city: the tombs of their leaders were yet visible in the thirteenth century; and many thousands of their dead bodies were carried down the rapid stream into the Mediterranean Sea. The arms of Abderame were not less successful on the side of the ocean. He passed without opposition the Garonne and Dordogne, which unite their waters in the gulf of Bordeaux; but he found, beyond those rivers, the camp of the intrepid Eudes, who had formed a second army and sustained a second defeat, so fatal to the Christians, that, according to their sad confession, God alone could reckon the number of the slain. The victorious Saracen overran the provinces of Aquitain, whose Gallic names

are disguised, rather than lost, in the modern appellations of Perigord, Saintonge, and Poitou: his standards were planted on the walls, or at least before the gates, of Tours and of Sens; and his detachments overspread the kingdom of Burgundy as far as the well-known cities of Lyons and Besançon. The memory of these devastations, for Abderame did not spare the country or the people, was long preserved by tradition; and the invasion of France by the Moors or Mohammedans affords the groundwork of those fables which have been so wildly disfigured in the romances of chivalry, and so elegantly adorned by the Italian muse. In the decline of society and art, the deserted cities could supply a slender booty to the Saracens; their richest spoil was found in the churches and monasteries, which they stripped of their ornaments and delivered to the flames: and the tutelar saints, both Hilary of Poitiers and Martin of Tours, forgot their miraculous powers in the defence of their own sepulchres. A victorious line of march had been prolonged above a thousand miles from the rock of Gibraltar to the banks of the Loire; the repetition of an equal space would have carried the Saracens to the confines of Poland and the Highlands of Scotland; the Rhine is not more impassable than the Nile or Euphrates, and the Arabian fleet might have sailed without a naval combat into the mouth of the Thames. Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mohammed.

From such calamities was Christendom delivered by the genius and fortune of one man. Charles, the illegitimate son of the elder Pepin, was content with the titles of mayor or duke of the Franks; but he deserved to become the father of a line of kings. In a laborious administration of twenty-four years he restored and supported the dignity of the throne, and the rebels of Germany and Gaul were successively crushed by the activity of a warrior who in the same campaign could display his banner on the Elbe, the Rhône, and the shores of the ocean. In the public danger he was summoned by the voice of his country; and his rival, the duke of Aquitain, was reduced to appear among the fugitives and suppliants. "Alas!" exclaimed the Franks, "what a misfortune! what an indignity! We have long heard of the name and conquests of the Arabs: we were apprehensive of their attack from the East; they have now conquered Spain, and invade our country on the side of the West. Yet their numbers and (since they have no buckler) their arms are inferior to our own." "If you follow my advice," replied the prudent mayor of the palace, "you will not interrupt their march, nor precipitate your attack. They are like a torrent, which it is dangerous to stem in its career. The thirst of riches, and the consciousness of success, redoubled their valour, and valour is of more avail than arms or numbers. Be patient till they have loaded themselves with the incumbrance of wealth. The possession of wealth will divide their counsels and assure your victory." This subtle policy is perhaps a refinement of the Arabian writers; and the situation of Charles will

suggest a more narrow and selfish motive of procrastination; the secret desire of humbling the pride and wasting the provinces of the rebel duke of Aquitain. It is yet more probable that the delays of Charles were inevitable and reluctant. A standing army was unknown under the first and second race; more than half the kingdom was now in the hands of the Saracens: according to their respective situation, the Franks of Neustria and Austrasia were too conscious or too careless of the impending danger; and the voluntary aids of the Gepidae and Germans were separated by a long interval from the standard of the Christian general. No sooner had he collected his forces than he sought and found the enemy in the centre of France, between Tours and Poitiers. His well-conducted march was covered by a range of hills, and Abderame appears to have been surprised by his unexpected presence. The nations of Asia, Africa, and Europe advanced with equal ardour to an encounter which would change the history of the world. In the six first days of desultory combat the horsemen and archers of the East maintained their advantage; but in the closer onset of the seventh day the Orientals were oppressed by the strength and stature of the Germans, who, with stout hearts and *iron* hands, asserted the civil and religious freedom of their posterity. The epithet of *Martel,* the *hammer,* which has been added to the name of Charles, is expressive of his weighty and irresistible strokes: the valour of Eudes was excited by resentment and emulation; and their companions, in the eye of history, are the true Peers and Paladins of French chivalry. After a bloody field, in which Abderame was slain, the Saracens, in the close of the evening, retired to their camp. In the disorder and despair of the night the various tribes of Yemen and Damascus, of Africa and Spain, were provoked to turn their arms against each other: the remains of their host were suddenly dissolved, and each *emir* consulted his safety by a hasty and separate retreat. At the dawn of day the stillness of a hostile camp was suspected by the victorious Christians: on the report of their spies they ventured to explore the riches of the vacant tents; but if we expect some celebrated relics, a small portion of the spoil was restored to the innocent and lawful owners. The joyful tidings were soon diffused over the Catholic world, and the monks of Italy could affirm and believe that three hundred and fifty, or three hundred and seventy-five, thousand of the Mohammedans had been crushed by the hammer of Charles, while no more than fifteen hundred Christians were slain in the field of Tours. But this incredible tale is sufficiently disproved by the caution of the French general, who apprehended the snares and accidents of a pursuit, and dismissed his German allies to their native forests. The inactivity of a conqueror betrays the loss of strength and blood, and the most cruel execution is inflicted, not in the ranks of battle, but on the backs of a flying enemy. Yet the victory of the Franks was complete and final; Aquitain was recovered by the arms of Eudes; the Arabs never resumed the conquest of Gaul, and they were soon driven beyond the Pyrenees by Charles Martel and his valiant race.

RENAISSANCE IN ITALY

by

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

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JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

1840–1893

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, author of the *Renaissance in Italy,* was a distinguished English critic, biographer, historian, and poet. He was born in Bristol in 1840. From Harrow he entered Balliol College, Oxford, and in 1862 became a fellow at Magdalen College. His sensitive, highly strung nervous system placed a strain on a physique that was never robust. This factor of physical frailty and its depressing influence on his outlook was a handicap with which Symonds struggled throughout his life.

In 1862 a breakdown in health forced Symonds to seek a renewal of strength in Switzerland. There he met Janet North, whom in 1864 he married. In the course of the next five years Symonds was repeatedly forced to seek a milder and more wholesome climate than was to be found in England. However, his physical weakness was but part of his difficulty, for his restless nerves forced him to consume in tense study and thought whatever reserves of strength he succeeded in building up.

By 1869 Symonds seems to have achieved some degree of physical and mental health. In that year he settled with his family in Clifton and soon afterward began a series of lectures on Greek literature at Clifton College. These were shortly extended to ladies' classes in Bristol. The experience was important in a number of respects. The presence of an audience provided a wholesome stimulant to Symonds' thought, forcing him to systematize and organize. His first books were the direct outcome of his lectures. In addition, Symonds' literary role became that of a *vulgariseur*—for which the English terms "popularizer" and "vulgarizer" do not furnish exact equivalents—that is, one who made widely and commonly known that which had been familiar to relatively

few. As Van Wyck Brooks observes: "Desultory, fragmentary, agitated piece-work was no longer in the old way possible. He was forced to study the art of presentation and to get his material into shape."

At Clifton, Symonds continued to lecture and to write. He produced his *Introduction to the Study of Dante* in 1872, his studies of the Greek poets appeared from 1873 to 1876, and in 1875 he published the first volume of the *Renaissance in Italy*. But in 1877 his work was interrupted by illness to such a point that he settled permanently in Switzerland. At Davos Platz, Symonds resumed his study and writing. Among the products of his exile are biographies of Shelley (1878), Sir Philip Sidney (1886), Ben Jonson (1886), Michelangelo (1893), volumes of poetry and essays, a translation of Benvenuto Cellini's *Autobiography,* and the remaining volumes of the *Renaissance in Italy.*

The history of the Renaissance appears to have been designed originally to fill three volumes. However, it was issued in four parts in five volumes: I. *Age of the Despots,* II. *Revival of Learning,* III. *Fine Arts,* IV and V. *Italian Literature.* Then in 1886 there appeared two additional volumes on the *Catholic Reaction,* extending the work to seven volumes. However, it should be noted that Symonds' study of the Renaissance is rounded out by seven more complete works, published independently, which include the early *Introduction to the Study of Dante, Boccaccio, Life of Michelangelo,* and the translation of Cellini.

During years of travel in southern Europe in search of health, Symonds studied the land and the people which had produced the Renaissance as well as the artistic and literary fruits of that spiritual birth or awakening. His restless nerves goaded him to compose as he traveled the various studies which were assimilated into his final productions. Symonds' affectionate insights and the high literary merit embodied in his work have maintained its popularity.

RENAISSANCE IN ITALY

I. THE SPIRIT OF THE RENAISSANCE

THE word Renaissance has of late years received a more extended significance than that which is implied in our English equivalent—the Revival of Learning. We use it to denote the whole transition from the Middle Ages to the modern world; and though it is possible to assign certain limits to the period during which this transition took place, we cannot fix on any dates so positively as to say—between this year and that the movement was accomplished. To do so would be like trying to name the days on which spring in any particular season began and ended. Yet we speak of spring as different from winter and from summer. The truth is, that in many senses we are still in mid-Renaissance. The evolution has not been completed. The new life is our own and is progressive. As in the transformation scene of some great masque, so here the waning and the waxing shapes are mingled; the new forms, at first shadowy and filmy, gain upon the old; and now both blend; and now the old scene fades into the background; still, who shall say whether the new scene be finally set up?

In like manner we cannot refer the whole phenomena of the Renaissance to any one cause or circumstance, or limit them within the field of any one department of human knowledge. If we ask the students of art what they mean by the Renaissance, they will reply that it was the revolution effected in architecture, painting, and sculpture by the recovery of antique monuments. Students of literature, philosophy, and theology see in the Renaissance that discovery of manuscripts, that passion for antiquity, that progress in philology and criticism, which led to a correct knowledge of the classics, to a fresh taste in poetry, to new systems of thought, to more accurate analysis, and finally to the Lutheran schism and the emancipation of the conscience. Men of science will discourse about the discovery of the solar system by Copernicus and Galileo, the anatomy of Vesalius, and Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood. The origination of a truly scientific method is the point which interests them most in the Renaissance. The political historian, again, has his own answer to the question. The extinction of feudalism, the development of the great nationalities of Europe, the growth of monarchy, the limitation of the ecclesiastical authority and the erection of the Papacy into an

Italian kingdom, and in the last place the gradual emergence of that sense of popular freedom which exploded in the Revolution; these are the aspects of the movement which engross his attention. Jurists will describe the dissolution of legal fictions based upon the False Decretals, the acquisition of a true text of the Roman Code, and the attempt to introduce a rational method into the theory of modern jurisprudence, as well as to commence the study of international law. Men whose attention has been turned to the history of discoveries and inventions will relate the exploration of America and the East, or will point to the benefits conferred upon the world by the arts of printing and engraving, by the compass and the telescope, by paper and by gunpowder; and will insist that at the moment of the Renaissance all these instruments of mechanical utility started into existence, to aid the dissolution of what was rotten and must perish, to strengthen and perpetuate the new and useful and life-giving. Yet neither any one of these answers taken separately, nor indeed all of them together, will offer a solution of the problem. By the term Renaissance, or new birth, is indicated a natural movement, not to be explained by this or that characteristic, but to be accepted as an effort of humanity for which at length the time had come, and in the onward progress of which we still participate. The history of the Renaissance is not the history of arts, or of sciences, or of literature, or even of nations. It is the history of the attainment of self-conscious freedom by the human spirit manifested in the European races. It is no mere political mutation, no new fashion of art, no restoration of classical standards of taste. The arts and the inventions, the knowledge and the books, which suddenly became vital at the time of the Renaissance, had long lain neglected on the shores of the Dead Sea which we call the Middle Ages. It was not their discovery which caused the Renaissance. But it was the intellectual energy, the spontaneous outburst of intelligence, which enabled mankind at that moment to make use of them. The force then generated still continues, vital and expansive, in the spirit of the modern world.

How was it, then, that at a certain period, about fourteen centuries after Christ, to speak roughly, the intellect of the Western races awoke as it were from slumber and began once more to be active? That is a question which we can but imperfectly answer. The mystery of organic life defeats analysis; whether the subject of our inquiry be a germ-cell, or a phenomenon so complex as the commencement of a new religion, or the origination of a new disease, or a new phase in civilisation, it is alike impossible to do more than to state the conditions under which the fresh growth begins, and to point out what are its manifestations. In doing so, moreover, we must be careful not to be carried away by words of our own making. Renaissance, Reformation, and Revolution are not separate things, capable of being isolated; they are moments in the history of the human race which we find it convenient to name; while history itself is one and continuous, so that our utmost endeavours to regard some portion of it independently of the rest will be defeated.

A glance at the history of the preceding centuries shows that, after the dissolution of the fabric of the Roman Empire, there was no immediate possibility of any intellectual revival. The barbarous races which had deluged Europe had to absorb their barbarism: the fragments of Roman civilisation had either to be destroyed or assimilated: the Germanic nations had to receive culture and religion from the people they had superseded; the Church had to be created, and a new form given to the old idea of the Empire. It was further necessary that the modern nationalities should be defined, that the modern languages should be formed, that peace should be secured to some extent, and wealth accumulated, before the indispensable conditions for a resurrection of the free spirit of humanity could exist. The first nation which fulfilled these conditions was the first to inaugurate the new era. The reason why Italy took the lead in the Renaissance was, that Italy possessed a language, a favourable climate, political freedom, and commercial prosperity, at a time when other nations were still semi-barbarous. Where the human spirit had been buried in the decay of the Roman Empire, there it arose upon the ruins of that Empire; and the Papacy, called by Hobbes the ghost of the dead Roman Empire, seated, throned and crowned, upon the ashes thereof, to some extent bridged over the gulf between the two periods.

Keeping steadily in sight the truth that the real quality of the Renaissance was intellectual, that it was the emancipation of the reason for the modern world, we may inquire how feudalism was related to it. The mental condition of the Middle Ages was one of ignorant prostration before the idols of the Church—dogma and authority and scholasticism. Again, the nations of Europe during these centuries were bound down by the brute weight of material necessities. Without the power over the outer world which the physical sciences and useful arts communicate, without the ease of life which wealth and plenty secure, without the traditions of a civilised past, emerging slowly from a state of utter rawness, each nation could barely do more than gain and keep a difficult hold upon existence. To depreciate the work achieved during the Middle Ages would be ridiculous. Slowly and obscurely, amid stupidity and ignorance, were being forged the nations and the languages of Europe. Italy, France, Spain, England, Germany took shape. The actors of the future drama acquired their several characters, and formed the tongues whereby their personalities should be expressed. The qualities which render modern society different from that of the ancient world were being impressed upon these nations by Christianity, by the Church, by chivalry, by feudal customs. Then came a further phase. After the nations had been moulded, their monarchies and dynasties were established. Feudalism passed by slow degrees into various forms of more or less defined autocracy. In Italy and Germany numerous principalities sprang into pre-eminence; and though the nation was not united under one head, the monarchical principle was acknowledged. France and Spain submitted to a despotism, by right of which the King could say, "L'Etat, c'est moi." England developed her

complicated constitution of popular right and royal prerogative. At the same time the Latin Church underwent a similar process of transformation. The Papacy became more autocratic. Like the King, the Pope began to say, "L'Eglise, c'est moi." The organisation of the five great nations, and the levelling of the political and spiritual interests under political and spiritual despots, formed the prelude to that drama of liberty of which the Renaissance was the first act, the Reformation the second, the Revolution the third, and which we nations of the present are still evolving in the establishment of the democratic idea.

Meanwhile, it must not be imagined that the Renaissance burst suddenly upon the world in the fifteenth century without premonitory symptoms. Far from that: within the middle age itself, over and over again, the reason strove to break loose from its fetters.

It was at the beginning of the fourteenth century, when Italy had lost indeed the heroic spirit which we admire in her Communes of the thirteenth, but had gained instead ease, wealth, magnificence, and that repose which springs from long prosperity, that the new age at last began. Europe was, as it were, a fallow field, beneath which lay buried the civilisation of the old world. No ages of enervating luxury, of intellectual endeavour, of life artificially preserved or ingeniously prolonged, had sapped the fibre of the men who were about to inaugurate the modern world. Severely nurtured, unused to delicate living, these giants of the Renaissance were like boys in their capacity for endurance, their inordinate appetite for enjoyment. No generations, hungry, sickly, effete, critical, disillusioned, trod them down. Ennui and the fatigue that springs from scepticism, the despair of thwarted effort, were unknown. Their fresh and unperverted senses rendered them keenly alive to what was beautiful and natural. They yearned for magnificence, and instinctively comprehended splendour. At the same time the period of satiety was still far off. Everything seemed possible to their young energy; nor had a single pleasure palled upon their appetite. Born, as it were, at the moment when desires and faculties are evenly balanced, when the perceptions are not blunted nor the senses cloyed, opening their eyes for the first time on a world of wonder, these men of the Renaissance enjoyed what we may term the first transcendent springtide of the modern world. Nothing is more remarkable than the fulness of the life that throbbed in them. Natures rich in all capacities and endowed with every kind of sensibility were frequent. Nor was there any limit to the play of personality in action.

An external event determined the direction which this outburst of the spirit of freedom should take. This was the contact of the modern with the ancient mind which followed upon what is called the Revival of Learning. A belief in the identity of the human spirit under all previous manifestations and in its uninterrupted continuity was generated. Men found that in classical as well as Biblical antiquity existed an ideal of human life, both moral and intellectual, by which they might profit in the present. The modern genius felt confidence in its own energies when it

learned what the ancients had achieved. The guesses of the ancients stimulated the exertions of the moderns. The whole world's history seemed once more to be one.

The great achievements of the Renaissance were the discovery of the world and the discovery of man. Under these two formulae may be classified all the phenomena which properly belong to this period. The discovery of the world divides itself into two branches—the exploration of the globe, and that systematic exploration of the universe which is in fact what we call Science. Columbus made known America in 1492; the Portuguese rounded the Cape in 1497; Copernicus explained the solar system in 1507. It is not necessary to add anything to this plain statement; for, in contact with facts of such momentous import, to avoid what seems like commonplace reflection would be difficult. The reason of man was at last able to study the scheme of the universe, of which he is a part, and to ascertain the actual laws by which it is governed. Three centuries and a half have elapsed since Copernicus revolutionised astronomy. It is only by reflecting on the mass of knowledge we have since acquired, knowledge not only infinitely curious but also incalculably useful in its application to the arts of life, and then considering how much ground of this kind was acquired in the ten centuries which preceded the Renaissance, that we are at all able to estimate the expansive force which was then generated. Science, rescued from the hand of astrology, geomancy, alchemy, began her real life with the Renaissance. Since then, as far as to the present moment, she has never ceased to grow. Progressive and durable, Science may be called the first-born of the spirit of the modern world.

Thus by the discovery of the world is meant on the one hand the appropriation by civilised humanity of all corners of the habitable globe, and on the other the conquest by Science of all that we now know about the nature of the universe. With the dawning of the Renaissance a new spirit in the arts arose. Men began to conceive that the human body is noble in itself and worthy of patient study. The object of the artist then became to unite devotional feeling and respect for the sacred legend with the utmost beauty and the utmost fidelity of delineation. He studied from the nude; he drew the body in every posture; he composed drapery, invented attitudes, and adapted the action of his figures and the expression of his faces to the subject he had chosen. In a word, he humanised the altar-pieces and the cloister-frescoes upon which he worked. In this way the painters rose above the ancient symbols, and brought heaven down to earth. By drawing Madonna and her Son like living human beings, by dramatising the Christian history, they silently substituted the love of beauty and the interests of actual life for the principles of the Church. The saint or angel became an occasion for the display of physical perfection, and to introduce "un bel corpo ignudo" into the composition was of more moment to them than to represent the macerations of the Magdalen. Men thus learned to look beyond the relique and the host, and to forget the dogma in the lovely forms which gave it expression. Finally, when the

classics came to aid this work of progress, a new world of thought and fancy, divinely charming, wholly human, was revealed to their astonished eyes. Thus art, which had begun by humanising the legends of the Church, diverted the attention of its students from the legend to the work of beauty, and lastly, severing itself from the religious tradition, became the exponent of the majesty and splendour of the human body. This final emancipation of art from ecclesiastical trammels culminated in the great age of Italian painting. Gazing at Michael Angelo's prophets in the Sistine Chapel, we are indeed in contact with ideas originally religious. But the treatment of these ideas is purely, broadly human, on a level with that of the sculpture of Pheidias. Titian's Virgin received into Heaven, soaring midway between the archangel who descends to crown her and the apostles who yearn to follow her, is far less a Madonna Assunta than the apotheosis of humanity conceived as a radiant mother. Throughout the picture there is nothing ascetic, nothing mystic, nothing devotional. Nor did the art of the Renaissance stop here. It went further, and plunged into paganism. Sculptors and painters combined with architects to cut the arts loose from their connection with the Church by introducing a spirit and a sentiment alien to Christianity.

It was scholarship which revealed to men the wealth of their own minds, the dignity of human thought, the value of human speculation, the importance of human life regarded as a thing apart from religious rules and dogmas. During the Middle Ages a few students had possessed the poems of Virgil and the prose of Boethius—and Virgil at Mantua, Boethius at Pavia, had actually been honoured as saints—together with fragments of Lucan, Ovid, Statius, Juvenal, Cicero, and Horace. The Renaissance opened to the whole reading public the treasure-houses of Greek and Latin literature. At the same time the Bible in its original tongues was rediscovered. Mines of Oriental learning were laid bare for the students of the Jewish and Arabic traditions. The Aryan and Semitic revelations were for the first time subjected to something like a critical comparison. With unerring instinct the men of the Renaissance named the voluminous subject-matter of scholarship "litterae humaniores"—the more human literature, or the literature that humanises.

There are three stages in the history of scholarship during the Renaissance. The first is the age of passionate desire; Petrarch poring over a Homer he could not understand, and Boccaccio in his maturity learning Greek, in order that he might drink from the well-head of poetic inspiration, are the heroes of this period. They inspired the Italians with a thirst for antique culture. Next comes the age of acquisition and of libraries. Nicholas V, who founded the Vatican Library in 1453, Cosimo de' Medici, who began the Medicean Collection a little earlier, and Poggio Bracciolini, who ransacked all the cities and convents of Europe for manuscripts, together with the teachers of Greek, who in the first half of the fifteenth century escaped from Constantinople with precious freights of classic literature, are the heroes of this second period. It was an age of accumu-

lation, of uncritical and indiscriminate enthusiasm. Manuscripts were worshipped by these men, just as the reliques of Holy Land had been adored by their great-grandfathers. The eagerness of the Crusades was revived in this quest of the Holy Grail of ancient knowledge. Waifs and strays of pagan authors were valued like precious gems, revelled in like odoriferous and gorgeous flowers, consulted like oracles of God, gazed on like the eyes of a beloved mistress. The good, the bad, and the indifferent received an almost equal homage. Criticism had not yet begun. The world was bent on gathering up its treasures, frantically bewailing the lost books of Livy, the lost songs of Sappho—absorbing to intoxication the strong wine of multitudinous thoughts and passions that kept pouring from those long-buried amphorae of inspiration. What is most remarkable about this age of scholarship is the enthusiasm which pervaded all classes in Italy for antique culture. Popes and princes, captains of adventure and peasants, noble ladies and the leaders of the demi-monde, alike became scholars.

Then came the third age of scholarship—the age of the critics, philologers, and printers. What had been collected by Poggio and Aurispa had now to be explained by Ficino, Poliziano, and Erasmus. They began their task by digesting and arranging the contents of the libraries. There were then no short cuts to learning, no comprehensive lexicons, no dictionaries of antiquities, no carefully prepared thesauri of mythology and history. Each student had to hold in his brain the whole mass of classical erudition. The text and the canon of Homer, Plato, Aristotle, and the tragedians had to be decided. Greek type had to be struck. Florence, Venice, Basle, Lyons, and Paris groaned with printing-presses. The Aldi, the Stephani, and Froben toiled by night and day, employing scores of scholars, men of supreme devotion and of mighty brain, whose work it was to ascertain the right reading of sentences, to accentuate, to punctuate, to commit to the press. All subsequent achievements in the field of scholarship sink into insignificance beside the labours of these men, who needed genius, enthusiasm, and the sympathy of Europe for the accomplishment of their titanic task. Virgil was printed in 1470, Homer in 1488, Aristotle in 1498, Plato in 1513. They then became the inalienable heritage of mankind.

The ultimate effect of this recovery of classic literature was, once and for all, to liberate the intellect. The modern world was brought into close contact with the free virility of the ancient world, and emancipated from the thraldom of unproved traditions. The force to judge and the desire to create were generated. The immediate result in the sixteenth century was an abrupt secession of the learned, not merely from monasticism, but also from the true spirit of Christianity. This extravagance led of necessity to a reaction—in the north to Puritanism, in the south to what has been termed the Counter-Reformation effected under Spanish influences in the Latin Church. But Christianity, that most precious possession of the modern world, was never seriously imperilled by the classical enthusiasm of

the Renaissance; nor, on the other hand, was the progressive emancipation of the reason materially retarded by the reaction it produced.

In the wake of theological freedom followed a free philosophy, no longer subject to the dogmas of the Church. On the one side Descartes and Bacon, Spinoza and Locke, are sons of the Renaissance, champions of new-found philosophical freedom; on the other side, Luther is a son of the Renaissance, the herald of new-found religious freedom. The whole movement of the Reformation is a phase in that accelerated action of the modern mind which at its commencement we call the Renaissance. It is a mistake to regard the Reformation as an isolated phenomenon or as a mere effort to restore the Church to purity. The Reformation exhibits in the region of religious thought and national politics what the Renaissance displays in the sphere of culture, art, and science—the recovered energy and freedom of the reason. We are too apt to treat of history in parcels, and to attempt to draw lessons from detached chapters in the biography of the human race. To observe the connection between the several stages of a progressive movement of the human spirit, and to recognise that the forces at work are still active, is the true philosophy of history.

In the work of the Renaissance all the great nations of Europe shared. But it must never be forgotten that as a matter of history the true Renaissance began in Italy. It was there that the essential qualities which distinguish the modern from the ancient and the mediaeval world were developed. Italy created that new spiritual atmosphere of culture and of intellectual freedom which has been the life-breath of the European races.

II. ITALIAN HISTORY

After a first glance into Italian history the student recoils as from a chaos of inscrutable confusion. To fix the moment of transition from ancient to modern civilisation seems impossible. There is no formation of a new people, as in the case of Germany or France or England, to serve as starting-point. When the Communes emerge into prominence, shaking off the supremacy of the Greeks in the south, vindicating their liberties against the Empire in the north, jealously guarding their independence from Papal encroachment in the centre, they have already assumed shapes of marked distinctness and bewildering diversity. Venice, Milan, Genoa, Florence, Bologna, Siena, Perugia, Amalfi, Lucca, Pisa, to mention only a few of the more notable, are indiscriminately called republics. Yet they differ in their internal type no less than in external conditions. Each wears from the first and preserves a physiognomy that justifies our thinking and speaking of the town as an incarnate entity. The cities of Italy down to the very smallest, bear the attributes of individuals. To treat of them collectively is almost impossible. Each has its own biography, and plays a part of consequence in the great drama of the nation. Accordingly the

study of Italian politics, Italian literature, Italian art, is really not the study of one national genius, but of a whole family of cognate geniuses, grouped together, conscious of affinity, obeying the same general conditions, but issuing in markedly divergent characteristics. Democracies, oligarchies, aristocracies, spring into being by laws of natural selection within the limits of a single province. Not one is insignificant. Not one but indicates some moment of importance in the social evolution of the state. Amalfi, Pisa, Genoa, and Venice depend for power upon their fleets and colonies; the little cities of Romagna and the March supply the captains of adventure with recruits; Florence and Lucca live by manufacture; Milan by banking; Bologna, Padua, Vicenza, owe their wealth to students attracted by their universities. Foreign alliances or geographical affinities connect one centre with the Empire of the east, a second with France, a third with Spain. The north is overshadowed by Germany; the south is disquieted by Islam. Italy as a whole is almost invisible to the student by reason of the many-sided, combative, self-centred crowd of numberless Italian communities. Proximity foments hatred and stimulates hostility. Fiesole looks down and threatens Florence. Florence returns frown for frown, and does not rest till she has made her neighbour of the hills a slave. Perugia and Assisi turn the Umbrian plain into a wilderness of wolves by their recurrent warfare. Not only are the cities at war with one another, but they are plunged in ceaseless strife within the circuit of their ramparts. The people with the nobles, the burghs with the castles, the plebeians with the burgher aristocracy, the men of commerce with the men of arms and ancient lineage, Guelfs and Ghibellines, clash together in persistent fury. One half the city expels the other half. The exiles roam abroad, cement alliances, and return to extirpate their conquerors. Fresh proscriptions and new expulsions follow. Again alliances are made and revolutions accomplished, till the ancient feuds of the towns are crossed, recrossed, and tangled in a web of madness that defies analysis. Papal legates drown the cities of the Church in blood, preach crusades, fulminate interdictions, rouse insurrections in the states that own allegiance to the Empire. Monks stir republican revivals in old cities that have lost their liberties, or assemble the populations of crime-maddened districts in aimless comedies of piety and false pacification, or lead them barefooted and intoxicated with shrill cries of "Mercy" over plain and mountain.

In the meantime, from this hurricane of disorder rises the clear ideal of the national genius. Italy becomes self-conscious and attains the spiritual primacy of modern Europe. Art, Learning, Literature, Statecraft, Philosophy, Science build a sacred and inviolable city of the soul amid the tumult of seven thousand revolutions, the dust and crash of falling cities, the trampings of recurrent invasions, the infamies and outrages of tyrants and marauders who oppress the land. Unshaken by the storms that rage around it, this refuge of the spirit, raised by Italian poets, thinkers, artists, scholars, and discoverers, grows unceasingly in bulk and strength, until the younger nations take their place beneath its ample dome. Then,

while yet the thing of wonder and of beauty stands in fresh perfection, at that supreme moment when Italy is tranquil and sufficient to fulfil the noblest mission for the world, we find her crushed and trampled underfoot. Her tempestuous but splendid story closes in the calm of tyranny imposed by Spain.

In order to explain the continual prosperity of the princes amid the clash of forces brought to bear against them from so many sides, we must remember that they were the partisans of social order in distracted burghs, the heroes of the middle classes and the multitude, the quellers of faction, the administrators of impartial laws, and the aggrandisers of the city at the expense of its neighbours. The Despot delivered the industrial classes from the tyranny and anarchy of faction, substituting a reign of personal terrorism that weighed more heavily upon the nobles than upon the artisans or peasants. Ruling more by perfidy, corruption, and fraud than by the sword, he turned the leaders of parties into courtiers, brought proscribed exiles back into the city as officials, flattered local vanity by continuing the municipal machinery in its functions of parade, and stopped the mouths of unruly demagogues by making it their pecuniary interest to preach his benefits abroad. So long as the burghers remained peaceable beneath his sway and refrained from attacking him in person, he was mild. But at the same moment the gallows, the torture-chamber, the iron cage suspended from the giddy height of palace-roof or church-tower, and the dreadful dungeons, where a prisoner could neither stand nor lie at ease, were ever ready for the man who dared dispute his authority. That authority depended solely on his personal qualities of will, courage, physical endurance. He held it by intelligence. The chief danger he had to fear was conspiracy; and in providing himself against this peril he expended all the resources suggested by refined ingenuity and heightened terror.

It was the universal policy of the Despots to disarm their subjects. Prompted by consideration of personal safety, and demanded by the necessity of extirpating the factions, this measure was highly popular. It relieved the burghers of that most burdensome of all public duties, military service. A tax on silver and salt was substituted in the Milanese province for the conscription, while the Florentine oligarchs, actuated probably by the same motives, laid a tax upon the country. The effect of this change was to make financial and economical questions all-important, and to introduce a new element into the balance of Italian powers. The principalities were transformed into great banks, where the lords of cities sat in their bureau, counted their money, and calculated the cost of wars or the value of towns they sought to acquire by bargain. At first they used their mercenary troops like pawns, buying up a certain number for some special project, and dismissing them when it had been accomplished. But in course of time the mercenaries awoke to the sense of their own power, and placed themselves beneath captains who secured them a certainty of pay with continuity of profitable service. Thus the Condottieri came into

existence, and Italy beheld the spectacle of moving despotisms, armed and mounted, seeking to effect establishment upon the weakest, worst-defended points of the peninsula.

The emergence of the Condottieri at the beginning of the fourteenth century, the anarchy they encouraged for their own aggrandisement, and the financial distress which ensued upon the substitution of mercenary for civic warfare, completed the democratisation of the Italian cities, and marked a new period in the history of despotism. From the date of Francesco Sforza's entry into Milan as conqueror in 1450, the princes became milder in their exercise of power and less ambitious. Having begun by disarming their subjects, they now proceeded to lay down arms themselves, employing small forces for the protection of their person and the state, engaging more cautiously in foreign strife, and substituting diplomacy, wherever it was possible, for warfare. Gold still ruled in politics, but it was spent in bribery. To the ambitious military schemes of Gian Galeazzo Visconti succeeded the commercial cynicism of Cosimo de' Medici, who enslaved Florence by astute demoralisation. The spirit of the age was materialistic and positive. The Despots held their state by treachery, craft, and corruption. The element of force being virtually eliminated, intelligence at last gained undivided sway; and the ideal statecraft of Machiavelli was realised with more or less completeness in all parts of the peninsula. At this moment and by these means Italy obtained a brief but golden period of peace beneath the confederation of her great powers. Nicholas V had restored the Papal court to Rome in 1447, where he assumed the manners of despotism and counted as one among the Italian Signori. Lombardy remained tranquil under the rule of Francesco Sforza, and Tuscany under that of the Casa Medici. The kingdom of Naples, conquered by Alfonso of Aragon in 1442, was equally ruled in the spirit of enlightened despotism, while Venice, who had so long formed a state apart, by her recent acquisition of a domain on terra firma, entered the community of Italian politics. Thus the country had finally resolved itself into five grand constituent elements—the Duchy of Milan, the republic of S. Mark, Florence, Rome, and the kingdom of Naples—all of them, though widely differing in previous history and constitutional peculiarities, now animated by a common spirit.

III. THE AGE OF THE DESPOTS

THE fourteenth and fifteenth centuries may be called the Age of the Despots in Italian history, as the twelfth and thirteenth are the Age of the Free Burghs, and as the sixteenth and seventeenth are the Age of Foreign Enslavement. It was during the Age of the Despots that the conditions of the Renaissance were evolved, and that the Renaissance itself assumed a definite character in Italy. Under tyrannies, in the midst of intrigues, wars, and revolutions, the peculiar individuality of the Italians

obtained its ultimate development. This individuality, as remarkable for salient genius and diffused talent as for self-conscious and deliberate vice, determined the qualities of the Renaissance and affected by example the whole of Europe. Italy led the way in education of the Western races, and was the first to realise the type of modern as distinguished from classical and mediaeval life.

If we examine the constitution of these tyrannies, we find abundant proofs of their despotic nature. The succession from father to son was always uncertain. Legitimacy of birth was hardly respected. The last La Scalas were bastards. The house of Aragon in Naples descended from a bastard. Gabriello Visconti shared with his half-brothers the heritage of Gian Galeazzo. The line of the Medici was continued by princes of more than doubtful origin. Suspicion rested on the birth of Frederick of Urbino. The houses of Este and Malatesta honoured their bastards in the same degree as their lawful progeny. The great family of the Bentivogli at Bologna owed their importance at the end of the fifteenth century to an obscure and probably spurious pretender, dragged from the wool-factories of Florence by the policy of Cosimo de' Medici. The sons of Popes ranked with the proudest of aristocratic families. Nobility was less regarded in the choice of a ruler than personal ability. Power once acquired was maintained by force, and the history of the ruling families is one long catalogue of crimes. Yet the cities thus governed were orderly and prosperous. Police regulations were carefully established and maintained by governors whose interest it was to rule a quiet state. Culture was widely diffused without regard to rank or wealth. Public edifices of colossal grandeur were multiplied. Meanwhile the people at large were being fashioned to that self-conscious and intelligent activity which is fostered by the modes of life peculiar to political and social centres in a condition of continued rivalry and change.

Though the vassals of the Despot are neither his soldiers nor his loyal lieges, but his courtiers and taxpayers, the continual object of his cruelty and fear, yet each subject has the chance of becoming a prince like Sforza or a companion of princes like Petrarch. Equality of servitude goes far to democratise a nation, and common hatred of the tyrant leads to the combination of all classes against him. Thence follows the fermentation of arrogant and self-reliant passions in the breasts of the lowest as well as the highest. The rapid mutations of government teach men to care for themselves and to depend upon themselves alone in the battle of the world; while the necessity of craft and policy in the conduct of complicated affairs sharpens intelligence. The sanction of all means that may secure an end under conditions of social violence encourages versatility unprejudiced by moral considerations. At the same time the freely indulged vices of the sovereign are an example of self-indulgence to the subject, and his need of lawless instruments is a practical sanction of force in all its forms.

The life of the Despot was usually one of prolonged terror. Immured in strong places on high rocks, or confined to gloomy fortresses like the

Milanese Castello, he surrounded his person with foreign troops, protected his bedchamber with a picked guard, and watched his meat and drink lest they should be poisoned. His chief associates were artists, men of letters, astrologers, buffoons, and exiles. He had no real friends or equals, and against his own family he adopted an attitude of fierce suspicion, justified by the frequent intrigues to which he was exposed. His timidity verged on monomania. Like Alfonso II of Naples, he was tortured with the ghosts of starved or strangled victims; like Ezzelino, he felt the mysterious fascination of astrology; like Filippo Maria Visconti, he trembled at the sound of thunder, and set one band of body-guards to watch another next his person. He dared not hope for a quiet end. No one believed in the natural death of a prince: princes must be poisoned or poignarded. Out of thirteen of the Carrara family, in little more than a century (1318–1435) three were deposed or murdered by near relatives, one was expelled by a rival from his state, four were executed by the Venetians. Out of five of the La Scala family three were killed by their brothers, and a fourth was poisoned in exile.

The Varani were massacred to a man in the church of St. Dominic at Camerino (1434), the Trinci at Foligno (1434), and the Chiavelli of Fabriano in church upon Ascension Day (1435). This wholesale extirpation of three reigning families introduces one of the most romantic episodes in the history of Italian despotism. From the slaughter of the Varani one only child, Giulio Cesare, a boy of two years old, was saved by his aunt Tora. She concealed him in a truss of hay and carried him to the Trinci at Foligno. Hardly had she gained this refuge, when the Trinci were destroyed, and she had to fly with her burden to the Chiavelli at Fabriano. There the same scenes of bloodshed awaited her. A third time she took to flight, and now concealed her precious charge in a nunnery. The boy was afterwards stolen from the town on horseback by a soldier of adventure. After surviving three massacres of kith and kin, he returned as despot at the age of twelve to Camerino, and became a general of distinction. But he was not destined to end his life in peace. Cesare Borgia finally murdered him, together with three of his sons, when he had reached the age of sixty. Less romantic but not less significant in the annals of tyranny is the story of the Trinci. A rival noble of Foligno, Pietro Rasiglia, had been injured in his honour by the chief of the ruling house. He contrived to assassinate two brothers, Nicolà and Bartolommeo, in his castle of Nocera; but the third, Corrado Trinci, escaped, and took a fearful vengeance on his enemy. By the help of Braccio da Montone he possessed himself of Nocera and all its inhabitants, with the exception of Pietro Rasiglia's wife, whom her husband flung from the battlements. Corrado then butchered the men, women, and children of the Rasiglia clan, to the number of three hundred persons, accomplishing his vengeance with details of atrocity too infernal to be dwelt on in these pages. It is recorded that thirty-six asses laden with their mangled limbs paraded the streets of Foligno as a terror-striking spectacle for the inhabitants. He

then ruled the city by violence, until the warlike Cardinal dei Vitelleschi avenged society of so much mischief by destroying the tyrant and five of his sons, in the same year.

To multiply the records of crime revenged by crime, of force repelled by violence, of treason heaped on treachery, of insult repaid by fraud, would be easy enough. Indeed, a huge book might be compiled containing nothing but the episodes in this grim history of despotism, now tragic and pathetic, now terror-moving in sublimity of passion, now despicable by the baseness of the motives brought to light, at one time revolting through excess of physical horrors, at another fascinating by the spectacle of heroic courage, intelligence, and resolution. Enough, however, has been said to describe the atmosphere of danger in which the tyrants breathed and moved, and from which not one of them was ever capable of finding freedom.

What I have said about Italian despotism is no mere fancy picture. The actual details of Milanese history, the innumerable tragedies of Lombardy, Romagna, and the Marches of Ancona, during the ascendency of despotic families, are far more terrible than any fiction; nor would it be easy for the imagination to invent so perplexing a mixture of savage barbarism with modern refinement.

Isolated, crime-haunted, and remorseless, at the same time fierce and timorous, the despot not unfrequently made of vice a fine art for his amusement, and openly defied humanity. His pleasures tended to extravagance. Inordinate lust and refined cruelty sated his irritable and jaded appetites. He destroyed pity in his soul, and fed his dogs with living men, or spent his brains upon the invention of new tortures. From the game of politics again he won a feverish pleasure, playing for states and cities as a man plays chess, and endeavouring to extract the utmost excitement from the varying turns of skill and chance. It would be an exaggeration to assert that all the princes of Italy were of this sort. The saner, better, and nobler among them—men of the stamp of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Can Grande della Scala, Francesco and Lodovico Sforza, found a more humane enjoyment in the consolidation of their empire, the cementing of their alliances, the society of learned men, the friendship of great artists, the foundation of libraries, the building of palaces and churches, the execution of vast schemes of conquest. Others again, like Lorenzo de' Medici and Frederick of Urbino, exhibited the model of moderation in statecraft and a noble width of culture. But the tendency to degenerate was fatal in all the despotic houses.

At the same time it must not be forgotten that during this period the art and culture of the Renaissance were culminating. Filelfo was receiving the gold of Filippo Maria Visconti. Guarino of Verona was instructing the heir of Ferrara, and Vittorino da Feltre was educating the children of the Marquis of Mantua. Lionardo was delighting Milan with his music and his magic world of painting. Poliziano was pouring forth honeyed eloquence at Florence. Ficino was expounding Plato. Boiardo was singing

the Prelude to Ariosto's melodies at Ferrara. Pico della Mirandola was dreaming of a reconciliation of the Hebrew, pagan, and Christian traditions. It is necessary to note these facts in passing; just as when we are surveying the history of letters and the arts, it becomes us to remember the crimes and the madness of the despots who patronised them. This was an age in which even the wildest and most perfidious of tyrants felt the ennobling influences and the sacred thirst of knowledge. Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, the Lord of Rimini, might be selected as a true type of the princes who united a romantic zeal for culture with the vices of barbarians. The coins which bear the portraits of this man, together with the medallions carved in red Verona marble on his church at Rimini, show a narrow forehead, protuberant above bushy eyebrows, a long hooked nose, hollow cheeks, and petulant, passionate, compressed lips. The whole face seems ready to flash with sudden violence, to merge its self-control in a spasm of fury. Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta killed three wives in succession, violated his daughter, and attempted the chastity of his own son. So much of him belongs to the mere savage. He caused the magnificent church of S. Francesco at Rimini to be raised by Leo Alberti in a manner more worthy of a pagan pantheon than of a Christian temple. He encrusted it with exquisite bas-reliefs in marble, the triumphs of the earliest Renaissance style, carved his own name and ensigns upon every scroll and frieze and point of vantage in the building, and dedicated a shrine here to his concubine—*Divoe Isottoe Sacrum*. So much of him belongs to the neo-pagan of the fifteenth century. He brought back from Greece the mortal remains of the philosopher Gemistos Plethon, buried them in a sarcophagus outside his church, and wrote upon the tomb this epigraph: "These remains of Gemistus of Byzantium, chief of the sages of his day, Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, son of Pandolfo, commander in the war against the king of the Turks in the Morea, induced by the mighty love with which he burns for men of learning, brought hither and placed within this chest. 1466." He, the most fretful and turbulent of men, read books with patient care, and bore the contradiction of pedants in the course of long discussions on philosophy and arts and letters. So much of him belonged to the new spirit of the coming age, in which the zeal for erudition was a passion, and the spell of science was stronger than the charms of love. At the same time, as Condottiere, he displayed all the treasons, duplicities, cruelties, sacrileges, and tortuous policies to which the most accomplished villain of the age could have aspired.

Some account of Baldassare Castiglione's treatise "Il Cortegiano" will form a fitting conclusion to this chapter on the Despots. It is true that his book was written later than the period we have been considering, and he describes court life in its most graceful aspect. Yet all the antecedent history of the past two centuries had been gradually producing the conditions under which his courtier flourished; and the Italian of the Renaissance, as he appeared to the rest of Europe, was such a gentleman as he depicts. For the historian his book is of equal value in its own depart-

ment with the "Principe" of Machiavelli, the "Autobiography" of Benvenuto Cellini, and the "Diary" of Burchard.

In the opening of his "Cortegiano" Castiglione introduces us to the court of Urbino—refined, chivalrous, witty, cultivated, gentle—confessedly the purest and most elevated court in Italy. He brings together the Duchess Elizabetta Gonzaga; Emilia Pia, wife of Antonio da Montefeltro, whose wit is as keen and active as that of Shakspere's Beatrice; Pietro Bembo, the Ciceronian dictator of letters in the sixteenth century; Bernardo Bibbiena, Berni's patron, the author of "Calandra," whose portrait by Raphael in the Pitti enables us to estimate his innate love of humour; Giuliano de' Medici, Duke of Nemours, of whom the marble effigy by Michael Angelo till guards the tomb in S. Lorenzo; together with other knights and gentlemen less known to fame—two Genoese Fregosi, Gasparo Pallavicini, Lodovico, Count of Canossa, Cesare Gonzaga, l'Unico Aretino, and Fra Serafino the humourist. These ladies and gentlemen hold discourse together, as was the custom of Urbino, in the drawing-room of the duchess during four consecutive evenings. The theme of their conversation is the Perfect Courtier. What must that man be who deserves the name of Cortegiano, and how must he conduct himself? The subject of discussion carries us at once into a bygone age. No one asks now what makes the perfect courtier; but in Italy in the Renaissance, owing to the changes from republican to despotic forms of government, the question was one of the most serious importance. Culture and good breeding, the amenities of intercourse, the pleasures of the intellect, scarcely existed outside the sphere of courts; for one effect of the Revival of Learning had been to make the acquisition of polite knowledge difficult, and the proletariat was less cultivated than in the age of Dante.

The first requisite in the ideal courtier is that he must be noble. The Count of Canossa, who proposed the subject of the debate, lays down this as an axiom. Gasparo Pallavicini denies the necessity. But after a lively discussion, his opinion is overruled, on the ground that, although the gentle virtues may be found among people of obscure origin, yet a man who intends to be a courtier must start with the prestige of noble birth. Next he must be skilful in the use of weapons and courageous in the battlefield. He is not, however, bound to have the special science of a general, nor must he in times of peace profess unique devotion to the art of war: that would argue a coarseness of nature and vainglory. Again, he must excel in all manly sports and exercises, so as, if possible, to beat the actual professors of each game or feat of skill on their own ground. Yet here also he should avoid mere habits of display, which are unworthy of a man who aspires to be a gentleman and not an athlete. Another indispensable quality is gracefulness in all he does and says. In order to secure this elegance, he must beware of every form of affectation: "Let him shun affectation, as though it were a most perilous rock; and let him seek in everything a certain carelessness, to hide his art, and show that what he says or does comes from him without effort or deliberation." This vice of affectation

in all its kinds, and the ways of avoiding it, are discussed with a delicacy of insight which would do credit to a Chesterfield of the present century, sending forth his son into society for the first time. Castiglione goes so far as to condemn the pedantry of far-fetched words and the coxcombry of elaborate costumes, as dangerous forms of affectation. His courtier must speak and write with force and freedom. He need not be a purist in his use of language, but may use such foreign phrases and modern idioms as are current in good society, aiming only at simplicity and clearness. He must add to excellence in arms polite culture in letters and sound scholarship, avoiding that barbarism of the French, who think it impossible to be a good soldier and an accomplished student at the same time. Yet his learning should be always held in reserve, to give brilliancy and flavour to his wit, and not brought forth for merely erudite parade. He must have a practical acquaintance with music and dancing; it would be well for him to sing and touch various stringed instruments, so as to relax his own spirits and to make himself agreeable to ladies. If he can compose verses and sing them to his own accompaniment, so much the better. Finally, he ought to understand the arts of painting and sculpture; for criticism, even though a man be neither poet nor artist, is an elegant accomplishment. Such are the principal qualities of the Cortegiano.

In bringing this chapter on Italian Despotism in the fourteenth and fifteen centuries to a conclusion, it will be well to cast a backward glance over the ground which has been traversed. A great internal change took place and was accomplished during this period. The free burghs which flourished in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries gave place to tyrannies, illegal for the most part in their origin, and maintained by force. In the absence of dynastic right, violence and craft were instruments by means of which the Despots founded and preserved their power. Yet the sentiments of the Italians at large were not unfavourable to the growth of principalities. On the contrary, the forces which move society, the inner instinct of the nation, and the laws of progress and development, tended year by year more surely to the consolidation of despotisms. City after city lost its faculty for self-government, until at last Florence, so long the centre of political freedom, fell beneath the yoke of her merchant princes. It is difficult for the historian not to feel either a monarchical or a republican bias. Yet this internal and gradual revolution in the states of Italy may be regarded neither as a matter for exultation in the cause of sovereignty, nor for lamentation over the decay of liberty. It was but part of an inevitable process which the Italians shared, according to the peculiarities of their condition, in common with the rest of Europe.

IV. THE REPUBLICS

THE despotisms of Italy present the spectacle of states founded upon force, controlled and moulded by the will of princes, whose object in each case

has been to maintain usurped power by means of mercenary arms and to deprive the people of political activity. Thus the Italian principalities, however they may differ in their origin, the character of their administration, or their relation to Church and Empire, all tend to one type. The egotism of the Despot, conscious of his selfish aims and deliberate in their execution, formed the motive principle in all alike.

The republics on the contrary are distinguished by strongly marked characteristics. The history of each is the history of the development of certain specific qualities, which modified the type of municipal organisation common to them all. Their differences consist chiefly in the varying forms which institutions of a radically similar design assumed, and also in those peculiar local conditions which made the Venetians Levant merchants, the Perugians captains of adventure, the Genoese admirals and pirates, the Florentines bankers, and so forth. Each commonwealth contracted a certain physiognomy through the prolonged action of external circumstances and by the maintenance of some political predilection. Thus Siena, excluded from maritime commerce by its situation, remained, broadly speaking, faithful to the Ghibelline party; while Perugia at the distance of a few miles, equally debarred from mercantile expansion, maintained the Guelf cause with pertinacity. The annals of the one city record a long succession of complicated party quarrels, throughout the course of which the State continued free; the Guelf leanings of the other exposed it to the gradual encroachment of the Popes, while its civic independence was imperilled and enfeebled by the contests of a few noble families. Lucca and Pistoja in like manner are strongly contrasted, the latter persisting in a state of feud and faction which delivered it bound hand and foot to Florence, the former after many vicissitudes attaining internal quiet under the dominion of a narrow oligarchy.

But while recognising these differences, which manifest themselves partly in what may be described as national characteristics, and partly in constitutional varieties, we may trace one course of historical progression in all except Venice. This is what natural philosophers might call the morphology of Italian commonwealths. To begin with, the Italian republics were all municipalities. That is, like the Greek states, they consisted of a small body of burghers, who alone had the privileges of government, together with a larger population, who, though they paid taxes and shared the commercial and social advantages of the city, had no voice in its administration. Citizenship was hereditary in those families by whom it had been once acquired, each republic having its own criterion of the right, and guarding it jealously against the encroachments of non-qualified persons. In Florence, for example, the burgher must belong to one of the arts. In Venice his name must be inscribed upon the Golden Book. The rivalries to which this system of municipal government gave rise were a chief source of internal weakness to the commonwealths. Nor did the burghers see far enough or philosophically enough to recruit their numbers by a continuous admission of new members from the wealthy but

unfranchised citizens. This alone could have saved them from the death by dwindling and decay to which they were exposed. The Italian conception of citizenship may be set forth in the words of one of their acutest critics, Donato Giannotti, who writes concerning the electors in a state: "Non dico tutti gli abitanti della terra, ma tutti quelli che hanno grado; cioê che hanno acquistato, o eglino o gli antichi loro, facultà d' ottenere i magistrati; e in somma che sono *participes imperandi et parendi.*" No Italian had any notion of representative government in our sense of the term. The problem was always how to put the administration of the state most conveniently into the hands of the fittest among those who were qualified as burghers, and how to give each burgher his due share in the government; not how to select men delegated from the whole population. The wisest among their philosophical politicians sought to establish a mixed constitution, which should combine the advantages of principality, aristocracy, and democracy. Starting with the fact that the eligible burghers numbered some 5,000, and with the assumption that among these the larger portion would be content with freedom and a voice in the administration, while a certain body were ambitious of honourable distinctions, and a few aspired to the pomp of titular presidency, they thought that these several desires might be satisfied and reconciled in a republic composed of a general assembly of the citizens, a select Senate, and a Doge. In these theories the influence of Aristotelian studies and the example of Venice are apparent. At the same time it is noticeable that no account whatever is taken of the remaining 95,000 who contributed their wealth and industry to the prosperity of the city. The theory of the state rests upon no abstract principle like that of the divine right of the Empire, which determined Dante's speculation in the Middle Ages, or that of the divine right of kings, with which we Englishmen were made familiar in the seventeenth century, or that again of the rights of men, on which the democracies of France and America were founded. The right contemplated by the Italian politicians is that of the burghers to rule the commonwealth for their advantage. As a matter of fact, Venice was the only Italian republic which maintained this kind of oligarchy with success through centuries of internal tranquillity. The rest were exposed to a series of revolutions which ended at last in their enslavement.

To the laws which governed the other republics of Italy, Venice offered in many respects a notable exception. Divided from the rest of Italy by the lagoons, and directed by her commerce to the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, Venice took no part in the factions which rent the rest of the peninsula, and had comparatively little to fear from foreign invasion. Her attitude was one of proud and almost scornful isolation. In the Lombard Wars of Independence she remained neutral, and her name does not appear among the Signatories to the Peace of Constance. Both the Papacy and the Empire recognised her independence. Her true policy consisted in consolidating her maritime empire and holding aloof from the affairs of Italy. As long as she adhered to this course, she remained the

envy and the admiration of the rest of Europe. It was only when she sought to extend her hold upon the mainland that she aroused the animosity of the Italian powers, and had to bear the brunt of the League of Cambray alone. Her selfish prudence had been a source of dread long before this epoch: when she became aggressive, she was recognised as a common and intolerable enemy.

The external security of Venice was equalled by her internal repose. Owing to continued freedom from party quarrels, the Venetians were able to pursue a consistent course of constitutional development. They in fact alone of the Italian cities established and preserved the character of their state. Having originally founded a republic under the presidency of a Doge, who combined the offices of general and judge, and ruled in concert with a representative council of the chief citizens (697–1172), the Venetians by degrees caused this form of government to assume a strictly oligarchical character. They began by limiting the authority of the Doge, who, though elected for life, was in 1032 forbidden to associate his son in the supreme office of the state. In 1172 the election of the Doge was transferred from the people to the Grand Council, who, as a co-opting body, tended to become a close aristocracy. In 1179 the ducal power was still further restricted by the creation of a Senate called the Quarantia for the administration of justice; while in 1229 the Senate of the Pregadi, interposed between the Doge and the Grand Council, became an integral part of the constitution. To this latter Senate were assigned all deliberations upon peace and war, the voting of supplies, the confirmation of laws. Both the Quarantia and the Pregadi were elected by the Consiglio Grande, which by this time had become the virtual sovereign of the state of Venice. It is not necessary here to mention the further checks imposed upon the power of the Doges by the institution of officials named Correttori and Inquisitori, whose special business it was to see that the coronation oaths were duly observed, or by the regulations which prevented the supreme magistrate from taking any important action except in concert with carefully selected colleagues. Enough has been said to show that the constitution of Venice was a pyramid resting upon the basis of the Grand Council and rising to an ornamental apex, through the Senate, and the College, in the Doge. But in adopting this old simile—originally the happy thought of Donato Giannotti, it is said—we must not forget that the vital force of the Grand Council was felt throughout the whole of this elaborate system, and that the same individuals were constantly appearing in different capacities. It is this which makes the great event of the years 1297–1319 so all-important for the future destinies of Venice. At this period the Grand Council was restricted to a certain number of noble families who had henceforth the hereditary right to belong to it. Every descendant of a member of the Grand Council could take his seat there at the age of twenty-five; and no new families, except upon the most extraordinary occasions, were admitted to this privilege. By the Closing of the Grand Council, as the ordinances of this crisis were termed, the administration

of Venice was vested for perpetuity in the hands of a few great houses. The final completion was given to the oligarchy in 1311 by the establishment of the celebrated Council of Ten, who exercised a supervision over all the magistracies, constituted the Supreme Court of judicature, and ended by controlling the whole foreign and internal policy of Venice. The changes which I have thus briefly indicated are not to be regarded as violent alterations in the constitution, but rather as successive steps in its development. Even the Council of Ten, which seems at first sight the most tyrannous state-engine ever devised for the enslavement of a nation, was in reality a natural climax to the evolution which had been consistently advancing since the year 1172. Created originally during the troublous times which succeeded the closing of the Grand Council, for the express purpose of curbing unruly nobles and preventing the emergence of conspirators like Tiepolo, the Council of Ten were specially designed to act as a check upon the several orders in the state and to preserve its oligarchical character inviolate. They were elected by the Consiglio Grande, and at the expiration of their office were liable to render strict account of all that they had done. Nor was this magistracy coveted by the Venetian nobles. On the contrary, so burdensome were its duties, and so great was the odium which from time to time the Ten incurred in the discharge of their functions, that it was not always found easy to fill up their vacancies. Thus in the whole mechanism of the state of Venice we trace the action of a permanent aristocracy tolerating, with a view to its own supremacy, an amount of magisterial control which in certain cases, like that of the two Foscari, amounted to the sternest tyranny. By submitting to the Council of Ten the nobility of Venice secured its hold upon the people and preserved unity in its policy.

No state has ever exercised a greater spell of fascination over its citizens than Venice. Of treason against the Republic there was little. Against the decrees of the Council, arbitrary though they might be, no one sought to rebel. The Venetian bowed in silence and obeyed, knowing that all his actions were watched, that his government had long arms in foreign lands, and that to arouse revolt in a body of burghers so thoroughly controlled by common interests would be impossible. Further security the Venetians gained by their mild and beneficent administration of subject cities, and by the prosperity in which their population flourished. When, during the war of the League of Cambray, Venice gave liberty to her towns upon the mainland, they voluntarily returned to her allegiance. At home, the inhabitants of the lagoons, who had never seen a hostile army at their gates, and whose taxes were light in comparison with those of the rest of Italy, regarded the nobles as the authors of their unexampled happiness. Meanwhile, these nobles were merchants. Idleness was unknown in Venice. Instead of excogitating new constitutions or planning vengeance against hereditary foes, the Venetian attended to his commerce on the sea, swayed distant provinces, watched the interests of the state in foreign cities, and fought the naval battles of the Republic. It was the custom of Venice to

employ her patricians only on the sea as admirals, and never to entrust her armies to the generalship of burghers. This policy had undoubtedly its wisdom; for by these means the nobles had no opportunity of intriguing on a large scale in Italian affairs, and never found the chance of growing dangerously powerful abroad. But it pledged the state to that system of paid condottieri and mercenary troops, jealously watched and scarcely ever trustworthy, which proved nearly as ruinous to Venice as it did to Florence.

It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that which is presented by Florence to Venice. While Venice pursued one consistent course of gradual growth, and seemed immovable, Florence remained in perpetual flux, and altered as the strength of factions or of party leaders varied. When the strife of Guelfs and Ghibellines, Neri and Bianchi, had exhausted her in the fourteenth century, she submitted for a while to the indirect ascendency of the Kings of Naples, who were recognised as Chiefs of the Guelf Party. Thence she passed for a few months into the hands of a Despot in the person of the Duke of Athens (1342–43). After the confirmation of her republican liberty followed a contest between the proletariat and the middle classes (Ciompi, 1378). During the fifteenth century she was kept continually disturbed by the rivalry of her great merchant families. The rule of the Albizzi, who fought the Visconti and extended the Florentine territory by numerous conquests, was virtually the despotism of a close oligarchy. This phase of her career was terminated by the rise of the Medici, who guided her affairs with a show of constitutional equity for four generations. In 1494 this state of things was violently shaken. The Florentines expelled the Medici, who had begun to throw off their mask and to assume the airs of sovereignty. Then they reconstituted their Commonwealth as nearly as they could upon the model of Venice, and to this new form of government Savonarola gave a quasi-theocratic complexion by naming Christ the King of Florence. But the internal elements of discord were too potent for the maintenance of this régime. The Medici were recalled; and this time Florence fell under the shadow of Church rule, being controlled by Leo X and Clement VII, through the hands of prelates whom they made the guardians and advisers of their nephews. In 1527 a final effort for liberty shed undying lustre on the noblest of Italian cities. The sack of Rome had paralysed the Pope. His family were compelled to quit the Medicean palace. The Grand Council was restored; a Gonfalonier was elected; Florence suffered the hardships of her memorable siege. At the end of her trials, menaced alike by Pope and Emperor, who shook hands over her prostrate corpse, betrayed by her general, the infamous Malatesta Baglioni, and sold by her own selfish citizens, she had to submit to the hereditary sovereignty of the Medici. It was in vain that Lorenzino of that house pretended to play Brutus, and murdered his cousin the Duke Alessandro in 1536. Cosimo succeeded in the same year, and won the title of Grand Duke, which he transmitted to a line of semi-Austrian princes.

Throughout all these vicissitudes every form and phase of republican government was advocated, discussed, and put in practice by the Florentines. All the arts of factions, all the machinations of exiles, all the skill of demagogues, all the selfishness of party-leaders, all the learning of scholars, all the cupidity of subordinate officials, all the daring of conspirators, all the ingenuity of theorists, and all the malice of traitors, were brought successively or simultaneously into play by the burghers, who looked upon their state as something they might mould at will. One thing at least is clear amid so much apparent confusion, that Florence was living a vehemently active and self-conscious life, acknowledging no principle of stability in her constitution, but always stretching forward after that ideal *Reggimento* which was never realised.

The most notable consequence of the mercantile temper of the republics was the ruinous system of mercenary warfare, with all its attendant evils of ambitious captains of adventure, irresponsible soldiery, and mock campaigns, adopted by the free Italian states. It is true that even if the Italians had maintained their national militias in full force, they might not have been able to resist the shock of France and Spain any better than the armies of Thebes, Sparta, and Athens averted the Macedonian hegemony. But they would at least have run a better chance, and not perhaps have perished so ignobly through the treason of an Alfonso d' Este (1527), of a Marquis of Pescara (1525), of a Duke of Urbino (1527), and of a Malatesta Baglioni (1530). Machiavelli, in a weighty passage at the end of the first book of his Florentine History, sums up the various causes which contributed to the disuse of national arms among the Italians of the Renaissance. The fear of the Despot for his subjects, the priest-rule of the Church, the jealousy of Venice for her own nobles, and the commercial sluggishness of the Florentine burghers, caused each and all of these powers, otherwise so different, to entrust their armies to paid captains.

V. "THE PRINCE" OF MACHIAVELLI

We are justified in regarding the "Principe" as a sincere expression of Machiavelli's political philosophy. The intellect of its author was eminently analytical and positive; he knew well how to confine himself within the strictest limits of the subject he had chosen. In the "Principe" it was not his purpose to write a treatise of morality, but to set forth with scientific accuracy the arts which he considered necessary to the success of an absolute ruler. We may therefore accept this essay as the most profound and lucid exposition of the principles by which Italian statesmen were guided in the sixteenth century. That Machiavellism existed before Machiavelli has now become a truism. Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Louis XI of France, Ferdinand the Catholic, the Papal Curia, and the Venetian Council had systematically pursued the policy laid down in the

chapters of the "Prince." But it is no less true that Machiavelli was the first in modern times to formulate a theory of government in which the interests of the ruler are alone regarded, which assumes a separation between statecraft and morality, which recognises force and fraud among the legitimate means of attaining high political ends, which makes success alone the test of conduct, and which presupposes the corruption, venality, and baseness of mankind at large. It was this which aroused the animosity of Europe against Machiavelli, as soon as the "Prince" attained wide circulation. Nations accustomed to the monarchical rather than the despotic form of government resented the systematic exposition of an art of tyranny which had long been practised among the Italians. The people of the north, whose moral fibre was still vigorous, and who retained their respect for established religion, could not tolerate the cynicism with which Machiavelli analysed his subject from the merely intellectual point of view. His name became a byword. "Am I Machavel?" says the Host in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Marlowe makes the ghost of the great Florentine speak prologue to the "Jew of Malta" thus—

> I count religion but a childish toy,
> And hold there is no sin but ignorance.

When the Counter-Reformation had begun in Italy, and desperate efforts were being made to check the speculative freedom of the Renaissance, the "Principe" was condemned by the Inquisition. Meanwhile it was whispered that the Spanish princes, and the sons of Catherine de' Medici upon the throne of France, conned its pages just as a manual of toxicology might be studied by a Marquise de Brinvilliers. Machiavelli became the scapegoat of great political crimes; and during the religious wars of the sixteenth century there were not wanting fanatics who ascribed such acts of atrocity as the Massacre of S. Bartholomew to his venomous influence. Yet this book was really nothing more or less than a critical compendium of facts respecting Italy, a highly condensed abstract of political experience. In it as in a mirror we may study the lineaments of the Italian Despot who by adventure or by heritage succeeded to the conduct of a kingdom. At the same time the political principles here established are those which guided the deliberations of the Venetian Council and the Papal Court, no less than the actions of a Sforza or a Borgia upon the path to power. It is therefore a document of the very highest value for the illustration of the Italian conscience in relation to political morality. This, be it remembered, is the advice of Machiavelli, the Florentine patriot, to Lorenzo de' Medici, the Florentine tyrant, who has recently resumed his seat upon the neck of that irrepressible Republic.

Among the eminent examples of Italian founders who rose to princely power by their own ability or by availing themselves of the advantages which fortune put within their reach, Machiavelli selects Francesco Sforza and Cesare Borgia. The former is a notable instance of success achieved by pure *virtù:* "Francesco, by using the right means, and by his own sin-

gular ability, raised himself from the rank of a private man to the Duchy of Milan, and maintained with ease the mastery he had acquired with infinite pains." Cesare, on the other hand, illustrates both the strength and the weakness of *fortuna:* "he acquired his dominion, by the aid derived from his father's position and when he lost that he also lost his power, notwithstanding that he used every endeavour and did all that a prudent and able man ought to do in order to plant himself firmly in those states which the arms and fortune of others had placed at his disposal." It is not necessary to dwell upon the career of Francesco Sforza. Not he but Cesare Borgia is Machiavelli's hero in this treatise, the example from which he deduces lessons both of imitation and avoidance for the benefit of Lorenzo de' Medici. Lorenzo, it must be remembered, like Cesare, would have the fortunes of the Church to start with in that career of ambition to which Machiavelli incites him. Unlike Francesco Sforza, he was no mere soldier of adventure, but a prince, born in the purple, and bound to make use of these undefined advantages which he derived from his position in Florence and from the countenance of his uncle, the Pope. The Duke Valentino, therefore, who is at one and the same time Machiavelli's ideal of prudence and courage in the conduct of affairs, and also his chief instance of the instability of fortune, supplies the philosopher with all he needed for the guidance of his princely pupil. With the Duke Valentino Machiavelli had conversed on terms of private intimacy, and there is no doubt that his imagination had been dazzled by the brilliant intellectual abilities of this consummate rogue. Despatched in 1502 by the Florentine Republic to watch the operations of Cesare at Imola, with secret instructions to offer the Duke false promises in the hope of eliciting information that could be relied upon, Machiavelli had enjoyed the rare pleasure of a game at political écarté with the subtlest and most unscrupulous diplomatist of his age. He had witnessed his terrible yet beneficial administration of Romagna. He had been present at his murder of the chiefs of the Orsini faction at Sinigaglia. Cesare had confided to him, or had pretended to confide, his schemes of personal ambition, as well as the motives and the measures of his secret policy. On the day of the election of Pope Julius II he had laid bare the whole of his past history before the Florentine secretary, and had pointed out the single weakness of which he felt himself to have been guilty. In these trials of skill and this exchange of confidence it is impossible to say which of the two gamesters may have been the more deceived. But Machiavelli felt that the Borgia supplied him with a perfect specimen for the study of the arts of statecraft: and so deep was the impression produced upon his mind, that even after the utter failure of Cesare's designs he made him the hero of the political romance before us. His artistic perception of the perfect and the beautiful, both in unscrupulous conduct and in frigid calculation of conflicting interests, was satisfied by the steady selfishness, the persistent perfidy, the profound mistrust of men, the self-command in the execution of perilous designs, the moderate and deliberate employment of cruelty for definite ends, which he observed

in the young Duke, and which he has idealised in his own "Principe." That nature, as of a salamander adapted to its element of fire, as of "a resolute angel that delights in flame," to which nothing was sacred, which nothing could daunt, which never for a moment sacrificed reason to passion, which was incapable of weakness or fatigue, had fascinated Machiavelli's fancy. The moral qualities of the man, the base foundations upon which he raised his power, the unutterable scandals of his private life, and the hatred of all Christendom were as nothing in the balance. Such considerations had, according to the conditions of his subject, to be eliminated before he weighed the intellectual qualities of the adventurer. "If all the achievements of the Duke are considered"—it is Machiavelli speaking —"it will be found that he built up a great substructure for his future power; nor do I know what precepts I could furnish to a prince in his commencement better than such as are to be derived from his example." It is thus that Machiavelli, the citizen, addresses Lorenzo, the tyrant of Florence. He says to him: Go thou and do likewise. And what, then, is this likewise?

Cesare, being a Pope's son, had nothing to look to but the influence of his father. At first he designed to use this influence in the Church; but after murdering his elder brother, he threw aside the Cardinal's scarlet and proclaimed himself a political aspirant. His father could not make him the lord of any state, unless it were a portion of the territory of the Church: and though, by creating, as he did, twelve Cardinals in one day, he got the Sacred College to sanction his investiture of the Duchy of Romagna, yet both Venice and Milan were opposed to this scheme. Again there was a difficulty to be encountered in the great baronial houses of Orsini and Colonna, who at that time headed all the mercenary troops of Italy, and who, as Roman nobles, had a natural hatred for the Pope. It was necessary to use their aid in the acquisition of Cesare's principality. It was no less needful to humour their animosity. Under these circumstances Alexander thought it best to invite the French King into Italy, bargaining with Louis that he would dissolve his marriage in return for protection awarded to Cesare. The Colonna faction meanwhile was to be crushed and the Orsini to be flattered. Cesare, by the help of his French allies and the Orsini captains, took possession of Imola and Faenza, and thence proceeded to overrun Romagna. In this enterprise he succeeded to the full. Romagna had been, from the earliest period of Italian history, a nest of petty tyrants who governed badly and who kept no peace in their dominions. Therefore the towns were but languid in their opposition to Cesare, and were soon more than contented with a conqueror who introduced a good system for the administration of justice. But now two difficulties arose. The subjugation of Romagna had been affected by the help of the French and the Orsini. Cesare as yet had formed no militia of his own, and his allies were becoming suspicious. The Orsini had shown some slackness at Faenza; and when Cesare proceeded to make himself master of Urbino, and to place a foot in Tuscany by the capture of Piombino—

which conquests he completed during 1500 and 1501—Louis began to be jealous of him. The problem for the Duke was how to disembarrass himself of the two forces by which he had acquired a solid basis for his future principality. His first move was to buy over the Cardinal d'Amboise, whose influence in the French court was supreme, and thus to keep his credit for a while afloat with Louis. His second was to neutralise the power of the Orsini, partly by pitting them against the Colonnesi, and partly by superseding them in their command as captains. For the latter purpose he became his own Condottiere, drawing to his standard by the lure of splendid pay all the minor gentry of the Roman Campagna. Thus he collected his own forces and was able to dispense with the unsafe aid of mercenary troops. At this point of his career the Orsini, finding him established in Romagna, in Urbino, and in part of Tuscany, while their own strength was on the decline, determined if possible to check the career of this formidable tyrant by assassination. The conspiracy known as the "Diet of La Magione" was the consequence. In this conjuration the Cardinal Orsini, Paolo Orsini, his brother and head of the great house, together with Vitellozzo Vitelli, lord of Città di Castello, the Baglione of Perugia, the Bentivoglio of Bologna, Antonio da Venasso from Siena, and Oliverotto da Fermo took each a part. The result of their machinations against the common foe was that Cesare for a moment lost Urbino, and was nearly unseated in Romagna. But the French helped him, and he stood firm. Still it was impossible to believe that Louis XII would suffer him to advance unchecked in his career of conquest; and as long as he continued between the French and the Orsini his position was of necessity insecure. The former had to be cast off; the latter to be extirpated: and as yet he had not force enough to play an open game. "He therefore," says Machiavelli, "turned to craft, and displayed such skill in dissimulation that the Orsini through the mediation of Paolo became his friends again." The cruelty of Cesare Borgia was only equalled by his craft; and it was by a supreme exercise of his power of fascination that he lured the foes who had plotted against him at La Magione into his snare at Sinigaglia. Paolo Orsini, Francesco Orsini, Duke of Gravina, Vitellozzo Vitelli, and Oliverotto da Fermo were all men of arms, accustomed to intrigue and to bloodshed, and more than one of them were stained with crimes of the most atrocious treachery. Yet such were the arts of Cesare Borgia that in 1502 he managed to assemble them, apart from their troops, in the castle of Sinigaglia, where he had them strangled. Having now destroyed the chiefs of the opposition and enlisted their forces in his own service, Cesare, to use the phrase of Machiavelli, "had laid good foundations for his future power." He commanded a sufficient territory; he wielded the temporal and spiritual power of his father; he was feared by the princes and respected by the people throughout Italy; his cruelty and perfidy and subtlety and boldness caused him to be universally admired. But as yet he had only laid foundations. The empire of Italy was still to win; for he aspired to nothing else, and it is even probable that he enter-

tained a notion of secularising the Papacy. France was the chief obstacle to his ambition. The alarm of Louis had at last been roused. But Louis' own mistake in bringing the Spaniards into Naples afforded Cesare the means of shaking off the French control. He espoused the cause of Spain, and by intriguing now with the one power and now with the other made himself both formidable and desirable to each. His geographical position between Milan and Naples enforced this policy. Another difficulty against which he had to provide was in the future rather than the present. Should his father die, and a new Pope adverse to his interests be elected, he might lose not only the support of the Holy See, but also his fiefs of Romagna and Urbino. To meet this contingency he took four precautions, mentioned with great admiration by Machiavelli. In the first place he systematically murdered the heirs of the ruling families of all the cities he had acquired—as for example three Varani at Camerino, two Manfredi at Faenza, the Orsini and Vitelli at Sinigaglia, and others whom it would be tedious to mention. By this process he left no scion of the ancient houses for a future Pope to restore. In the second place he attached to his person, by pensions, offices, and emoluments, all the Roman gentry, so that he might be able to keep the new Pope a prisoner and unarmed in Rome. Thirdly, he reduced the College of Cardinals, by bribery, terrorism, poisoning, and packed elections, to such a state that he could count on the creation of a Pope, if not his nominee, at least not hostile to his interests. Fourthly, he lost no time, but pushed his plans of conquest on with the utmost speed, so as, if possible, to command a large territory at the time of Alexander's death. Machiavelli, who records these four points with approbation, adds: "He, therefore, who finds it needful in his new authority to secure himself against foes, to acquire allies, to gain a point by force or fraud, &c., &c., could not discover an ensample more vigorous and blooming than that of Cesare." Such is the panegyric which Machiavelli, writing, as it seems to me, in all good faith and innocence, records of a man who, taken altogether, is perhaps the most selfish, perfidious, and murderous of adventurers on record. The only fault for which he blames him is that he did not prevent the election of Pope Julius II by concentrating his influence on either the Cardinal d'Amboise or a Spaniard.

Hegel, in his "Philosophy of History," has recorded a judgment of Machiavelli's treatise in relation to the political conditions of Italy at the end of the mediaeval period, which might be quoted as the most complete apology for the author to make. "This book," he says, "has often been cast aside with horror as containing maxims of the most revolting tyranny; yet it was Machiavelli's high sense of the necessity of constituting a state which caused him to lay down the principles on which alone states could be formed under the circumstances. The isolated lords and lordships had to be entirely suppressed; and though our idea of Freedom is incompatible with the means which he proposes both as the only available and also as wholly justifiable—including, as these do, the most reckless violence, all kinds of deception, murder, and the like—yet we must confess that the

Despots who had to be subdued were assailable in no other way, inasmuch as indomitable lawlessness and perfect depravity were thoroughly engrained in them."

Yet after the book has been shut and the apology has been weighed, we cannot but pause and ask ourselves this question: Which was the truer patriot—Machiavelli, systematising the political vices and corruptions of his time in a philosophical essay, and calling on the Despot to whom it was dedicated to liberate Italy; or Savonarola, denouncing sin and enforcing repentance—Machiavelli, who taught as precepts of pure wisdom those very principles of public immorality which lay at the root of Italy's disunion and weakness; or Savonarola, who insisted that without a moral reformation no liberty was possible?

VI. THE POPES OF THE RENAISSANCE

IN THE fourteenth and the first half of the fifteenth centuries the authority of the Popes, both as heads of the Church and as temporal rulers, had been impaired by exile in France and by ruinous schisms. A new era began with the election of Nicholas V in 1447, and ended during the pontificate of Clement VII with the sack of Rome in 1527. Through the whole of this period the Popes acted more as monarchs than as pontiffs, and the secularisation of the see of Rome was carried to its utmost limits. The contrast between the sacerdotal pretensions and the personal immorality of the Popes was glaring; nor had the chiefs of the Church yet learned to regard the liberalism of the Renaissance with suspicion. About the middle of the sixteenth century the Papal States had become a recognised kingdom; while the Popes of this later epoch were endeavouring by means of the Inquisition and the educational orders to check the free spirit of Italy.

The history of Italy has at all times been closely bound up with that of the Papacy; but at no period has this been more the case than during these eighty years of Papal worldliness, ambition, nepotism, and profligacy, which are also marked by the irruption of the European nations into Italy and by the secession of the Teutonic races from the Latin Church. In this short space of time a succession of Popes filled the Holy Chair with such dramatic propriety—displaying a pride so regal, a cynicism so unblushing, so selfish a cupidity, and a policy so suicidal as to favour the belief that they had been placed there in the providence of God to warn the world against Babylon. At the same time the history of the Papal court reveals with peculiar vividness the contradictions of Renaissance morality and manners. We find in the Popes of this period what has been already noticed in the Despots—learning, the patronage of the arts, the passion for magnificence, and the refinements of polite culture, alternating and not unfrequently combined with barbarous ferocity of temper and with savage and coarse tastes. On the one side we observe a

Pagan dissoluteness which would have scandalised the parasites of Commodus and Nero; on the other, a seeming zeal for dogma worthy of S. Dominic. The Vicar of Christ is at one time worshipped as a god by princes seeking absolution for sins or liberation from burdensome engagements; at another he is trampled underfoot, in his capacity of sovereign, by the same potentates. Undisguised sensuality; fraud cynical and unabashed; policy marching to its end by murders, treasons, interdicts, and imprisonments; the open sale of spiritual privileges; commercial traffic in ecclesiastical emoluments; hypocrisy and cruelty studied as fine arts; theft and perjury reduced to system—these are the ordinary scandals which beset the Papacy. Yet the Pope is still a holy being. His foot is kissed by thousands. His curse and blessing carry death and life. He rises from the bed of harlots to unlock or bolt the gates of heaven and purgatory. In the midst of crime he believes himself to be the representative of Christ on earth. These anomalies, glaring as they seem to us, and obvious as they might be to deeper thinkers like Machiavelli or Savonarola, did not shock the mass of men who witnessed them. The Renaissance was so dazzling by its brilliancy, so confusing by its rapid changes, that moral distinctions were obliterated in a blaze of splendour, an outburst of new life, a carnival of liberated energies. The corruption of Italy was only equalled by its culture. Its immorality was matched by its enthusiasm. It was not the decay of an old age dying, so much as the fermentation of a new age coming into life, that bred the monstrous paradoxes of the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries. The contrast between mediaeval Christianity and renascent Paganism—the sharp conflict of two adverse principles, destined to fuse their forces and to recompose the modern world—made the Renaissance what it was in Italy. Nowhere is the first effervescence of these elements so well displayed as in the history of the Pontiffs.

It would be possible to write the history of these priest-kings without dwelling more than lightly on scandalous circumstances, to merge the court-chronicle of the Vatican in a recital of European politics, or to hide the true features of high Papal dignitaries beneath the masks constructed for them by ecclesiastical apologists. That cannot, however, be the line adopted by a writer treating of civilisation in Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He must paint the Popes of the Renaissance as they appeared in the midst of society, when Lorenzo de' Medici called Rome "a sink of all the vices," and observers so competent as Machiavelli and Guicciardini ascribed the moral depravity and political decay of Italy to their influence. It might be objected that there is now no need to portray the profligacy of that court which, by arousing the conscience of northern Europe to a sense of intolerable shame, proved one of the main causes of the Reformation. But without reviewing those old scandals, a true understanding of Italian morality, and a true insight into Italian social feeling as expressed in literature, are alike impossible.

It is certain that the profound horror with which the name of Alexander VI strikes a modern ear was not felt among the Italians at the time

of his election. The sentiment of hatred with which he was afterwards regarded arose partly from the crimes by which his pontificate was rendered infamous, partly from the fear which his son Cesare inspired, and partly from the mysteries of his private life, which revolted even the corrupt conscience of the sixteenth century. This sentiment of hatred had grown to universal execration at the date of his death. In course of time, when the attention of the northern nations had been directed to the iniquities of Rome, and when the glaring discrepancy between Alexander's pretension as a Pope and his conduct as a man had been apprehended, it inspired a legend which, like all legends, distorts the facts which it reflects.

Alexander was, in truth, a man eminently fitted to close an old age and to inaugurate a new, to demonstrate the paradoxical situation of the Popes by the inexorable logic of his practical impiety, and to fuse two conflicting world-forces in the cynicism of supreme corruption. To describe him as the Genius of Evil, whose sensualities, as unrestrained as Nero's, were relieved against the background of flame and smoke which Christianity had raised for fleshly sins, is justifiable. His spiritual tyranny, that arrogated Jus, by right of which he claimed the hemisphere revealed by Christopher Columbus, and imposed upon the press of Europe the censure of the Church of Rome, was rendered ten times more monstrous by the glare reflected on it from the unquenched furnace of a godless life. The universal conscience of Christianity is revolted by those unnameable delights, orgies of blood and festivals of lust, which were enjoyed in the plenitude of his green and vigorous old age by this versatile diplomatist and subtle priest, who controlled the councils of kings, and who chaunted the sacramental service for a listening world on Easter Day in Rome.

Alexander was a stronger and a firmer man than his immediate predecessors. "He combined," says Guicciardini, "craft with singular sagacity, a sound judgment with extraordinary powers of persuasion; and to all the grave affairs of life he applied ability and pains beyond belief." His first care was to reduce Rome to order. The old factions of Colonna and Orsini, which Sixtus had scotched, but which had raised their heads again during the dotage of Innocent, were destroyed in his pontificate. In this way, as Machiavelli observed, he laid the real basis for the temporal power of the Papacy. Alexander, indeed, as a sovereign, achieved for the Papal See what Louis XI had done for the throne of France, and made Rome on its small scale follow the type of the large European monarchies. The faithlessness and perjuries of the Pope, "who never did aught else but deceive, nor ever thought of anything but this, and always found occasion for his frauds," when combined with his logical intellect and persuasive eloquence, made him a redoubtable antagonist. All considerations of religion and morality were subordinated by him with strict impartiality to policy: and his policy he restrained to two objects—the advancement of his family, and the consolidation of the temporal power. These were narrow aims for the ambition of a potentate

who with one stroke of his pen pretended to confer the new-found world on Spain. Yet they taxed his whole strength, and drove him to the perpetration of enormous crimes.

Former Pontiffs had raised money by the sale of benefices and indulgences: this, of course, Alexander also practised—to such an extent, indeed, that an epigram gained currency: "Alexander sells the keys, the altars, Christ. Well, he bought them; so he has a right to sell them." But he went further and took lessons from Tiberius. Having sold the scarlet to the highest bidder, he used to feed his prelate with rich benefices. When he had fattened him sufficiently, he poisoned him, laid hands upon his hoards, and recommenced the game. Paolo Capello, the Venetian Ambassador, wrote in the year 1500: "Every night they find in Rome four or five murdered men, Bishops and Prelates and so forth." Panvinius mentions three Cardinals who were known to have been poisoned by the Pope; and to their names may be added those of the Cardinals of Capua and of Verona. To be a prince of the Church was dangerous in those days; and if the Borgia had not at last poisoned himself by mistake, he must in the long run have had to pay people to accept so perilous a privilege. His traffic in Church dignities was carried on upon a grand scale: twelve Cardinals' hats, for example, were put up to auction in a single day in 1500. This was when he wished to pack the Conclave with votes in favour of the cession of Romagna to Cesare Borgia, as well as to replenish his exhausted coffers. Forty-three Cardinals were created by him in eleven promotions: each of these was worth on an average 10,000 florins; while the price paid by Francesco Soderini amounted to 20,000, and that paid by Domenico Grimmani reached the sum of 30,000.

Former Popes had preached crusades against the Turk, languidly or energetically according as the coasts of Italy were threatened. Alexander frequently invited Bajazet to enter Europe and relieve him of the princes who opposed his intrigues in the favour of his children. The fraternal feeling which subsisted between the Pope and the Sultan was to some extent dependent on the fate of Prince Djem, a brother of Bajazet and son of the conqueror of Constantinople, who had fled for protection to the Christian powers, and whom the Pope kept prisoner, receiving 40,000 ducats yearly from the Porte for his jail fee. Innocent VIII had been the first to snare this lucrative guest in 1489. The Lance of Longinus was sent him as a token of the Sultan's gratitude, and Innocent, who built an altar for the relique, caused his own tomb to be raised close by. His effigy in bronze by Pollajuolo still carries in its hand this blood-gift from the infidel to the High Priest of Christendom. Djem meanwhile remained in Rome, and held his Moslem court side by side with the Pontiff in the Vatican. Despatches are extant in which Alexander and Bajazet exchange terms of the warmest friendship, the Turk imploring his Greatness—so he addressed the Pope—to put an end to the unlucky Djem, and promising as the price of this assassination a sum of 300,000 ducats and the tunic worn by Christ, presumably that very seamless coat over which

the soldiers of Calvary had cast their dice. The money and the relique arrived in Italy and were intercepted by the partisans of Giuliano della Rovere. Alexander, before the bargain with the Sultan had been concluded by the murder of Djem, was forced to hand him over to the French King. But the unlucky Turk carried in his constitution the slow poison of the Borgias, and died in Charles's camp between Rome and Naples. Whatever crimes may be condoned in Alexander, it is difficult to extenuate this traffic with the Turks. By his appeal from the powers of Europe to the Sultan, at a time when the peril to the Western world was still most serious, he stands attainted for high treason against Christendom, of which he professed to be the chief; against civilisation, which the Church pretended to protect; against Christ, whose vicar he presumed to style himself.

Like Sixtus, Alexander combined this deadness to the spirit and the interests of Christianity with zeal for dogma. He never flinched in formal orthodoxy, and the measures which he took for riveting the chains of superstition on the people were calculated with the military firmness of a Napoleon. It was he who established the censure of the press, by which printers were obliged, under pain of excommunication, to submit the books they issued to the control of the Archbishops and their delegates. The Brief of June 1, 1501, which contains this order, may be reasonably said to have retarded civilisation, at least in Italy and Spain.

Carnal sensuality was the besetting vice of this Pope throughout his life. This, together with his almost insane weakness for his children, whereby he became a slave to the terrible Cesare, caused all the crimes which he committed. At the same time, though sensual, Alexander was not gluttonous. Boccaccio, the Ferrarese Ambassador, remarks: "The Pope eats only of one dish. It is, therefore, disagreeable to have to dine with him." In this respect he may be favourably contrasted with the Roman prelates of the age of Leo. His relations to Vannozza Catanei, the titular wife first of Giorgio de Croce, and then of Carlo Canale, and to Giulia Farnese, surnamed La Bella, the titular wife of Orsino Orsini, were open and acknowledged. These two sultanas ruled him during the greater portion of his career, conniving meanwhile at the harem, which, after truly Oriental fashion, he maintained in the Vatican. An incident which happened during the French invasion of 1494 brings the domestic circumstances of a Pope of the Renaissance vividly before us. Monseigneur d'Allegre caught the ladies Giulia and Girolama Farnese, together with the lady Adriana de Mila, who was employed as their duenna, near Capodimonte, on November 29, and carried them to Montefiascone. The sum fixed for their ransom was 3,000 ducats. This the Pope paid, and on December 1 they were released. Alexander met them outside Rome, attired like a layman in a black jerkin trimmed with gold brocade, and fastened round his waist by a Spanish girdle, from which hung his dagger. Lodovico Sforza, when he heard what had happened, remarked that it was weak to release these ladies, who were "the very eyes and heart" of

his Holiness, for so small a ransom—if 50,000 ducats had been demanded, they would have been paid. This and a few similar jokes, uttered at the Pope's expense, make us understand to what extent the Italians were accustomed to regard their high priest as a secular prince. Even the pageant of Alexander seated in S. Peter's, with his daughter Lucrezia on one side of his throne and his daughter-in-law Sancia upon the other, moved no moral indignation; nor were the Romans astonished when Lucrezia was appointed Governor of Spoleto, and plenipotentiary Regent of the Vatican in her father's absence. These scandals, however, created a very different impression in the north, and prepared the way for the Reformation.

The nepotism of Sixtus was like water to the strong wine of Alexander's paternal ambition. The passion of paternity, exaggerated beyond the bounds of natural affection, and scandalous in a Roman Pontiff, was the main motive of the Borgia's action. Of his children by Vannozza, he caused the eldest son to be created Duke of Gandia; the youngest he married to Donna Sancia, a daughter of Alfonso of Aragon, by whom the boy was honoured with the dukedom of Squillace. Cesare, the second of this family, was appointed Bishop of Valentia, and Cardinal. The dukedoms of Camerino and Nepi were given to another John, whom Alexander first declared to be his grandson through Cesare, and afterwards acknowledged as his son. This John may possibly have been Lucrezia's child. The dukedom of Sermoneta, wrenched for a moment from the hands of the Gaetani family, who still own it, was conferred upon Lucrezia's son, Roderigo. Lucrezia, the only daughter of Alexander by Vannozza, took three husbands in succession, after having been formally betrothed to two Spanish nobles, Don Cherubino Juan de Centelles, and Don Gasparo da Procida, son of the Count of Aversa. These contracts, made before her father became Pope, were annulled as not magnificent enough for the Pontiff's daughter. In 1492 she was married to Giovanni Sforza, Lord of Pesaro. But in 1497 the pretensions of the Borgias had outgrown this alliance, and their public policy was inclining to relations with the southern courts of Italy. Accordingly she was divorced and given to Alfonso, Prince of Biseglia, a natural son of the King of Naples. When this man's father lost his crown, the Borgias, not caring to be connected with an ex-royal family, caused Alfonso to be stabbed on the steps of S. Peter's in 1501; and while he lingered between life and death, they had him strangled in his sick-bed, by Michellozzo, Cesare's assassin in chief. Finally Lucrezia was wedded to Alfonso, crown-prince of Ferrara, in 1502. The proud heir of the Este dynasty was forced by policy, against his inclination, to take to his board and bed a Pope's bastard, twice divorced, once severed from her husband by murder, and soiled, whether justly or not, by atrocious rumours, to which her father's and her brother's conduct gave but too much colour. She proved a model princess after all, and died at last in childbirth, after having been praised by Ariosto as a second Lucrece, brighter for her virtues than the star of regal Rome.

The murder of the Duke of Gandia brings the whole Borgia family upon the scene. It is related with great circumstantiality and with surprising sangfroid by Burchard, the Pope's Master of the Ceremonies. The Duke with his brother Cesare, then Cardinal Valentino, supped one night at the house of their mother Vannozza. On their way home the Duke said that he should visit a lady of their acquaintance. He parted from Cesare and was never seen again alive. When the news of his disappearance spread abroad, a boatman of the Tiber deposed to having watched the body of a man thrown into the river on the night of the Duke's death, the 14th of June; he had not thought it worth while to report this fact, for he had seen "a hundred bodies in his day thrown into the water at the said spot, and no questions asked about them afterwards." The Pope had the Tiber dragged for some hours, while the wits of Rome made epigrams upon this true successor of S. Peter, this new fisher of men. At last the body of the Duke of Gandia was hauled up: nine wounds, one in the throat, the others in the head and legs and trunk, were found upon the corpse. From the evidence accumulated on the subject of the murder it appeared that Cesare had planned it; whether, as some have supposed, out of a jealousy of his brother too dreadful to describe, or, as is more probable, because he wished to take the first place in the Borgia family, we do not know exactly. The Pontiff in his rage and grief was like a wild beast driven to bay. He shut himself up in a private room, refused food, and howled with so terrible a voice that it was heard in the streets beyond his palace. When he rose up from this agony, remorse seemed to have struck him. He assembled a conclave of the Cardinals, wept before them, rent his robes, confessed his sins, and instituted a commission for the reform of the abuses he had sanctioned in the Church. But the storm of anguish spent its strength at last. A visit from Vannozza, the mother of his children, wrought a sudden change from fury to reconcilement. What passed between them is not known for certain; Vannozza is supposed, however, to have pointed out, what was indisputably true, that Cesare was more fitted to support the dignity of the family by his abilities than had been the weak and amiable Duke of Gandia. The miserable father rose from the earth, dried his eyes, took food, put from him his remorse, and forgot together with his grief for Absalom the reforms which he had promised for the Church. Henceforth he devoted himself with sustained energy to building up the fortunes of Cesare, whom he released from all ecclesiastical obligations, and to whose service he seemed bound by some mysterious power.

The history of Cesare's attempt to found a principality belongs properly to another chapter. But the assistance rendered by his father is essential to the biography of Alexander. The vision of an Italian sovereignty which Charles of Anjou, Gian Galeazzo Visconti, and Galeazzo Maria Sforza had successively entertained, now fascinated the imagination of the Borgias. Having resolved to make Cesare a prince, Alexander allied himself with Louis XII of France, promising to annul his first marriage

and to sanction his nuptials with Anne of Brittany, if he would undertake the advancement of his son. This bribe induced Louis to create Cesare Duke of Valence and to confer on him the hand of Charlotte of Navarre. He also entered Italy and with his arms enabled Cesare to subdue Romagna. The system adopted by Alexander and his son in their conquests was a simple one. They took the capitals and murdered the princes. Thus Cesare strangled the Varani at Camerino in 1502, and the Vitelli and Orsini at Sinigaglia in the same year: by his means the Marescotti had been massacred wholesale in Bologna; Pesaro, Rimini, and Forli had been treated in like manner; and after the capture of Faenza in 1501, the two young Manfredi had been sent to Rome, where they were exposed to the worst insults, and then drowned or strangled. A system of equal simplicity kept their policy alive in foreign courts. The Bishop of Cette in France was poisoned for hinting at a secret of Cesare's (1498); the Cardinal d'Amboise was bribed to maintain the credit of the Borgias with Louis XII; the offer of a red hat to Briçonnet saved Alexander from a general council in 1494. The historical interest of Alexander's method consists of its deliberate adaptation of all the means in his power to one end—the elevation of his family. His spiritual authority, the wealth of the Church, the honours of the Holy College, the arts of an assassin, the diplomacy of a despot, were all devoted systematically and openly to the purpose in view. Whatever could be done to weaken Italy by foreign invasions and internal discords, so as to render it a prey for his poisonous son, he attempted. When Louis XII made his infamous alliance with Ferdinand the Catholic for the spoliation of the house of Aragon in Naples, the Pope gladly gave it his sanction. The two Kings quarrelled over their prey: then Alexander fomented their discord in order that Cesare might have an opportunity of carrying on his operations in Tuscany unchecked. Patriotism in his breast, whether the patriotism of a born Spaniard or the patriotism of an Italian potentate, was as dead as Christianity. To make profit for the house of Borgia by fraud, sacrilege, and the dismemberment of nations, was the Papal policy.

It is wearisome to continue to the end the catalogue of his misdoings. We are relieved when at last the final crash arrives. The two Borgias, so runs the legend of their downfall, invited themselves to dine with the Cardinal Adriano of Corneto in a vineyard of the Vatican belonging to their host. Thither by the hands of Alexander's butler they previously conveyed some poisoned wine. By mistake, or by the contrivance of the Cardinal, who may have bribed this trusted agent, they drank the death-cup mingled for their victim. Nearly all contemporary Italian annalists, including Guicciardini, Paolo Giovo, and Sanudo, gave currency to this version of the tragedy, which became the common property of historians, novelists, and moralists. Yet Burchard, who was on the spot, recorded in his diary that both father and son were attacked by a malignant fever; and Giustiniani wrote to his masters in Venice that the Pope's physician ascribed his illness to apoplexy. The season was remarkably unhealthy,

and deaths from fever had been frequent. Machiavelli, again, who conversed with Cesare Borgia about this turning-point in his career, gave no hint of poison, but spoke only of son and father being simultaneously prostrated by disease.

Thus ended this pair of villains—the most notable adventurers who ever played their part upon the stage of the great world. The fruit of so many crimes and such persistent effort was reaped by their enemy, Giuliano della Rovere, for whose benefit the nobles of the Roman state and the despots of Romagna had been extirpated. Alexander had proved the old order of Catholicity to be untenable. The Reformation was imperiously demanded. His very vices spurred the spirit of humanity to freedom. Before a saintly Pontiff the new age might still have trembled in superstitious reverence. The Borgia to all logical intellects rendered the pretensions of a Pope to sway the souls of men ridiculous. This is an excuse for dwelling so long upon the spectacle of his enormities. Better than any other series of facts, they illustrate not only the corruption of society, and the separation between morality and religion in Italy, but also the absurdity of that Church policy which in the age of the Renaissance confined the action of the head of Christendom to the narrow interests of a brood of parvenus and bastards.

VII. HUMANISM

I HAVE already observed that it would be inaccurate to identify the whole movement of the Renaissance with the process whereby the European nations recovered and appropriated the masterpieces of Greek and Latin literature. At the same time this reconquest of the classic world of thought was by far the most important achievement of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It absorbed nearly the whole mental energy of the Italians, and determined in a great measure the quality of all their intellectual production in the period I have undertaken to illustrate. Through their activity in the field of scholarship the proper starting-point was given to the modern intellect. The revelation of what men were and what they wrought under the influence of other faiths and other impulses, in distant ages with a different ideal for their aim, not only widened the narrow horizon of the Middle Ages, but it also restored self-confidence to the reason of humanity. Research and criticism began to take the place of scholastic speculation. Positive knowledge was substituted for the intuitive guesses of idealists and dreamers. The interests of this world received their due share of attention, and the *litterae humaniores* of the student usurped upon the *divinarum rerum cognitio* of theologians.

All through the Middle Ages uneasy and imperfect memories of Greece and Rome had haunted Europe. Alexander, the great conqueror; Hector, the noble knight and lover; Helen, who set Troy town on fire; Virgil, the magician; Dame Venus lingering about the hill of Hörsel—

these phantoms, whereof the positive historic truth was lost, remained to sway the soul and stimulate desire in myth and saga. Deprived of actual knowledge, imagination transformed what it remembered of the classic age into romance. The fascination exercised by these dreams of a half-forgotten past over the mediaeval fancy expressed itself in the legend of Doctor Faustus. That legend tells us what the men upon the eve of the Revival longed for, and what they dreaded, when they turned their minds towards the past. The secret of enjoyment and the source of strength possessed by the ancients allured them; but they believed that they could only recover this lost treasure by the suicide of their soul. So great was the temptation that Faustus paid the price. After imbibing all the knowledge of his age, he sold himself to the Devil, in order that his thirst for experience might be quenched, his grasp upon the world be strengthened, and the ennui of his inactivity be soothed. His first use of this dearly-bought power was to make blind Homer sing to him. Amphion tunes his harp in concert with Mephistopheles. Alexander rises from the dead at his behest, with all his legionaries; and Helen is given to him for a bride. Faustus is therefore a parable of the impotent yearnings of the spirit in the Middle Ages—its passionate aspiration, its conscience-stricken desire, its fettered curiosity amid the cramping limits of imperfect knowledge and irrational dogmatism. That for which Faustus sold his soul, the freedom he acquired by magic, the sense of beauty he gratified through visions, the knowledge he gained by interrogation of demons, was yielded to the world without price at the time of the Renaissance. Homer, no longer by the intervention of a fiend, but by the labour of the scholar, sang to the new age. The pomp of the empires of the old world was restored in the pages of historians. The indestructible beauty of Greek art, whereof Helen was an emblem, became, through the discovery of classic poetry and sculpture, the possession of the modern world. Mediaevalism took this Helen to wife, and their offspring, the Euphorion of Goethe's drama, is the spirit of the modern world. But how was this effected? By long and toilsome study, by the accumulation of MSS., by the acquisition of dead languages, by the solitary labour of grammarians, by the lectures of itinerant professors, by the scribe, by the printing press, by the self-devotion of magnificent Italy to erudition. In this way the Renaissance realised the dream of the Middle Ages, and the genius of the Italians wrought by solid toil what the myth-making imagination of the Germans had projected in a poem.

The lives of all the humanists illustrate the honours and the wealth secured by learning for her votaries in the Renaissance. No example, however, is so striking as that furnished by the biography of Nicholas V. Tommaso Parentucelli was born at Pisa in 1398. While he was still an infant his parents, in spite of their poverty and humble station, which might have been expected to shield them from political tyranny, were exiled to Sarzana; and at the age of nine he lost his father at that place. Sarzana has consequently gained the credit of giving birth to the first

great Pope of the Renaissance period. The young Tommaso found means, though extremely poor, to visit the University of Bologna, where he studied theology and made himself a master in the seven liberal arts. After six years' residence at Bologna, his total destitution, combined, perhaps, with a desire for more instruction in elegant scholarship than the university afforded, led him to seek work in Florence. He must have already acquired some reputation, since Rinaldo degli Albizzi received him as house-tutor to his children for one year, at the expiration of which time he entered the service of Palla degli Strozzi in a similar capacity. The money thus obtained enabled him to return to Bologna, and to take his degree as Doctor of Theology at the age of twenty-two. He was now fully launched in life. The education he had received at Bologna qualified him for office in the church, while his two years' residence at Florence had rendered him familiar with men of polite learning and of gentle breeding. Niccolo degli Albergati, Archbishop of Bologna, became his patron, and appointed him controller of his household. Albergati was one of the Cardinals of Eugenius IV, a man of considerable capacity, and alive to the intellectual interests of his age. When he followed the Papal court to Florence, Tommaso attended him, and here began the period which was destined to influence his subsequent career. Inspired with a passionate devotion to books for their own sake, and gifted with ardent curiosity and all-embracing receptivity of intellect, the young scholar found himself plunged into a society of which literature formed the most absorbing occupation. He soon became familiar with Cosimo de' Medici, and no meetings of the learned were complete without him. A glimpse may be obtained of the literary circle he frequented at this time from a picturesque passage in Vespasiano. "It was the wont of Messer Lionardo d' Arezzo, Messer Giannozzo Manetti, Messer Poggio, Messer Carlo d' Arezzo, Messer Giovanni Aurispa, Maestro Gasparo da Bologna, and many other men of learning to congregate every morning and evening at the side of the Palazzo, where they entered into discussions and disputes on various subjects. As soon, then, as Maestro Tommaso had attended the Cardinal to the Palazzo, he joined them, mounted on a mule, with two servants on foot; and generally he was attired in blue, and his servants in long dresses of a darker colour. At that time the pomp of the court of Rome was not by any means what it is nowadays. In the place I have named he was always to be found, conversing and disputing, since he was a most impassioned debater."

Tommaso was not a man of genius; his talents were better suited for collecting and digesting what he read, than for original research and composition. He had a vast memory, and was an indefatigable student, not only perusing but annotating all the books he purchased. Pius II used to say of him that what he did not know must lie outside the sphere of human knowledge. In speech he was fluent, and in disputation eager; but he never ranked among the ornate orators and stylists of the age. His wide acquaintance with all branches of literature, and his faculty for

classification, rendered him useful to Cosimo de' Medici, who employed him on the catalogue of the Marcian Library. From Cosimo in return, Tommaso caught the spirit which sustained him in his coming days of greatness. Already, at this early period, while living almost on the bounty of the Medici, he never lost an opportunity of accumulating books, and would even borrow money to secure a precious MS. He used to say that, if ever he acquired wealth, he would expend it in book-buying and building—a resolution to which he adhered when he rose to the pontificate.

Soon after the death of Albergati in 1443, Eugenius promoted Tommaso to the see of Bologna; a cardinal's hat followed within a few months; and in 1447 he was elected Pope of Rome. So sudden an elevation from obscurity and poverty to the highest place in Christendom has rarely happened; nor is it even now easy to understand what combinations of unsuccessful intrigues among the princes of the Church enabled this little, ugly, bright-eyed, restless-minded scholar to creep into S. Peter's seat. Perhaps the simplest explanation is the best. The times were somewhat adverse to the Papacy, nor was the tiara quite as much an object of secular ambition as it afterwards became. Humanism meanwhile exercised strong fascination over every class in Italy, and it would seem that Tommaso Parentucelli had nothing but his reputation for learning to thank for his advancement. "Who in Florence would have thought that a poor bell-ringer of a priest would be made Pope, to the confusion of the proud?" This was his own complacent exclamation to Vespasiano, who had gone to kiss his old friend's feet, and found him seated on a throne with twenty torches blazing round him.

The rejoicings with which the humanists hailed the elevation of one of their own number to the Papal throne may be readily imagined; nor were their golden expectations, founded on a previous knowledge of his liberality in all things that pertained to learning, destined to be disappointed. Nicholas V, to quote the words of Vespasiano, who knew him well, "was a foe to ceremonies and vain flatteries, open and candid, without knowing how to feign; avarice he never harboured, for he was always spending beyond his means." His revenues were devoted to maintaining a splendid court, rebuilding the fortifications and palaces of Rome, and showering wealth on men of letters. In the protection extended by this Pope to literature we may notice that he did not attempt to restore the *studio pubblico* of Rome, and that he showed a decided preference for works of solid learning and translations. His tastes led him to delight in critical and grammatical treatises, and his curiosity impelled him to get Latin versions made of the Greek authors. It is possible that he did nothing for the Roman university because he considered Florence sufficient for the humanistic needs of Italy, and his own Alma Mater for the graver studies of the three professions. Still this neglect is noticeable in the case of a Pontiff whose one public aim was to restore Rome to the rank of a metropolis, and whose chief private interest was study.

The most permanent benefit conferred by him on Roman studies was

the foundation of the Vatican Library, on which he spent about 40,000 scudi forming a collection of some 5,000 volumes. He employed the best scribes, and obtained the rarest books; nor was there anyone in Italy better qualified than himself to superintend the choice and arrangement of such a library. It had been his intention to place it in S. Peter's and to throw it open to the public; but he died before this plan was matured. It remained for Sixtus IV to carry out his project.

During the pontificate of Nicholas Rome became a vast workshop of erudition, a factory of translations from Greek into Latin. These were done for the most part by Greeks who had an imperfect knowledge of Latin, and by Italians who had not complete mastery of Greek. The work achieved was unequal and of no great permanent value; yet for the time being it served a purpose of utility, nor could the requirements of the age have been so fully satisfied by any other method. Nearly all the eminent scholars at that time in Italy were engaged in this labour. How liberally they were rewarded may be gathered from the following details. Lorenzo Valla obtained 500 scudi for his version of Thucydides; Guarino received the larger sum of 1,500 scudi for Strabo; Perotti 500 ducats for Polybius; while Manetti was pensioned at the rate of 600 scudi per annum to enable him to carry on his sacred studies. Nicholas delighted in Greek history. Accordingly, Appian was translated by Piero Candido Decembrio, Diodorus Siculus and the "Cyropaedia" of Xenophon by Poggio, Herodotus by Valla. Valla and Decembrio were both engaged upon the "Iliad" in Latin prose; but the dearest wish of Nicholas in his last years was to see the poems of Homer in the verse of Filelfo. Nor were the Greeks then resident in Italy neglected. To Georgios Trapezuntios the Pope entrusted the "Physics," "Problems," and "Metaphysics" of Aristotle. The same scholar tried his hand at the "Laws" of Plato, and, in concert with Decembrio, produced a version of the "Republic." Gregorios Tifernas undertook the "Ethics" of Aristotle, and Theodorus Gaza the "History of Animals." To this list should be added the Greek Fathers, Theophrastus, Ptolemy, and minor works which it would be tedious to enumerate.

The profuse liberality of Nicholas brought him thus into relation with the whole learned world of Italy. Among the humanists who resided at his court in Rome, mention must be made of Lorenzo Valla, who was appointed Apostolic Scriptor in 1447, and who opened a school of eloquence in 1450. Piero Candido Decembrio obtained the post of secretary and overseer of the Abbreviators. Giovanno Tortello, of Arezzo, the author of a useful book on the orthography of Greek words, superintended the Pope's library. Piero da Noceto, whose tomb in the cathedral at Lucca is one of Matteo da Civitale's masterpieces, was private secretary and comptroller of the Pope's affairs.

Lorenzo Valla showed the steady front of a deliberate critic, hostile at all points to the traditions and the morals of the Church. The parents of this remarkable man were natives of Piacenza, though, having probably been born at Rome, he assumed to himself the attribute of Roman. Before

he fixed his residence at Naples, he had already won distinction by a "Dialogue on Pleasure," in which he contrasted the principles of the Stoics and Epicureans, making it clear, in spite of cautious reservation, that he upheld the rights of the flesh in opposition to the teaching of philosophies and churches. The virtue of virginity, so strongly prized by Christian saints, was treated by him as a violence to nature's laws, an intolerable torment inflicted upon man as God has made him.

The attack opened by Valla upon the hypocrisies and false doctrines of monasticism was both powerful and novel. Humanistic freedom of thought, after assuming the form of witty persiflage in Poggio's anecdotes and appearing as pure Paganism in Beccadelli's poems, now put on the sterner mask of common sense and criticism in Lorenzo Valla. The arms which he assumed in his first encounter with Church doctrine, he never laid aside. To the end of his life Valla remained the steady champion of unbiased criticism, the living incarnation of that "verneinender Geist" to which the reason of the modern world has owed its motive force.

Before leaving Rome at the age of twenty-four, Valla tried to get the post of Apostolic Secretary, but without success. It is probable that his youth told less against him than his reputation for plain speech and fearlessness. In 1431 we hear of him at Pavia, where, according to the slanders of his enemies, he forged a will and underwent public penance at the order of the Bishop. This, however, is just one of those stories on which the general character of the invectives that contain it, throws uncertainty. Far more to our purpose is the fact that at this period he became the supreme authority on points of Latin style by the publication of his "Elegantiae." True to his own genius, Valla displayed in this masterly treatise the qualities that gave him a place unique among the scholars of his day. The forms of correct Latinity which other men had picked out as they best could by close adherence to antique models, he subjected to critical analysis, establishing the art of style on scientific principles.

When Alfonso invited Valla to Naples in 1437, giving him the post of private secretary, together with the poet's crown, he must have known the nature of the man who was to play so prominent a part in the history of free thought. It is not improbable that the feud between the house of Aragon and the Papal See, which arose from Alfonso's imperfect title to the throne of Naples, and was embittered by the intrigues of the Church, disposed the King to look with favour on the uncompromising antagonist of Papacy. At all events, Valla's treatise on "Constantine's Donation," which appeared in 1440, assumed the character of a political pamphlet. The exordium contained fierce personal abuse of Eugenius IV and Cardinal Vitelleschi. The body of the tract destroyed the fabric of lies which had imposed upon the Christian world for centuries. The peroration ended with a menace. Worse chastisement was in store for a worldly and simoniacal priesthood, if the Popes refused to forego their usurped temporalities, and to confess the sham that criticism had un-

masked. War to the death was thus declared between Valla and Rome. The storm his treatise excited, raged at first so wildly that Valla thought it prudent to take flight. He crossed the sea to Barcelona, and remained there a short while, until, being assured of Alfonso's protection, he once more returned to Naples. From beneath the shield of his royal patron, he now continued to shoot arrow after arrow at his enemies, affirming that the letter of Christ to Abgarus, reported by Eusebius, was a palpable forgery, exposing the bad Latin style of the Vulgate, accusing S. Augustine of heresy on the subject of predestination, and denying the authenticity of the Apostle's Creed. That a simple humanist, trusting only to his learning, should have dared to attack the strong places of orthodoxy—its temporalities, its favourite code of ethics, its creed, and its patristic authorities—may well excite our admiration. With the stones of criticism and the sling of rhetoric, this David went up against the Goliath of the Church; and though he could not slay the Philistine, he planted in his forehead the first of those many missiles with which the battery of the reason has assailed tyrannical traditions in the modern world.

The friars whom Valla attacked with frigid scorn, and whose empire over the minds of men he was engaged in undermining, could not be expected to leave him quiet. Sermons from all the pulpits of Italy were launched at the heretic and heathen; the people were taught to loathe him as a monster of iniquity; and finally a court of Inquisition was opened, at the bar of which he was summoned to attend. To the interrogatories of the inquisitors Valla replied that "he believed as Mother Church believed: it was quite true that she *knew* nothing: yet he believed as she believed." That was all they could extract from the disdainful scholar, who, after openly defying them, walked away to the King and besought him to suspend the sitting of the court. Alfonso told the monks that they must leave his secretary alone, and the process was dropped.

On the death of Eugenius, Nicholas V summoned Valla to Rome, not to answer for his heresies and insults at the Papal bar, but to receive the post of Apostolic Writer, with magnificent appointments. The entry of Valla into the Roman Curia, though marked by no external ceremony, was the triumph of humanism over orthodoxy and tradition. We need not suppose that Nicholas was seeking to bribe a dangerous antagonist to silence. He simply wanted to attach an illustrious scholar to his court, and to engage him in the labour of translation from the Greek. To heresy and scepticism he showed the indifference of a tolerant and enlightened spirit; with the friars who hated Valla the Pope in Rome had nothing whatsoever in common. The attitude assumed by Nicholas on this occasion illustrates the benefit which learning in the Renaissance derived from the worldliness of the Papacy. It was not until the schism of the Teutonic churches, and the intrusion of the Spaniards into Italy, that the court of Rome consistently adopted a policy of persecution and repression.

By the scholars of the first and second period the whole domain of ancient literature was reconquered; the classics were restored in their

integrity to the modern world. Petrarch first inflamed the enthusiasm without which so great a work could not have been accomplished, his immediate successors mastered the Greek language, and explored every province of antiquity. Much still remained, however, to be achieved by a new generation of students: for as yet criticism was but in its cradle; the graces of style were but little understood; indiscriminate erudition passed for scholarship, and crude verbiage for eloquence. The humanists of the third age, still burning with the zeal that animated Petrarch, and profiting by the labours of their predecessors, ascended to a higher level of culture. It is their glory to have purified the coarse and tumid style of mediaeval Latinists, to have introduced the methods of comparative and aesthetic criticism, and to have distinguished the characteristics of the authors and the periods they studied.

The salient features of this third age of humanism may be briefly stated. Having done their work by sowing the seeds of culture broadcast, the vagrant professors of the second period began to disappear, and the republic of letters tends to crystallise round men of eminence in coteries and learned circles. This, therefore, is the age of the academies. Secondly, it is noticeable that Italian literature, almost totally abandoned in the first fervour of enthusiasm for antiquity, now receives nearly as much attention as the classics. The names of Lorenzo de' Medici and Poliziano at Florence, of Boiardo at Ferrara, and of Sannazzaro at Naples may here suffice to indicate the points of contact between scholarship and the national literature. A century had been employed in the acquisition of humanistic culture; when acquired, it bore fruit, not only in more elegant scholarship, but also in new forms of poetry and prose for the people. A third marked feature of the period is the establishment of the printing press. The energy wherewith in little more than fifty years the texts of the classic authors were rendered indestructible by accident or time, and placed within the reach of students throughout Europe, demands particular attention in this chapter.

Florence is the capital of learning. The most brilliant humanists, gathered round the person of Lorenzo de' Medici, give laws to the rest of Italy, determining by their tastes and studies the tone of intellectual society. Lorenzo is himself in so deep and true a sense the master spirit of this circle, that to describe his position in the Republic will hardly be considered a digression.

Before his death in 1464 Cosimo de' Medici had succeeded in rendering his family necessary to the state of Florence. Though thwarted by ambitious rivals and hampered by the intrigues of the party he had formed to rule the commonwealth, Cosimo contrived so to complicate the public finances with his own banking business, and so to bind the leading burghers to himself by various obligations, that, while he in no way affected the style of a despot, Florence belonged to his house more surely than Bologna to the Bentivogli. For the continuation of this authority, based on intrigue and cemented by corruption, it was absolutely needful

that the spirit of Cosimo should survive in his successors. A single false move, by unmasking the tyranny so carefully veiled, by offending the republican vanities of the Florentines, or by employing force where everything had hitherto been gained by craft, would at this epoch have destroyed the prospects of the Medicean family. So true it is that the history of this age in Italy is not the history of commonwealths so much as the history of individualities, of men. The principles reduced to rule by Machiavelli in his essay on the Prince may be studied in the lives of fifteenth-century adventurers, who, like Cesare Borgia, discerned the necessity of using violence for special ends, or, like the Medici, perceived that sovereignty could be better grasped by a hand gloved with velvet than mailed in steel. The Medici of both branches displayed through eight successive generations, in their general line of policy, in the disasters that attended their divergence from it, and in the means they used to rehabilitate their influence, the action of what Balzac calls *l'homme politique,* with striking clearness to the philosophic student.

Both the son and grandson of Cosimo well understood the part they had to play, and played it so ably that even the errors of the younger Piero, the genius of Savonarola, and the failure of the elder Medicean line were insufficient to check the gradual subjugation of the commonwealth he had initiated. Lorenzo's father, Piero, called by the Florentines *Il Gottoso,* suffered much from ill-health, and was unable to take the lead in politics. Yet the powers entrusted to his father were confirmed for him. The elections remained in the hands of the Medicean party, and the *balia* appointed in their favour continued to control the state. The dangerous conspiracy against Piero's life, engaged in by Luca Pitti and Diotisalvi Neroni, proved that his enemies regarded the chief of the Medici as the leader of the republic. It was due to the prudent action of the young Lorenzo that this conspiracy failed; and the Medici were even strengthened by the downfall of their foes. From the tone of the congratulations addressed on this occasion by the ruling powers of Italy to Piero and Lorenzo, we may conclude that they were already reckoned as princes outside Florence, though they still maintained a burgherlike simplicity of life within the city walls.

In the marriage of his son Lorenzo to Clarice degli Orsini, of the princely Roman house, Piero gave signs of a departure from the cautious policy of Cosimo. Foreign alliances were regarded with suspicion by the Florentines, and Pandolfini's advice to his sons, that they should avoid familiarity with territorial magnates, exactly represented the spirit of the Republic. In like manner, the education of both Lorenzo and Giuliano, their intercourse with royal guests, and the prominent places assigned them on occasions of ceremony, indicated an advance toward despotism. It was concordant with the manners of the age that one family should play the part of host for the Republic. The discharge of this duty by the Medici aroused no jealousy among the burghers; yet it enabled the ambitious house to place themselves in an unique position, and, while seeming

to remain mere citizens, to take a step in the direction of sovereignty.

On the death of Piero, in 1469, the chief men of the Medicean party waited upon Lorenzo, and, after offering their condolences, besought him to succeed his father in the presidency of the state. The feeling prevailed among the leaders of the city that it was impossible, under the existing conditions of Italian politics, to carry on the commonwealth without a titular head. Lorenzo, then in his twenty-second year, entered thus upon the political career in the course of which he not only maintained a balance of power in Italy, but also remodelled the internal government of Florence in the interests of his family, and further strengthened their position by establishing connections with the Papal See. While bending all the faculties of his powerful and subtle intellect to the one end of consolidating a tyranny, Lorenzo was far too wise to assume the bearing of a despot. He conversed familiarly with the citizens, encouraged artists and scholars to address him on terms of equality, and was careful to adopt no titles. His personal temperament made the task of being in effect a sovereign, while he acted like a citizen, comparatively easy; his chief difficulties arose from the necessity under which he laboured, like his grandfather Cosimo, of governing through a party composed of men distinguished by birth and ability, and powerful by wealth and connections. To keep this party in good temper, to flatter its members with the show of influence, and to gain their concurrence for the alterations he introduced into the state machinery of Florence, was the problem of his life. By creating a body of clients, bound to himself by diverse interests and obligations, he succeeded in bridling the Medicean party and excluding from offices of trust all dangerous and disaffected persons. The goodwill of the city at large was secured by the prosperity at home and peace abroad which marked the last fourteen years of his administration, while the splendour of his foreign alliances contributed in no small measure to his popularity. The Florentines were proud of a citizen who brought them into the first rank of Italian powers, and who refrained from assuming the style of sovereign. Thus Lorenzo solved the most difficult of political problems—that of using a close oligarchy for the maintenance of despotism in a free and jealous commonwealth. None of his rivals retained power enough to withhold the sceptre from his sons when they should seek to grasp it.

In one point Lorenzo was inferior to his grandfather. He had no commercial talent. After suffering the banking business of the Medici to fall into disorder, he became virtually bankrupt, while his personal expenditure kept continually increasing. In order to retrieve his fortunes it was necessary for him to gain complete disposal of the public purse. This was the real object of the constitutional revolution of 1480, whereby his Privy Council assumed the active functions of the state. Had Lorenzo been as great in finance as in the management of men, the way might have been smoothed for his son Piero in the disastrous year of 1494.

If Lorenzo neglected the pursuit of wealth, whereby Cosimo had

raised himself from insignificance to the dictatorship of Florence, he surpassed his grandfather in the use he made of literary patronage. It is not paradoxical to affirm that in his policy we can trace the subordination of a genuine love of arts and letters to statecraft. The new culture was one of the instruments that helped to build his despotism. Through his thorough and enthusiastic participation in the intellectual interests of his age, he put himself into close sympathy with the Florentines, who were glad to acknowledge for their leader by far the ablest of the men of parts in Italy. According as we choose our point of view, we may regard him either as a tyrant, involving his country in debt and dangerous wars, corrupting the morals and enfeebling the spirit of the people, and systematically enslaving the Athens of the modern world for the sake of founding a petty principality; or else as the most liberal-minded noble of his epoch, born to play the first part in the Florentine Republic, and careful to use his wealth and influence for the advancement of his fellow-citizens in culture, learning, arts, amenities of life. Savonarola and the Florentine historians adopt the former of these two opinions. Sismondi, in his passion for liberty, arrays against Lorenzo the political assassinations he permitted, the enervation of Florence, the national debt incurred by the Republic, the exhausting wars with Sixtus carried on in his defence. His panegyrists, on the contrary, love to paint him as the pacificator of Italy, the restorer of Florentine poetry, the profound critic, and the generous patron. The truth lies in the combination of these two apparently contradictory judgments. Lorenzo was the representative man of his nation at a moment when political institutions were everywhere inclining to despotism, and when the spiritual life of the Italians found its noblest expression in art and literature. The principality of Florence was thrust upon him by the policy of Cosimo, by the vote of the chief citizens, and by the example of the sister republics, all of whom, with the exception of Venice, submitted to the sway of rulers. Had he wished, he might have found it difficult to preserve the commonwealth in its integrity.

Lorenzo was a man of marvellous variety and range of mental power. He possessed one of those rare natures, fitted to comprehend all knowledge and to sympathise with the most diverse forms of life. While he never for one moment relaxed his grasp on politics, among philosophers he passed for a sage, among men of letters for an original and graceful poet, among scholars for a Grecian sensitive to every nicety of Attic idiom, among artists for an amateur gifted with refined discernment and consummate taste. Pleasure-seekers knew in him the libertine, who jousted with the boldest, danced and masqueraded with the merriest, sought adventures in the streets at night, and joined the people in their May-day games and Carnival festivities. The pious extolled him as an author of devotional lauds and mystery plays, a profound theologian, a critic of sermons. He was no less famous for his jokes and repartees than for his pithy apophthegms and maxims, as good a judge of cattle as of statues, as much at home in the bosom of his family as in the riot of an

orgy, as ready to discourse on Plato as to plan a campaign or to plot the death of a dangerous citizen. An apologist may always plead that Lorenzo was the epitome of his nation's most distinguished qualities, that the versatility of the Renaissance found in him its fullest incarnation. It was the duty of Italy in the fifteenth century not to establish religious or constitutional liberty, but to resuscitate culture. Before the disastrous wars of invasion had begun, it might well have seemed even to patriots as though Florence needed a Maecenas more than a Camillus. Therefore the prince who in his own person combined all accomplishments, who knew by sympathy and counsel how to stimulate the genius of men superior to himself in special arts and sciences, who spent his fortune lavishly on works of public usefulness, whose palace formed the rallying-point of wit and learning, whose council chamber was the school of statesmen, who expressed his age in every word and every act, in his vices and his virtues, his crimes and generous deeds, cannot be fairly judged by an abstract standard of republican morality.

This, then, was the man round whom the greatest scholars assembled, at whose table sat Angelo Poliziano, Cristoforo Landino, Marsilio Ficino, Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, Leo Battista Alberti, Michael Angelo Buonarroti, Luigi Pulci. The mere enumeration of these names suffices to awake a crowd of memories in the mind of those to whom Italian art and poetry are dear. "In a villa overhanging the towers of Florence," writes the austere Hallam, moved to more than usual eloquence by the spirit-stirring beauty of his theme, "on the steep slope of that lofty hill crowned by the mother city, the ancient Fiesole, in gardens which Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Landino, and Politian at his side, he delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment." As we climb the steep slope of Fiesole, or linger beneath the rose-trees that shed their petals from Careggi's garden walls, once more in our imagination "the world's great age begins anew"; once more the blossoms of that marvellous spring unclose. While the sun goes down beneath the mountains of Carrara, and the Apennines grow purple-golden, and Florence sleeps beside the silvery Arno, and the large Italian stars come forth above, we remember how those mighty master spirits watched the sphering of new planets in the spiritual skies. Savonarola in his cell below once more sits brooding over the servility of Florence, the corruption of a godless Church. Michael Angelo, seated between Ficino and Poliziano, with the voices of the prophets vibrating in his memory, and with the music of Plato sounding in his ears, rests chin on hand and elbow upon knee, like his own Jeremiah, lost in contemplation, whereof the after-fruit shall be the Sistine Chapel and the Medicean tombs. Then when the strain of thought, "unsphering Plato from his skies," begins to weary, Pulci breaks the silence with a brand-new canto of Morgante, or a singing boy is bidden to tune his mandoline to Messer Angelo's last-made *ballata.*

Marsilio Ficino had been selected in the wisdom of Cosimo de' Medici, prepared by special processes of study, and consecrated to the service of the one philosopher. When Marsilio was a youth of eighteen, he entered the Medicean household, and began to learn Greek, in order that he might qualify himself for translating Plato into Latin. His health was delicate, his sensibilities acute; the temper of his intellect, inclined to mysticism and theology, fitted him for the arduous task of unifying religion with philosophy. It would be unfair to class him with the paganising humanists, who sought to justify their unbelief or want of morals by the authority of the classics. Ficino remained throughout his life an earnest Christian. At the age of forty, not without serious reflection and mature resolve, he took orders, and faithfully performed the duties of his cure. Antiquity he judged by the standard of the Christian creed. If he asserted that Socrates and Plato witnessed, together with the evangelists, to the truth of revelation, or that the same spirit inspired the laws of Moses and the Greek philosopher—this, as he conceived it, was in effect little else than extending the catena of authority backward from the Christian fathers to the sages of the ancient world. The Church, by admitting the sibyls into the company of the prophets, virtually sanctioned the canonisation of Plato; while the comprehensive survey of history as an uninterrupted whole, which since the days of Petrarch had distinguished the nobler type of humanism, rendered Ficino's philosophical religion not unacceptable even to the orthodox.

Ficino was forty-four years of age when he finished the translation of Plato's works in Latin. Five more years elapsed before the first edition was printed in 1482 at Filippo Valori's expense. It may here be mentioned incidentally that, by this help, the aristocracy of Florence materially contributed to the diffusion of culture. A genuine philosopher in his lack of ambition and his freedom from avarice, Ficino was too poor to publish his own works; and what is true of him, applies to many most distinguished authors of the age. Great literary undertakings involved in that century the substantial assistance of wealthy men, whose liberality was rewarded by a notice in the colophon or on the title-page. When, for instance, the first edition of Homer was issued from the press by Lorenzo Alopa in 1488, two brothers of the Nerli family, Bernardo and Neri, defrayed the expense. The Plato was soon followed by a life of the philosopher, and a treatise on the "Platonic Doctrine of Immortality." In 1486 the translation of Plotinus was accomplished, and in 1491 a voluminous commentary had been added; both were published one month after Lorenzo's death in 1492. A version of Dionysius the Areopagite, whose treatise on the "Hierarchies," though rejected by Lorenzo Valla, was accepted as genuine by Ficino, closed the long list of his translations from the Greek. The importance of Ficino's contributions to philosophy consists in the impulse he communicated to Platonic studies.

VIII. THE FINE ARTS

IT HAS been granted only to two nations, the Greeks and the Italians, and to the latter only at the time of the Renaissance, to invest every phase and variety of intellectual energy with the form of art. Nothing notable was produced in Italy between the thirteenth and the seventeenth centuries that did not bear the stamp and character of fine art. If the methods of science may be truly said to regulate our modes of thinking at the present time, it is no less true that, during the Renaissance, art exercised a like controlling influence. Not only was each department of the fine arts practised with singular success; not only was the national genius to a very large extent absorbed in painting, sculpture, and architecture; but the aesthetic impulse was more subtly and widely diffused than this alone would imply. It possessed the Italians in the very centre of their intellectual vitality, imposing its conditions on all the manifestations of their thought and feeling, so that even their shortcomings may be ascribed in a great measure to their inability to quit the aesthetic point of view.

We see this in their literature. It is probable that none but artistic natures will ever render full justice to the poetry of the Renaissance. A succession of pictures, harmoniously composed and delicately toned to please the mental eye, satisfied the taste of the Italians. But, however exquisite in design, rich in colour, and complete in execution this literary work may be, it strikes a northern student as wanting in the highest elements of genius—sublimity of imagination, dramatic passion, energy and earnestness of purpose. Yet the right way of doing justice to these stylistic trifles is to regard them as products of an all-embracing genius for art, in a people whose most serious enthusiasms were aesthetic.

The speech of the Italians at that epoch, their social habits, their ideal of manners, their standard of morality, the estimate they formed of men, were alike conditioned and qualified by art. It was an age of splendid ceremonies and magnificent parade, when the furniture of houses, the armour of soldiers, the dress of citizens, the pomp of war, and the pageantry of festival were invariably and inevitably beautiful. On the meanest articles of domestic utility, cups and platters, door-panels and chimney-pieces, coverlets for beds and lids of linen-chests, a wealth of artistic invention was lavished by innumerable craftsmen, no less skilled in technical details than distinguished by rare taste. From the Pope upon S. Peter's chair to the clerks in a Florentine counting-house, every Italian was a judge of art. Art supplied the spiritual oxygen, without which the life of the Renaissance must have been atrophied. During that period of prodigious activity the entire nation seemed to be endowed with an instinct for the beautiful, and with the capacity for producing it in every conceivable form. As we travel through Italy at the present day, when "time, war, pillage, and purchase" have done their worst to denude the country of its treasures, we still marvel at the incomparable and countless

beauties stored in every burgh and hamlet. Pacing the picture galleries of northern Europe, the country seats of English nobles, and the palaces of Spain, the same reflection is still forced upon us: how could Italy have done what she achieved within so short a space of time? What must the houses and the churches once have been, from which these spoils were taken, but which still remain so rich in masterpieces?

It lies beyond the scope of this work to embrace in one inquiry the different forms of art in Italy, or to analyse the connection of the aesthetic instinct with the manifold manifestations of the Renaissance. Even the narrower task to which I must confine myself, is too vast for the limits I am forced to impose upon its treatment. I intend to deal with Italian painting as the one complete product which remains from the achievements of this period, touching upon sculpture and architecture more superficially. Not only is painting the art in which the Italians among all the nations of the modern world stand unapproachably alone, but it is also the one that best enables us to gauge their genius at the time when they impressed their culture on the rest of Europe. In the history of the Italian intellect painting takes the same rank as that of sculpture in the Greek. Before beginning, however, to trace the course of Italian art, it will be necessary to discuss some preliminary questions, important for a right understanding of the relations assumed by painting to the thoughts of the Renaissance, and for explaining its superiority over the sister art of sculpture in that age. This I feel the more bound to do because it is my object in this volume to treat of art with special reference to the general culture of the nation.

What, let us ask in the first place, was the task appointed for the fine arts on the threshold of the modern world? They had, before all things, to give form to the ideas evolved by Christianity, and to embody a class of emotions unknown to the ancients. The inheritance of the Middle Ages had to be appropriated and expressed. In the course of performing this work, the painters helped to humanise religion, and revealed the dignity and beauty of the body of man. Next, in the fifteenth century, the riches of classic culture were discovered, and art was called upon to aid in the interpretation of the ancient to the modern mind. The problem was no longer simple. Christian and pagan traditions came into close contact, and contended for the empire of the newly liberated intellect. During this struggle the arts, true to their own principles, eliminated from both traditions the more strictly human elements, and expressed them in beautiful form to the imagination and the senses. The brush of the same painter depicted Bacchus wedding Ariadne and Mary fainting on the hill of Calvary. Careless of any peril to dogmatic orthodoxy, and undeterred by the dread of encouraging pagan sensuality, the artists wrought out their modern ideal of beauty in the double field of Christian and Hellenic legend. Before the force of painting was exhausted, it had thus traversed the whole cycle of thoughts and feelings that form the content of the modern mind. Throughout this performance, art proved itself a powerful

co-agent in the emancipation of the intellect; the impartiality wherewith its methods were applied to subjects sacred and profane, the emphasis laid upon physical strength and beauty as good things and desirable, the subordination of classical and mediaeval myths to one aesthetic law of loveliness, all tended to withdraw attention from the differences between paganism and Christianity, and to fix it on the goodliness of that humanity wherein both find their harmony.

The mediaeval faiths were still vivid when the first Italian painters began their work, and the sincere endeavour of these men was to set forth in beautiful and worthy form the truths of Christianity. The eyes of the worshipper should no longer have a mere stock or stone to contemplate: his imagination should be helped by the dramatic presentation of the scenes of sacred history, and his devotion be quickened by lively images of the passion of our Lord. Spirit should converse with spirit, through no veil of symbol, but through the transparent medium of art, itself instinct with inbreathed life and radiant with ideal beauty. The body and the soul, moreover, should be reconciled; and God's likeness should be once more acknowledged in the features and the limbs of man. Such was the promise of art; and this promise was in a great measure fulfilled by the painting of the fourteenth century. But in making good the promise they had given, it was needful for the arts on the one hand to enter a region not wholly their own—the region of abstractions and of mystical conceptions; and on the other to create a world of sensuous delightfulness, wherein the spiritual element was materialised to the injury of its own essential quality. Spirit, indeed, spake to spirit, so far as the religious content was concerned; but flesh spake also to flesh in the aesthetic form. The incarnation promised by the arts involved a corresponding sensuousness. Heaven was brought down to earth, but at the cost of making men believe that earth itself was heavenly.

The painters, following the masters of mosaic, began by setting forth the history, mythology, and legends of the Christian Church in imagery freer and more beautiful than lay within the scope of treatment by Romanesque or Byzantine art. So far their task was comparatively easy; for the idyllic grace of maternal love in the Madonna, the pathetic incidents of martyrdom, the courage of confessors, the ecstasies of celestial joy in redeemed souls, the loveliness of a pure life in modest virgins, and the dramatic episodes of sacred story, furnish a multitude of motives admirably pictorial. There was, therefore, no great obstacle upon the threshold, so long as artists gave their willing service to the Church. Yet, looking back upon this phase of painting, we are able to perceive that already the adaptation of art to Christian dogma entailed concessions on both sides. Much, on one hand, had to be omitted from the programme offered to artistic treatment, for the reason that the fine arts could not deal with it at all. Much, on the other hand, had to be expressed by means which painting in a state of perfect freedom would repudiate. Allegorical symbols, like Prudence with two faces, and painful episodes of agony and anguish,

marred her work of beauty. There was consequently a double compromise, involving a double sacrifice of something precious. The faith suffered by having its mysteries brought into the light of day, incarnated in form, and humanised. Art suffered by being forced to render intellectual abstractions to the eye through figured symbols.

As technical skill increased, and as beauty, the proper end of art, became more rightly understood, the painters found that their craft was worthy of being made an end in itself, and that the actualities of life observed around them had claims upon their genius no less weighty than dogmatic mysteries. The subjects they had striven at first to realise with all simplicity now became little better than vehicles for the display of sensuous beauty, science, and mundane pageantry. The human body received separate and independent study, as a thing in itself incomparably beautiful, commanding more powerful emotions by its magic than aught else that sways the soul. At the same time the external world, with all its wealth of animal and vegetable life, together with the works of human ingenuity in costly clothing and superb buildings, was seen to be in every detail worthy of most patient imitation. Anatomy and perspective taxed the understanding of the artist, whose whole force was no longer devoted to the task of bringing religious ideas within the limits of the representable. Next, when the classical revival came into play, the arts, in obedience to the spirit of the age, left the sphere of sacred subjects, and employed their full-grown faculties in the domain of myths and pagan fancies. In this way painting may truly be said to have opened the new era of culture, and to have first manifested the freedom of the modern mind.

Not to diverge at this point, and to entertain the difficult problem of the relation of the fine arts to Christianity, would be to shrink from the most thorny question offered to the understanding by the history of the Renaissance. On the very threshold of the matter I am bound to affirm my conviction that the spiritual purists of all ages—the Jews, the iconoclasts of Byzantium, Savonarola, and our Puritan ancestors—were justified in their mistrust of plastic art. The spirit of Christianity and the spirit of figurative art are opposed, not because such art is immoral, but because it cannot free itself from sensuous associations. It is always bringing us back to the dear life of earth, from which the faith would sever us. It is always reminding us of the body which piety bids us to forget. Painters and sculptors glorify that which saints and ascetics have mortified. The masterpieces of Titian and Correggio, for example, lead the soul away from compunction, away from penitence, away from worship even, to dwell on the delight of youthful faces, blooming colour, graceful movement, delicate emotion. Nor is this all: religious motives may be misused for what is worse than merely sensuous suggestiveness. The masterpieces of the Bolognese and Neapolitan painters, while they pretend to quicken compassion for martyrs in their agony, pander to a bestial blood-lust lurking in the darkest chambers of the soul. Therefore it is that piety, whether the piety of monastic Italy or of Puritan England, turns from these aes-

thetic triumphs as from something alien to itself. When the worshipper would fain ascend on wings of ecstasy to God, the infinite, ineffable, unrealised, how can he endure the contact of those splendid forms, in which the lust of the eye and the pride of life, professing to subserve devotion, remind him rudely of the goodliness of sensual existence?

If, then, there really exists this antagonism between fine art glorifying human life and piety contemning it, how came it, we may ask, that even in the Middle Ages the Church hailed art as her coadjutor? The answer lies in this, that the Church has always compromised. The movement of the modern world, upon the close of the Middle Ages, offered the Church a compromise, which it would have been difficult to refuse, and in which she perceived at first no peril to her dogmas. When the conflict of the first few centuries of Christianity had ended in her triumph, she began to mediate between asceticism and the world. Intent on absorbing all existent elements of life and power, she conformed her system to the Roman type, established her service in basilicas and pagan temples, adopted portions of the antique ritual, and converted local genii into saints. At the same time she utilised the spiritual forces of monasticism and turned the mystic impulse of ecstatics to account. The orders of the preachers and the begging friars became her militia and police; the mystery of Christ's presence in the Eucharist was made an engine of the priesthood; the dreams of Paradise and Purgatory gave value to her pardons, interdictions, jubilees, indulgences, and curses. In the Church the spirit of the cloister and the spirit of the world found neutral ground, and to the practical accommodation between these hostile elements she owed her wide supremacy. Accepted by the vivid faith of an unquestioning populace, Christianity offered a proper medium for artistic activity. The whole first period of Italian painting was occupied with the endeavour to set forth in form and colour the popular conceptions of a faith at once unphilosophical and unspiritual, beautiful and fit for art by reason of the human elements it had assumed into its substance. It was natural, therefore, that the Church should show herself indulgent to the arts, which were effecting in their own sphere what she had previously accomplished, though purists and ascetics, holding fast by the original spirit of their creed, might remain irreconcilably antagonistic to their influence. The Reformation, on the contrary, rejecting the whole mass of compromises sanctioned by the Church, and returning to the elemental principles of the faith, was no less naturally opposed to fine arts, which, after giving sensuous form to Catholic mythology, had recently attained to liberty and brought again the gods of Greece.

A single illustration might be selected from the annals of Italian painting to prove how difficult even the holiest-minded and most earnest painter found it to effect the proper junction between plastic beauty and pious feeling. Fra Bartolommeo, the disciple of Savonarola, painted a Sebastian in the cloister of S. Marco, where it remained until the Dominican confessors became aware, through the avowals of female penitents, that this picture was a stumbling-block and snare to souls. It was then

removed, and what became of it we do not know for certain. Fra Bartolommeo undoubtedly intended this ideal portrait of the martyr to be edifying. S. Sebastian was to stand before the world as the young man, strong and beautiful, who endured to the end and won the crown of martyrdom. No other ideas but those of heroism, constancy, or faith were meant to be expressed; but the painter's art demanded that their expression should be eminently beautiful, and the beautiful body of the young man distracted attention from his spiritual virtues to his physical perfections.

This story is but a coarse instance of the separation between piety and plastic art. In truth, the difficulty of uniting them in such a way that the latter shall enforce the former, lies far deeper than its powers of illustration reach. Religion has its proper end in contemplation and in conduct. Art aims at presenting sensuous embodiment of thoughts and feelings with a view to intellectual enjoyment. Now, many thoughts are incapable of sensuous embodiment; they appear as abstractions to the philosophical intellect or as dogmas to the theological understanding. To effect an alliance between art and philosophy or art and theology in the specific region of either religion or speculation is, therefore, an impossibility. In like manner there are many feelings which cannot properly assume a sensuous form; and these are precisely religious feelings, in which the soul abandons sense, and leaves the actual world behind, to seek her freedom in a spiritual region. Yet, while we recognise the truth of this reasoning, it would be unscientific to maintain that, until they are brought into close and inconvenient contact, there is direct hostility between religion and the arts. The sphere of the two is separate; their aims are distinct; they must be allowed to perfect themselves, each after its own fashion.

IX. PAINTING

The Renaissance, so far as painting is concerned, may be said to have culminated between the years 1470 and 1550. These dates, it must be frankly admitted, are arbitrary; nor is there anything more unprofitable than the attempt to define by strict chronology the moments of an intellectual growth so complex, so unequally progressive, and so varied as that of Italian art. All that the historian can hope to do, is to strike a mean between his reckoning of years and his more subtle calculations based on the emergence of decisive genius in special men. An instance of such compromise is afforded by Lionardo da Vinci, who belongs, as far as dates go, to the last half of the fifteenth century, but who must, on any estimate of his achievement, be classed with Michael Angelo among the final and supreme masters of the full Renaissance. To violate the order of time, with a view to what may here be called the morphology of Italian art, is, in his case, a plain duty.

Bearing this in mind, it is still possible to regard the eighty years above mentioned as a period no longer of promise and preparation but of fulfilment and accomplishment. Furthermore, the thirty years at the close of the fifteenth century may be taken as one epoch in this climax of the art, while the first half of the sixteenth forms a second. Within the former falls the best work of Mantegna, Perugino, Francia, the Bellini, Signorelli, Fra Bartolommeo. To the latter we may reckon Michael Angelo, Raphael, Giorgione, Correggio, Titian, and Andrea del Sarto. Lionardo da Vinci, though belonging chronologically to the former epoch, ranks first among the masters of the latter; and to this also may be given Tintoretto, though his life extended far beyond it to the last years of the century. We thus obtain, within the period of eighty years from 1470 to 1550, two subordinate divisions of time, the one including the last part of the fifteenth century, the other extending over the best years of the sixteenth.

The subdivisions I have just suggested correspond to two distinct stages in the evolution of art. The painters of the earlier group win our admiration quite as much by their aim as by their achievement. Their achievement, indeed, is not so perfect but that they still make some demand upon interpretative sympathy in the student. There is, besides, a sense of reserved strength in their work. We feel that their motives have not been developed to the utmost, that their inspiration is not exhausted; that it will be possible for their successors to advance beyond them on the same path, not realising more consummate excellence in special points, but combining divers qualities, and reaching absolute freedom.

The painters of the second group display mastery more perfect, range of faculty more all-embracing. What they design they do; nature and art obey them equally; the resources placed at their command are employed with facile and unfettered exercise of power. The hand obedient to the brain is now so expert that nothing further is left to be desired in the expression of the artist's thought. The student can only hope to penetrate the master's meaning. To imagine a step further in the same direction is impossible. The full flower of the Italian genius has been unfolded. Its message to the world in art has been delivered.

Chronology alone would not justify us in drawing these distinctions. What really separates the two groups is the different degree in which they severally absorbed the spirit and uttered the message of their age. In the former the Renaissance was still immature, in the latter it was perfected. Yet all these painters deserve in a true sense to be called its children. Their common object is art regarded as an independent function, and relieved from the bondage of technical impediments. In their work the liberty of the modern mind finds its first and noblest expression. They deal with familiar and time-honoured Christian motives reverently; but they use them at the same time for the exhibition of pure human beauty. Pagan influences yield them spirit-stirring inspiration; yet the antique

models of style, which proved no less embarrassing to their successors than Saul's armour was to David, weigh lightly, like a magician's breastplate, upon their heroic strength.

Lionardo, the natural son of Messer Pietro, notary of Florence and landed proprietor at Vinci, was so beautiful of person that no one, says Vasari, has sufficiently extolled his charm; so strong of limb that he could bend an iron ring or horse-shoe between his fingers; so eloquent of speech that those who listened to his words were fain to answer "Yes" or "No" as he thought fit. This child of grace and persuasion was a wonderful musician. The Duke of Milan sent for him to play upon his lute and improvise Italian canzoni. The lute he carried was of silver, fashioned like a horse's head, and tuned according to acoustic laws discovered by himself. Of the songs he sang to its accompaniment none have been preserved. Only one sonnet remains to show of what sort was the poetry of Lionardo, prized so highly by the men of his own generation. This, too, is less remarkable for poetic beauty than for sober philosophy expressed with singular brevity of phrase.

This story of Da Vinci's lute might be chosen as a parable of his achievement. Art and science were never separated in his work; and both were not unfrequently subservient to some fanciful caprice, some bizarre freak of originality. Curiosity and love of the uncommon ruled his nature. By intuition and by persistent interrogation of nature he penetrated many secrets of science; but he was contented with the acquisition of knowledge. Once found, he had but little care to distribute the results of his investigations; at most he sought to use them for purposes of practical utility. Even in childhood he is said to have perplexed his teachers by propounding arithmetical problems. In his maturity he carried anatomy further than Della Torre; he invented machinery for water-mills and aqueducts; he devised engines of war, discovered the secret of conical rifle-bullets, adapted paddle-wheels to boats, projected new systems of siege artillery, investigated the principles of optics, designed buildings, made plans for piercing mountains, raising churches, connecting rivers, draining marshes, clearing harbours. There was no branch of study whereby nature through the effort of the inquisitive intellect might be subordinated to the use of man, of which he was not master. Nor, richly gifted as was Lionardo, did he trust his natural facility. His patience was no less marvellous than the quickness of his insight. He lived to illustrate the definition of genius as the capacity for taking infinite pains.

While he was a boy, says Vasari, Lionardo modelled in terra-cotta certain heads of women smiling. This was in the workshop of Verocchio, who had already fixed a smile on David's face in bronze. When an old man, he left "Mona Lisa" on the easel not quite finished, the portrait of a subtle, shadowy, uncertain smile. This smile, this enigmatic revelation of a movement in the soul, this seductive ripple on the surface of the human personality, was to Lionardo a symbol of the secret of the world, an image of the universal mystery. It haunted him all through his life,

and innumerable were the attempts he made to render by external form the magic of this fugitive and evanescent charm.

Through long days he would follow up and down the streets of Florence or of Milan beautiful unknown faces, learning them by heart, interpreting their changes of expression, reading the thoughts through the features. These he afterwards committed to paper. We possess many such sketches—a series of ideal portraits, containing each an unsolved riddle that the master read; a procession of shadows, cast by reality, that, entering the camera lucida of the artist's brain, gained new and spiritual quality. In some of them his fancy seems to be imprisoned in the labyrinths of hair; in others the eyes deep with feeling or hard with gemlike brilliancy have caught it, or the lips that tell and hide so much, or the nostrils quivering with momentary emotion. Beauty, inexpressive of inner meaning, must, we conceive, have had but slight attraction for him. We do not find that he drew "a fair naked body" for the sake of its carnal charm; his hasty studies of the nude are often faulty, mere memoranda of attitude and gesture. The human form was interesting to him either scientifically or else as an index to the soul. Yet he felt the influence of personal loveliness. His favourite pupil Salaino was a youth "of singular grace, with curled and waving hair, a feature of personal beauty by which Lionardo was always greatly pleased." Hair, the most mysterious of human things, the most manifold in form and hue, snakelike in its subtlety for the entanglement of souls, had naturally supreme attractiveness for the magician of the arts.

With like energy Lionardo bent himself to divine the import of ugliness. Whole pages of his sketch-book are filled with squalid heads of shrivelled crones and ghastly old men—with idiots, goitred cretins, criminals, and clowns. It was not that he loved the horrible for its own sake; but he was determined to seize character, to command the gamut of human physiognomy from ideal beauty down to forms bestialised by vice and disease. The story related by Giraldi concerning the head of Judas in the "Cenacolo" at Milan, sufficiently illustrates the method of Lionardo in creating types and the utility of such caricatures as his notebooks contain.

It is told that he brought into his room one day a collection of reptiles —lizards, newts, toads, vipers, efts—all creatures that are loathsome to the common eye. These, by the magic of imagination, he combined into a shape so terrible that those who saw it shuddered. Medusa's snake-enwoven head exhaling poisonous vapour from the livid lips; Leda, swan-like beside her swan lover; Chimaera, in whom many natures mingled and made one; the conflict of a dragon and a lion; S. John conceived not as a prophet but as a vine-crowned Faun, the harbinger of joy:—over pictorial motives of this kind, attractive by reason of their complexity or mystery, he loved to brood; and to this fascination of a sphinx-like charm we owe some of his most exquisite drawings. Lionardo more than any other artist who has ever lived (except perhaps his great predecessor Leo Battista Alberti) felt the primal sympathies that bind men to the earth, their

mother, and to living things, their brethren. Therefore the borderland between humanity and nature allured him with a spell half aesthetic and half scientific. In the dawn of Hellas this sympathetic apprehension of the world around him would have made him a supreme mythopoet. In the dawn of the modern world curiosity claimed the lion's share of his genius: nor can it be denied that his art suffered by this division of interests. The time was not yet come for accurate physiological investigation, or for the true birth of the scientific spirit; and in any age it would have been difficult for one man to establish on a sound basis discoveries made in so many realms as those explored by Lionardo. We cannot, therefore, but regret that he was not more exclusively a painter. If, however, he had confined his activity to the production of works equal to the "Cenacolo," we should have missed the most complete embodiment in one personality of the twofold impulses of the Renaissance and of its boundless passion for discovery.

Lionardo's turn for physical science led him to study the technicalities of art with fervent industry. Whatever his predecessors had acquired in the knowledge of materials, the chemistry of colours, the mathematics of composition, the laws of perspective, and the illusions of *chiaroscuro*, he developed to the utmost. To find a darker darkness and a brighter brightness than had yet been shown upon the painter's canvas; to solve problems of fore-shortening; to deceive the eye by finely graduated tones and subtle touches; to submit the freest play of form to simple figures of geometry in grouping, were among the objects he most earnestly pursued. At the same time his deep feeling for all things that have life, gave him new power in the delineation of external nature. The branching of flower-stems, the outlines of fig-leaves, the attitudes of beasts and birds in motion, the arching of the fan-palm, were rendered by him with the same consummate skill as the dimple on a cheek or the fine curves of a young man's lips. Wherever he perceived a difficulty, he approached and conquered it. Love, which is the soul of art—Love, the bondslave of Beauty and the son of Poverty by Craft—led him to these triumphs. He used to buy caged birds in the market-place that he might let them loose. He was attached to horses, and kept a sumptuous stable; and these he would draw in eccentric attitudes, studying their anatomy in detail for his statue of Francesco Sforza. In the "Battle of the Standard," known to us only by a sketch of Rubens, he gave passions to the horse—not human passion, nor yet merely equine—but such as horses might feel when placed upon a par with men. In like manner the warriors are fiery with bestial impulses—leonine fury, wolfish ferocity, fox-like cunning. Their very armour takes the shape of monstrous reptiles. To such an extent did the interchange of human and animal properties haunt Lionardo's fancy.

Art, nature, life, the mysteries of existence, the infinite capacity of human thought, the riddle of the world, all that the Greeks called Pan, so swayed and allured him that, while he dreamed and wrought and never ceased from toil, he seemed to have achieved but little. The fancies of his

brain were, perhaps, too subtle and too fragile to be made apparent to the eyes of men. He was wont, after years of labour, to leave his work still incomplete, feeling that he could not perfect it as he desired: yet even his most fragmentary sketches have a finish beyond the scope of lesser men. "Extraordinary power," says Vasari, "was in his case conjoined with remarkable facility, a mind of regal boldness and magnanimous daring." Yet he was constantly accused of indolence and inability to execute. Often and often he made vast preparations and accomplished nothing. It is well known how the Prior of S. Maria delle Grazie complained that Lionardo stood for days looking at his fresco, and for weeks never came near it; how the monks of the Annunziata at Florence were cheated out of their painting, for which elaborate designs had yet been made; how Leo X, seeing him mix oils with varnish to make a new medium, exclaimed, "Alas! this man will do nothing; he thinks of the end before he makes a beginning." A good answer to account for the delay was always ready on the painter's lips, as that the man of genius works most when his hands are idlest; Judas, sought in vain through all the thieves' resorts in Milan, is not found; I cannot hope to see the face of Christ except in Paradise. Again, when an equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza had been modelled in all its parts, another model was begun because Da Vinci would fain show the warrior triumphing over a fallen foe. The first motive seemed to him tame; the second was unrealisable in bronze. "I can do anything possible to man," he wrote to Lodovico Sforza, "and as well as any living artist either in sculpture or painting." But he would do nothing as task work, and his creative brain loved better to invent than to execute. "Of a truth," continues his biographer, "there is good reason to believe that the very greatness of his most exalted mind, aiming at more than could be effected, was itself an impediment; perpetually seeking to add excellence to excellence and perfection to perfection. This was without doubt the true hindrance, so that, as our Petrarch has it, the work was retarded by desire." At the close of that cynical and positive century, the spirit whereof was so well expressed by Cosimo de' Medici, Lionardo set before himself aims infinite instead of finite. His designs of wings to fly with symbolise his whole endeavour. He believed in solving the insoluble; and nature had so richly dowered him in the very dawntime of discovery, that he was almost justified in this delusion. Having caught the Proteus of the world, he tried to grasp him; but the god changed shape beneath his touch. Having surprised Silenus asleep, he begged from him a song; but the song Silenus sang was so marvellous in its variety, so subtle in its modulations, that Lionardo could do no more than recall scattered phrases. His Proteus was the spirit of the Renaissance. The Silenus from whom he forced the song was the double nature of man and of the world.

By ill chance it happened that Lionardo's greatest works soon perished. His cartoon at Florence disappeared. His model for Sforza's statue was used as a target by French bowmen. His "Last Supper" remains a mere wreck in the Convent delle Grazie. Such as it is, blurred by ill-usage

and neglect, more blurred by impious repainting, that fresco must be seen by those who wish to understand Da Vinci. It has well been called the compendium of all his studies and of all his writings; and, chronologically, it is the first masterpiece of the perfected Renaissance. Other painters had represented the Last Supper as a solemn prologue to the Passion, or as the mystical inauguration of the greatest Christian sacrament. But none had dared to break the calm of the event by a dramatic action. The school of Giotto, Fra Angelico, Ghirlandajo, Perugino, even Signorelli, remained within the sphere of symbolical suggestion; and their work gained in dignity what it lost in intensity. Lionardo combined both. He undertook to paint a moment, to delineate the effect of a single word upon twelve men seated at a table and to do this without sacrificing the tranquillity demanded by ideal art, and without impairing the divine majesty of Him from whose lips that word has fallen. The time has long gone by for detailed criticism or description of a painting known to everybody. It is enough to observe that the ideal representation of a dramatic moment, the life breathed into each part of the composition, the variety of the types chosen to express varieties of character, and the scientific distribution of the twelve Apostles in four groups of three around the central Christ, mark the appearance of a new spirit of power and freedom in the arts. What had hitherto been treated with religious timidity, with conventional stiffness, or with realistic want of grandeur, was now humanised and at the same time transported into a higher intellectual region; and though Lionardo discrowned the Apostles of their aureoles, he for the first time in the history of painting created a Christ not unworthy to be worshipped as the *proesens Deus*. We know not whether to admire most the perfection of the painter's art or his insight into spiritual things.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES THE SECOND

by

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

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THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

1800–1859

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was a child prodigy who remained a prodigy. Before he was eight years old he had written a *Compendium of Universal History* and a romance in three cantos, *The Battle of Cheviot.* His mind became a storehouse of readily accessible information—a fact which in part accounts for his brilliance as a conversationalist in later life. It has been remarked that it was as difficult for Macaulay to forget as for the ordinary man to remember. To pass the time while traveling he sometimes would run through a book he had read from beginning to end from memory. He once remarked that if every copy of *Pilgrim's Progress, Paradise Lost,* and *The History of Sir Charles Grandison* were destroyed he could reproduce them from memory.

From a private school Macaulay entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1818. In the course of his university career he carried off a number of prizes in literary and declamatory competitions. From his earliest years he seems to have possessed a special faculty for commanding attention. His first public speech, made in 1824 at an anti-slavery meeting, was prominently noticed by the *Edinburgh Review.* An essay on Milton, published the following year in the same review, established his literary reputation. His brilliance as a conversationalist brought him into contact with, and won him the admiration of, the most distinguished personages of the day.

However, the failure of his father's company, Babington and Macaulay, confronted the brilliant young man with the necessity for earning a living. In 1830 he entered Parliament representing the pocket borough of Calne, which was offered him by Lord Lansdowne. Macaulay came prominently to the fore in an eloquent support of the Reform Bill. His defense of the Government of India Bill won him a seat in the Supreme

Council of India created by the new act at a salary of ten thousand pounds a year. His Indian policy was governed by liberal principles—support of freedom of the press and equality of natives and Europeans before the law. He inaugurated a system of national education for India, and his draft became the basis of the Indian penal code. In 1838 Macaulay returned to England and re-entered Parliament. The following year he became a member of the Cabinet as Secretary for War.

In 1847 Macaulay retired from public life in order to devote his principal energies to the great historical work which long had occupied his thoughts. This was to have been a grandly conceived history of England from the accession of James II to Macaulay's own day. It was to be much more than a political history, for in addition to disclosing the progress of government Macaulay sought "to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the change of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations." However, it became clear upon the appearance of the first volume in 1847 that Macaulay's treatment of his subject was so detailed that the projected work could not be completed in his lifetime. When Macaulay died twelve years later, in 1859, the five volumes completed covered but sixteen years of English history from 1685 to 1701.

Macaulay's *History of England* was written to appeal to a wide public. The author sought to make every sentence flow smoothly and to end every paragraph with a telling sentence. The attention and enjoyment of the reader were not to be checked by any necessity for pondering the meaning of a phrase or a sentence. In his narration he does not stop to weigh pros and cons, to debate the exact significance of an event. He is sure of himself and his confidence assures the reader. Macaulay was not a trained historian although widely read and possessed of a capacious memory. He heightens contrasts, simplifies and exaggerates character in the interest of literary and dramatic effect. But his work is readable, enjoyable. Many read Macaulay who had never previously read a history book. The general reader was not disturbed by exaggerations which facilitated his grasp of the whole. Despite its defects the *History of England* is a monument of erudition, painstaking research, and literary genius.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES THE SECOND

I. THE RESTORATION OF THE MONARCHY UNDER CHARLES THE SECOND

THE history of England, during the seventeenth century, is the history of the transformation of a limited monarchy, constituted after the fashion of the middle ages, into a limited monarchy suited to that more advanced state of society in which the public charges can no longer be borne by the estates of the crown, and in which the public defence can no longer be entrusted to a feudal militia. The politicians who were at the head of the Long Parliament made, in 1642, a great effort to accomplish this change by transferring, directly and formally, to the Estates of the realm the choice of ministers, the command of the army, and the superintendence of the whole executive administration. This scheme was, perhaps, the best that could then be contrived: but it was completely disconcerted by the course which the civil war took. The Houses [of Parliament] triumphed, it is true; but not till after such a struggle as made it necessary for them to call into existence a power which they could not control, and which soon began to domineer over all orders and all parties. For a time, the evils inseparable from military government were, in some degree, mitigated by the wisdom and magnanimity of the great man [Oliver Cromwell] who held the supreme command. But, when the sword which he had wielded, with energy indeed, but with energy always guided by good sense and generally tempered by good nature, had passed to captains who possessed neither his abilities nor his virtues, it seemed too probable that order and liberty would perish in one ignominious ruin.

That ruin was happily averted. It has been too much the practice of writers zealous for freedom to represent the Restoration as a disastrous event, and to condemn the folly or baseness of that Convention which recalled the royal family without exacting new securities against maladministration. Those who hold this language do not comprehend the real nature of the crisis which followed the deposition of Richard Crom-

well. England was in imminent danger of sinking under the tyranny of a succession of small men raised up and pulled down by military caprice. To deliver the country from the domination of the soldiers was the first object of every enlightened patriot: but it was an object which, while the soldiers were united, the most sanguine could scarcely expect to attain. On a sudden a gleam of hope appeared. General was opposed to general, army to army. On the use which might be made of one auspicious moment depended the future destiny of the nation. Our ancestors used that moment well. They forgot old injuries, waived petty scruples, adjourned to a more convenient season all dispute about the reforms which our institutions needed, and stood together, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, in firm union, for the old laws of the land against military despotism. The exact partition of power among King, Lords, and Commons, might well be postponed till it had been decided whether England should be governed by King, Lords, and Commons, or by cuirassiers and pikemen. Had the statesmen of the Convention taken a different course, had they held long debates on the principles of government, had they drawn up a new constitution and sent it to Charles [the Second], had conferences been opened, had couriers been passing and repassing during some weeks between Westminster and the Netherlands, with projects and counterprojects, the coalition on which the public safety depended would have been dissolved: the Presbyterians and Royalists would certainly have quarrelled: the military factions might possibly have been reconciled: and the misjudging friends of liberty might long have regretted, under a rule worse than that of the worst Stuart, the golden opportunity which had been suffered to escape.

The old civil polity was, therefore, by the general consent of both the great parties, re-established. It was again exactly what it had been when Charles the First, eighteen years before, withdrew from his capital. All those acts of the Long Parliament which had received the royal assent were admitted to be still in full force. One fresh concession, a concession in which the Cavaliers were even more deeply interested than the Roundheads, was easily obtained from the restored King. The military tenure of land had been originally created as a means of national defence. But in the course of ages whatever was useful in the institution had disappeared; and nothing was left but ceremonies and grievances. A landed proprietor who held an estate under the crown by knight service—and it was thus that most of the soil of England was held—had to pay a large fine on coming to his property. He could not alienate one acre without purchasing a license. When he died, if his domains descended to an infant, the sovereign was guardian, and was not only entitled to great part of the rents during the minority, but could require the ward, under heavy penalties, to marry any person of suitable rank. The chief bait which attracted a needy sycophant to the court was the hope of obtaining, as the reward of servility and flattery, a royal letter to an heiress. These abuses had perished with the monarchy. That they should not revive with it was the wish of

every landed gentleman in the kingdom. They were, therefore, solemnly abolished by statute; and no relic of the ancient tenures in chivalry was suffered to remain, except those honorary services which are still, at a coronation, rendered to the person of the sovereign by some lords of manors.

The troops were now to be disbanded. Fifty thousand men, accustomed to the profession of arms, were at once thrown on the world: and experience seemed to warrant the belief that this change would produce much misery and crime, that the discharged veterans would be seen begging in every street, or that they would be driven by hunger to pillage. But no such result followed. In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed that, in every department of honest industry, the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men, that none was charged with any theft or robbery, that none was heard to ask an alms, and that, if a baker, a mason, or a waggoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was in all probability one of Oliver's old soldiers.

The military tyranny had passed away; but it had left deep and enduring traces in the public mind. The name of a standing army was long held in abhorrence: and it is remarkable that this feeling was even stronger among the Cavaliers than among the Roundheads. It ought to be considered as a most fortunate circumstance that, when our country was, for the first and last time, ruled by the sword, the sword was in the hands, not of her legitimate princes, but of those rebels who slew the King and demolished the Church. Had a prince, with a title as good as that of Charles, commanded an army as good as that of Cromwell, there would have been little hope indeed for the liberties of England. Happily that instrument by which alone the monarchy could be made absolute became an object of peculiar horror and disgust to the monarchical party, and long continued to be inseparably associated in the imagination of Royalists and Prelatists with regicide and field preaching. A century after the death of Cromwell, the Tories still continued to clamour against every augmentation of the regular soldiery, and to sound the praise of a national militia. So late as the year 1786, a minister who enjoyed no common measure of their confidence found it impossible to overcome their aversion to his scheme of fortifying the coast: nor did they ever look with entire complacency on the standing army, till the French Revolution gave a new direction to their apprehensions.

The coalition which had restored the King terminated with the danger from which it had sprung; and two hostile parties again appeared ready for conflict. Both indeed were agreed as to the propriety of inflicting punishment on some unhappy men who were, at that moment, objects of almost universal hatred. Cromwell was no more; and those who had fled before him were forced to content themselves with the miserable satisfaction of digging up, hanging, quartering, and burning the remains of the

greatest prince that has ever ruled England. Other objects of vengeance, few indeed, yet too many, were found among the republican chiefs. Soon, however, the conquerors, glutted with the blood of the regicides, turned against each other. The Roundheads, while admitting the virtues of the late King [Charles the First], and while condemning the sentence passed upon him by an illegal tribunal, yet maintained that his administration had been, in many things, unconstitutional, and that the Houses had taken arms against him from good motives and on strong grounds. The monarchy, these politicians conceived, had no worse enemy than the flatterer who exalted the prerogative above the law, who condemned all opposition to regal encroachments, and who reviled, not only Cromwell and Harrison, but Pym and Hampden, as traitors. If the King wished for a quiet and prosperous reign, he must confide in those who, though they had drawn the sword in defence of the invaded privileges of Parliament, had yet exposed themselves to the rage of the soldiers in order to save his father, and had taken the chief part in bringing back the royal family.

The feeling of the Cavaliers was widely different. During eighteen years they had, through all vicissitudes, been faithful to the crown. Having shared the distress of their prince, were they not to share his triumph? Was no distinction to be made between them and the disloyal subject who had fought against his rightful sovereign, who had adhered to Richard Cromwell, and who had never concurred in the restoration of the Stuarts, till it appeared that nothing else could save the nation from the tyranny of the army? Grant that such a man had, by his recent services, fairly earned his pardon. Yet were his services, rendered at the eleventh hour, to be put in comparison with the toils and sufferings of those who had borne the burden and heat of the day? Was he to be ranked with men who had no need of the royal clemency, with men who had, in every part of their lives, merited the royal gratitude? Above all, was he to be suffered to retain a fortune raised out of the substance of the ruined defenders of the throne? Was it not enough that his head and his patrimonial estate, a hundred times forfeited to justice, were secure, and that he shared, with the rest of the nation, in the blessings of that mild government of which he had long been the foe? Was it necessary that he should be rewarded for his treason at the expense of men whose only crime was the fidelity with which they had observed their oath of allegiance? And what interest had the King in gorging his old enemies with prey torn from his old friends? What confidence could be placed in men who had opposed their sovereign, made war on him, imprisoned him, and who, even now, instead of hanging down their heads in shame and contrition, vindicated all that they had done, and seemed to think that they had given an illustrious proof of loyalty by just stopping short of regicide? It was true that they had lately assisted to set up the throne: but it was not less true that they had previously pulled it down, and that they still avowed principles which might impel them to pull it down again. Undoubtedly it might be fit that marks of royal approbation should be bestowed on some converts who

had been eminently useful: but policy, as well as justice and gratitude, enjoined the King to give the highest place in his regard to those who, from first to last, through good and evil, had stood by his house. On these grounds the Cavaliers very naturally demanded indemnity for all that they had suffered, and preference in the distribution of the favours of the crown. Some violent members of the party went further, and clamoured for large categories of proscription.

The political feud was, as usual, exasperated by a religious feud. The King found the Church in a singular state. A short time before the commencement of the civil war, his father had given a reluctant assent to a bill which deprived the Bishops of their seats in the House of Lords: but Episcopacy and the Liturgy had never been abolished by law. The Long Parliament, however, had passed ordinances which had made a complete revolution in Church government and in public worship. The new system was, in principle, scarcely less Erastian than that which it displaced. The Houses, guided chiefly by the counsels of the accomplished Selden, had determined to keep the spiritual power strictly subordinate to the temporal power. They had refused to declare that any form of ecclesiastical polity was of divine origin; and they had provided that, from all the Church courts, an appeal should lie in the last resort to Parliament. The authority of councils, rising one above another in regular gradation, was substituted for the authority of Bishops and Archbishops. The Liturgy gave place to the Presbyterian directory. But scarcely had the new regulations been framed, when the Independents rose to supreme influence in the state. The Independents had no disposition to enforce the ordinances touching classical, provincial, and national synods. Those ordinances, therefore, were never carried into full execution. The Presbyterian system was fully established nowhere but in Middlesex and Lancashire. In the other fifty counties, almost every parish seems to have been unconnected with the neighbouring parishes. In some districts, indeed, the ministers formed themselves into voluntary associations, for the purpose of mutual help and counsel; but these associations had no coercive power. The patrons of livings, being now checked by neither Bishop nor Presbytery, would have been at liberty to confide the cure of souls to the most scandalous of mankind, but for the arbitrary intervention of Oliver. He established, by his own authority, a board of commissioners, called Triers. Most of these persons were Independent divines; but a few Presbyterian ministers and a few laymen had seats. The certificate of the Triers stood in the place both of institution and of induction; and without such a certificate no person could hold a benefice. This was undoubtedly one of the most despotic acts ever done by any English ruler. Yet, as it was generally felt that, without some such precaution, the country would be overrun by ignorant and drunken reprobates, bearing the name and receiving the pay of ministers, some highly respectable persons, who were not in general friendly to Cromwell, allowed that, on this occasion, he had been a public benefactor. The presentees whom the Triers had approved took possession

of the rectories, cultivated the glebe lands, collected the tithes, prayed without book or surplice, and administered the Eucharist to communicants seated at long tables.

Thus the ecclesiastical polity of the realm was in inextricable confusion. Episcopacy was the form of government prescribed by the old law which was still unrepealed. The form of government prescribed by parliamentary ordinance was Presbyterian. But neither the old law nor the parliamentary ordinance was practically in force. The Church actually established may be described as an irregular body made up of a few Presbyteries, and of many Independent congregations, which were all held down and held together by the authority of the government.

Of those who had been active in bringing back the King, many were zealous for synods and for the directory, and many were desirous to terminate by a compromise the religious dissensions which had long agitated England. Between the bigoted followers of Laud and the bigoted followers of Calvin there could be neither peace nor truce: but it did not seem impossible to effect an accommodation between the moderate Episcopalians of the school of Usher and the moderate Presbyterians of the school of Baxter. The moderate Episcopalians would admit that a Bishop might lawfully be assisted by a council. The moderate Presbyterians would not deny that each provincial assembly might lawfully have a permanent president, and that this president might lawfully be called a Bishop. There might be a revised Liturgy which should not exclude extemporaneous prayer, a baptismal service in which the sign of the cross might be used or omitted at discretion, a communion service at which the faithful might sit if their consciences forbade them to kneel. But to no such plan could the great body of the Cavaliers listen with patience. The religious members of that party were conscientiously attached to the whole system of their Church. She had been dear to their murdered King. She had consoled them in defeat and penury. Her service, so often whispered in an inner chamber during the season of trial, had such a charm for them that they were unwilling to part with a single response. Other Royalists, who made little pretence to piety, yet loved the Episcopal Church because she was the foe of their foes. They valued a prayer or a ceremony, not on account of the comfort which it conveyed to themselves, but on account of the vexation which it gave to the Roundheads, and were so far from being disposed to purchase union by concession that they objected to concession chiefly because it tended to produce union.

Such feelings, though blamable, were natural and not wholly inexcusable. The Puritans in the day of their power had undoubtedly given cruel provocation. They ought to have learned, if from nothing else, yet from their own discontents, from their own struggles, from their own victory, from the fall of that proud hierarchy by which they had been so heavily oppressed, that, in England, and in the seventeenth century, it was not in the power of the civil magistrate to drill the minds of men

into conformity with his own system of theology. They proved, however, as intolerant and as meddling as ever Laud had been. They interdicted under heavy penalties the use of the Book of Common Prayer, not only in churches, but even in private houses. It was a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians. Severe punishments were denounced against such as should presume to blame the Calvinistic mode of worship. Clergymen of respectable character were not only ejected from their benefices, by thousands, but were frequently exposed to the outrages of a fanatical rabble. Churches and sepulchres, fine works of art and curious remains of antiquity, were brutally defaced. The Parliament resolved that all pictures in the royal collection which contained representations of Jesus or of the Virgin Mother should be burned. Sculpture fared as ill as painting. Nymphs and Graces, the work of Ionian chisels, were delivered over to Puritan stonemasons to be made decent. Against the lighter vices the ruling faction waged war with a zeal little tempered by humanity or by common sense. Sharp laws were passed against betting. It was enacted that adultery should be punished with death. The illicit intercourse of the sexes, even where neither violence nor seduction was imputed, where no public scandal was given, where no conjugal right was violated, was made a misdemeanour. Public amusements, from the masques which were exhibited at the mansions of the great down to the wrestling matches and grinning matches on village greens, were vigorously attacked. One ordinance directed that all the Maypoles in England should forthwith be hewn down. Another proscribed all theatrical diversions. The playhouses were to be dismantled, the spectators fined, the actors whipped at the cart's tail. Rope-dancing, puppet shows, bowls, horse racing, were regarded with no friendly eye. But bear-baiting, then a favourite diversion of high and low, was the abomination which most strongly stirred the wrath of the austere sectaries. It is to be remarked that their antipathy to this sport had nothing in common with the feeling which has, in our own time, induced the legislature to interfere for the purpose of protecting beasts against the wanton cruelty of men. The Puritan hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Indeed, he generally contrived to enjoy the double pleasure of tormenting both spectators and bear.

The theology, the manners, the dialect of the Puritan were associated in the public mind with the darkest and meanest vices. As soon as the Restoration had made it safe to avow enmity to the party which had so long been predominant in the state, a general outcry against Puritanism rose from every corner of the kingdom, and was often swollen by the voices of those very dissemblers whose villany had brought disgrace on the Puritan name.

Thus the two great parties, which, after a long contest, had for a

moment concurred in restoring monarchy, were, both in politics and in religion, again opposed to each other. The great body of the nation leaned to the Royalists.

The restored King was at this time more loved by the people than any of his predecessors had ever been. The calamities of his house, the heroic death of his father, his own long sufferings and romantic adventures, made him an object of tender interest. His return had delivered the country from an intolerable bondage. Recalled by the voice of both the contending factions, he was in a position which enabled him to arbitrate between them; and in some respects he was well qualified for the task. He had received from nature excellent parts and a happy temper. His education had been such as might have been expected to develope his understanding, and to form him to the practice of every public and private virtue. He had passed through all varieties of fortune, and had seen both sides of human nature. He had, while very young, been driven forth from a palace to a life of exile, penury, and danger. He had, at the age when the mind and body are in their highest perfection, and when the first effervescence of boyish passions should have subsided, been recalled from his wanderings to wear a crown. He had been taught by bitter experience how much baseness, perfidy, and ingratitude may lie hid under the obsequious demeanour of courtiers. He had found, on the other hand, in the huts of the poorest, true nobility of soul. When wealth was offered to any who would betray him, when death was denounced against all who should shelter him, cottagers and serving men had kept his secret truly, and had kissed his hand under his mean disguises with as much reverence as if he had been seated on his ancestral throne. From such a school it might have been expected that a young man who wanted neither abilities nor amiable qualities would have come forth a great and good King. Charles came forth from that school with social habits, with polite and engaging manners, and with some talent for lively conversation, addicted beyond measure to sensual indulgence, fond of sauntering and of frivolous amusements, incapable of self-denial and of exertion, without faith in human virtue or in human attachment, without desire of renown, and without sensibility to reproach. According to him, every person was to be bought: but some people haggled more about their price than others; and when this haggling was very obstinate and very skilful it was called by some fine name. The chief trick by which clever men kept up the price of their abilities was called integrity. The chief trick by which handsome women kept up the price of their beauty was called modesty. The love of God, the love of country, the love of family, the love of friends, were phrases of the same sort, delicate and convenient synonyms for the love of self. Thinking thus of mankind, Charles naturally cared very little what they thought of him. Honour and shame were scarcely more to him than light and darkness to the blind. His contempt of flattery has been highly commended, but seems, when viewed in connection with the rest of his character, to deserve no commendation. It is possible to be below flattery as

well as above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust sycophants. One who does not value real glory will not value its counterfeit.

The motives which governed the political conduct of Charles the Second differed widely from those by which his predecessor and his successor were actuated. He was not a man to be imposed upon by the patriarchal theory of government and the doctrine of divine right. He was utterly without ambition. He detested business, and would sooner have abdicated his crown than have undergone the trouble of really directing the administration. Such was his aversion to toil, and such his ignorance of affairs, that the very clerks who attended him when he sate in council could not refrain from sneering at his frivolous remarks, and at his childish impatience. His favourite vices were precisely those to which the Puritans were least indulgent. He could not get through one day without the help of diversions which the Puritans regarded as sinful. As a man eminently well bred, and keenly sensible of the ridiculous, he was moved to contemptuous mirth by the Puritan oddities. He had indeed some reason to dislike the rigid sect. He had, at the age when the passions are most impetuous and when levity is most pardonable, spent some months in Scotland, a King in name, but in fact a state prisoner in the hands of austere Presbyterians. Not content with requiring him to conform to their worship and to subscribe their Covenant, they had watched all his motions, and lectured him on all his youthful follies. He had been compelled to give reluctant attendance at endless prayers and sermons, and might think himself fortunate when he was not insolently reminded from the pulpit of his own frailties, of his father's tyranny, and of his mother's idolatry. Indeed he had been so miserable during this part of his life that the defeat which made him again a wanderer might be regarded as a deliverance rather than as a calamity. Under the influence of such feelings as these Charles was desirous to depress the party which had resisted his father.

The King's brother, James Duke of York [later King James the Second], took the same side. Though a libertine, James was diligent, methodical, and fond of authority and business. His understanding was singularly slow and narrow, and his temper obstinate, harsh, and unforgiving. That such a prince should have looked with no good will on the free institutions of England, and on the party which was peculiarly zealous for those institutions, can excite no surprise. As yet the Duke professed himself a member of the Anglican Church: but he had already shown inclinations which had seriously alarmed good Protestants.

II. THE CORONATION OF JAMES THE SECOND

THE death of King Charles the Second took the nation by surprise. When all was over, James retired from the bedside to his closet, where, during a quarter of an hour, he remained alone. Meanwhile the Privy Councillors

who were in the palace assembled. The new King came forth, and took his place at the head of the board. He commenced his administration, according to usage, by a speech to the Council. He expressed his regret for the loss which he had just sustained, and he promised to imitate the singular lenity which had distinguished the late reign. He was aware, he said, that he had been accused of a fondness for arbitrary power. But that was not the only falsehood which had been told of him. He was resolved to maintain the established government both in Church and State. The Church of England he knew to be eminently loyal. It should therefore always be his care to support and defend her. The laws of England, he also knew, were sufficient to make him as great a King as he could wish to be. He would not relinquish his own rights; but he would respect the rights of others. He had formerly risked his life in defence of his country, and he would still go as far as any man in support of her just liberties.

This speech was not, like modern speeches on similar occasions, carefully prepared by the advisers of the sovereign. It was the extemporaneous expression of the new King's feelings at a moment of great excitement. The members of the Council broke forth into clamours of delight and gratitude.

The King had been exhausted by long watching and by many violent emotions. He now retired to rest. The Privy Councillors, having respectfully accompanied him to his bedchamber, returned to their seats and issued orders for the ceremony of proclamation. The Guards were under arms; the heralds appeared in their gorgeous coats; and the pageant proceeded without any obstruction. Casks of wine were broken up in the streets, and all who passed were invited to drink to the health of the new sovereign. But, though an occasional shout was raised, the people were not in a joyous mood. Tears were seen in many eyes; and it was remarked that there was scarcely a housemaid in London who had not contrived to procure some fragment of black crape in honour of King Charles.

The King early put the loyalty of his Protestant friends to the proof. While he was a subject, he had been in the habit of hearing mass with closed doors in a small oratory which had been fitted up for his wife. He now ordered the doors to be thrown open, in order that all who came to pay their duty to him might see the ceremony. When the host was elevated there was a strange confusion in the antechamber. The Roman Catholics fell on their knees: the Protestants hurried out of the room. Soon a new pulpit was erected in the palace; and, during Lent, a series of sermons was preached there by Popish divines, to the great discomposure of zealous churchmen.

A more serious innovation followed. Passion week came; and the King determined to hear mass with the same pomp with which his predecessors had been surrounded when they repaired to the temples of the established religion. He announced his intention to the three members of the interior cabinet, and requested them to attend him. Sunderland, to whom all religions were the same, readily consented. Godolphin, as

Chamberlain of the Queen, had already been in the habit of giving her his hand when she repaired to her oratory, and felt no scruple about bowing himself officially in the house of Rimmon. But Rochester was greatly disturbed.

Within a week after this ceremony James made a far greater sacrifice of his own religious prejudices than he had yet called on any of his Protestant subjects to make. He was crowned on the twenty-third of April, the feast of the patron saint of the realm. The Abbey and the Hall were splendidly decorated. The presence of the Queen and of the peeresses gave to the solemnity a charm which had been wanting to the magnificent inauguration of the late King. Yet those who remembered that inauguration pronounced that there was a great falling off. The ancient usage was that, before a coronation, the sovereign, with all his heralds, judges, councillors, lords, and great dignitaries, should ride in state from the Tower to Westminster. Of these cavalcades the last and the most glorious was that which passed through the capital while the feelings excited by the Restoration were still in full vigour. Arches of triumph overhung the road. All Cornhill, Cheapside, Saint Paul's Church Yard, Fleet Street, and the Strand were lined with scaffolding. The whole city had thus been admitted to gaze on royalty in the most splendid and solemn form that royalty could wear. James ordered an estimate to be made of the cost of such a procession, and found that it would amount to about half as much as he proposed to expend in covering his wife with trinkets. He accordingly determined to be profuse where he ought to have been frugal, and niggardly where he might pardonably have been profuse. More than a hundred thousand pounds were laid out in dressing the Queen, and the procession from the Tower was omitted. The folly of this course is obvious. If pageantry be of any use in politics, it is of use as a means of striking the imagination of the multitude. It is surely the height of absurdity to shut out the populace from a show of which the main object is to make an impression on the populace. James would have shown a more judicious munificence and a more judicious parsimony, if he had traversed London from east to west with the accustomed pomp, and had ordered the robes of his wife to be somewhat less thickly set with pearls and diamonds.

James had ordered [Archbishop] Sancroft to abridge the ritual. The reason publicly assigned was that the day was too short for all that was to be done. But whoever examines the changes which were made will see that the real object was to remove some things highly offensive to the religious feelings of a zealous Roman Catholic. The Communion Service was not read. The ceremony of presenting the sovereign with a richly bound copy of the English Bible, and of exhorting him to prize above all earthly treasures a volume which he had been taught to regard as adulterated with false doctrine, was omitted. What remained, however, after all this curtailment, might well have raised scruples in the mind of a man who sincerely believed the Church of England to be a heretical society, within the pale of which salvation was not to be found. The King made

an oblation on the altar. He appeared to join in the petitions of the Litany which was chaunted by the Bishops. He received from these false prophets the unction typical of a divine influence, and knelt with the semblance of devotion while they called down upon him that Holy Spirit of which they were, in his estimation, the malignant and obdurate foes. Such are the inconsistencies of human nature that this man, who, from a fanatical zeal for his religion, threw away three kingdoms, yet chose to commit what was little short of an act of apostasy, rather than forego the childish pleasure of being invested with the gewgaws symbolical of kingly power.

Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely, preached. He was one of those writers who still affected the obsolete style of Archbishop Williams and Bishop Andrews. The sermon was made up of quaint conceits, such as seventy years earlier might have been admired, but such as moved the scorn of a generation accustomed to the purer eloquence of Sprat, of South, and of Tillotson. King Solomon was King James. Adonijah was Monmouth. Joab was a Rye House conspirator; Shimei, a Whig libeller; Abiathar, an honest but misguided old Cavalier. One phrase in the Book of Chronicles was construed to mean that the King was above the Parliament, and another was cited to prove that he alone ought to command the militia. Towards the close of the discourse the orator very timidly alluded to the new and embarrassing position in which the Church stood with reference to the sovereign, and reminded his hearers that the Emperor Constantius Chlorus, though not himself a Christian, had held in honour those Christians who remained true to their religion, and had treated with scorn those who sought to earn his favour by apostasy. The service in the Abbey was followed by a stately banquet in the Hall, the banquet by brilliant fireworks, and the fireworks by much bad poetry.

This may be fixed upon as the moment at which the enthusiasm of the Tory party reached the zenith. Ever since the accession of the new King, addresses had been pouring in which expressed profound veneration for his person and office, and bitter detestation of the vanquished Whigs. The magistrates of Middlesex thanked God for having confounded the designs of those regicides and excluders who, not content with having murdered one blessed monarch, were bent on destroying the foundations of monarchy. The city of Gloucester execrated the bloodthirsty villains who had tried to deprive His Majesty of his just inheritance. The burgesses of Wigan assured their sovereign that they would defend him against all plotting Achitophels and rebellious Absaloms. The grand jury of Suffolk expressed a hope that the Parliament would proscribe all the excluders. Many corporations pledged themselves never to return to the House of Commons any person who had voted for taking away the birthright of James. Even the capital was profoundly obsequious. The lawyers and traders vied with each other in servility. Inns of Court and Inns of Chancery sent up fervent professions of attachment and submission. All the great commercial societies, the East India Company, the African Company, the Turkey Company, the Muscovy Company, the Hudson's Bay

Company, the Maryland Merchants, the Jamaica Merchants, the Merchant Adventurers, declared that they most cheerfully complied with the royal edict which required them still to pay custom. Bristol, the second city of the island, echoed the voice of London. But nowhere was the spirit of loyalty stronger than in the two Universities. Oxford declared that she would never swerve from those religious principles which bound her to obey the King without any restrictions or limitations. Cambridge condemned, in severe terms, the violence and treachery of those turbulent men who had maliciously endeavoured to turn the stream of succession out of the ancient channel.

Such addresses as these filled, during a considerable time, every number of the London Gazette. But it was not only by addressing that the Tories showed their zeal. The writs for the new Parliament had gone forth, and the country was agitated by the tumult of a general election. No election had ever taken place under circumstances so favourable to the court.

The general result of the elections exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the court. James found with delight that it would be unnecessary for him to expend a farthing in buying votes. He said that, with the exception of about forty members, the House of Commons was just such as he should himself have named. And this House of Commons it was in his power, as the law then stood, to keep to the end of his reign.

III. THE REBELLION OF MONMOUTH AND ARGYLE

CHARLES, while a wanderer on the Continent, had fallen in at the Hague with Lucy Walters, a Welsh girl of great beauty, but of weak understanding and dissolute manners. She became his mistress, and presented him with a son. A suspicious lover might have had his doubts; for the lady had several admirers, and was not supposed to be cruel to any. Charles, however, readily took her word, and poured forth on little James Croft, as the boy was then called, an overflowing fondness, such as seemed hardly to belong to that cool and careless nature. Soon after the Restoration, the young favourite, who had learned in France the exercises then considered necessary to a fine gentleman, made his appearance at Whitehall. He was lodged in the palace, attended by pages, and permitted to enjoy several distinctions which had till then been confined to princes of the blood royal. He was married, while still in tender youth, to Anne Scott, heiress of the noble house of Buccleuch. He took her name, and received with her hand possession of her ample domains. The estate which he acquired by this match was popularly estimated at not less than ten thousand pounds a year. Titles, and favours more substantial than titles, were lavished on him. He was made Duke of Monmouth in England, Duke of Buccleuch in Scotland, a Knight of the Garter, Master of the Horse, Commander of the first troop of Life Guards, Chief Justice of Eyre south of Trent, and

Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. While Monmouth was still a child, and while the Duke of York still passed for a Protestant, it was rumoured throughout the country, and even in circles which ought to have been well informed, that the King had made Lucy Walters his wife, and that, if every one had his right, her son would be Prince of Wales. Much was said of a certain black box which, according to the vulgar belief, contained the contract of marriage. When Monmouth had returned from the Low Countries with a high character for valour and conduct, and when the Duke of York was known to be a member of a church detested by the great majority of the nation, this idle story became important. For it there was not the slightest evidence. Against it there was the solemn asseveration of the King, made before his Council, and by his order communicated to his people. But the multitude, always fond of romantic adventures, drank in eagerly the tale of the secret espousals and the black box. When Monmouth arrived in London at midnight, the watchmen were ordered by the magistrates to proclaim the joyful event through the streets of the City: the people left their beds: bonfires were lighted: the windows were illuminated: the churches were opened; and a merry peal rose from all the steeples. When he travelled, he was everywhere received with not less pomp, and with far more enthusiasm, than had been displayed when Kings had made progresses through the realm.

It is a curious circumstance that, at two of the greatest conjunctures in our history, the chiefs of the Protestant party should have committed the same error, and should by that error have greatly endangered their country and their religion. At the death of Edward the Sixth they set up the Lady Jane, without any show of birthright, in opposition, not only to their enemy Mary, but also to Elizabeth, the true hope of England and of the Reformation. Thus the most respectable Protestants, with Elizabeth at their head, were forced to make common cause with the Papists. In the same manner, a hundred and thirty years later, a part of the opposition, by setting up Monmouth as a claimant of the crown, attacked the rights, not only of James, whom they justly regarded as an implacable foe of their faith and their liberties, but also of the Prince and Princess of Orange, who were eminently marked out, both by situation and by personal qualities, as the defenders of all free governments and of all reformed Churches.

The true policy of the Whigs was to submit with patience to adversity which was the natural consequence and the just punishment of their errors, to wait patiently for that turn of public feeling which must inevitably come, to observe the law, and to avail themselves of the protection, imperfect indeed, but by no means nugatory, which the law afforded to innocence. Unhappily they took a very different course. Unscrupulous and hotheaded chiefs of the party formed and discussed schemes of resistance, and were heard, if not with approbation, yet with the show of acquiescence, by much better men than themselves. The just indignation excited by the Rye House plot [which had had for its object the assassination of King Charles the Second and of the Duke of York] was extended for a

time to the whole Whig body. Shaftesbury had fled to Holland. Monmouth had thought it prudent to go into voluntary exile.

Misgovernment, such as had never been known in the southern part of our island, had driven from Scotland to the Continent many fugitives, the intemperance of whose political and religious zeal was proportioned to the oppression which they had undergone. These men were not willing to follow an English leader. Even in destitution and exile they retained their punctilious national pride, and would not consent that their country should be, in their persons, degraded into a province. They had a captain of their own, Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyle, who, as chief of the great tribe of Campbell, was known among the population of the Highlands by the proud name of Mac Callum More.

Amsterdam was the place where the leading emigrants, Scotch and English, assembled. Argyle repaired thither from Friesland, Monmouth from Brabant. It soon appeared that the fugitives had scarcely anything in common except hatred of James and impatience to return from banishment. The Scots were jealous of the English, the English of the Scots.

At length all differences were compromised. It was determined that an attempt should be forthwith made on the western coast of Scotland, and that it should be promptly followed by a descent on England.

Argyle was to hold the nominal command in Scotland: but he was placed under the control of a Committee which reserved to itself all the most important parts of the military administration.

Monmouth was to command in England. His soft mind had taken an impress from the society which surrounded him. Ambitious hopes, which had seemed to be extinguished, had revived in his bosom. He remembered the affection with which he had been constantly greeted by the common people in town and country, and expected that they would now rise by hundreds of thousands to welcome him. He remembered the good will which the soldiers had always borne him, and flattered himself that they would come over to him by regiments.

The exiles were able to raise, partly from their own resources and partly from the contributions of well wishers in Holland, a sum sufficient for the two expeditions.

The last hours which Argyle passed on the coast of Holland were hours of great anxiety. But no effectual step was taken for the purpose of detaining him; and on the afternoon of the second of May [1685] he stood out to sea before a favourable breeze.

The voyage was prosperous. On the sixth the Orkneys were in sight. Argyle very unwisely anchored off Kirkwall. It was speedily known at Edinburgh that the rebel squadron had touched at the Orkneys. Troops were instantly put in motion.

The state of public feeling in Scotland was not such as the exiles, misled by the infatuation common in all ages to exiles, had supposed it to be. The government was, indeed, hateful and hated. But the malcontents

were divided into parties which were almost as hostile to one another as to their rulers; nor was any of those parties eager to join the invaders.

Argyle resolved to make a bold push for Glasgow. But, as soon as this resolution was announced, the very men, who had, up to that moment, been urging him to hasten into the low country, took fright, argued, remonstrated, and, when argument and remonstrance proved vain, laid a scheme for seizing the boats, making their own escape, and leaving their General and his clansmen to conquer or perish unaided. This scheme failed; and the poltroons who had formed it were compelled to share with braver men the risks of the last venture.

During the march through the country which lies between Loch Long and Loch Lomond, the insurgents were constantly infested by parties of militia. Some skirmishes took place, in which the Earl had the advantage; but the bands which he repelled, falling back before him, spread the tidings of his approach, and, soon after he had crossed the river Leven, he found a strong body of regular and irregular troops prepared to encounter him. The hostile armies encamped at no great distance from each other. The Earl ventured to propose a night attack, and was overruled.

There was a chance, that by decamping secretly, and hastening all night across heaths and morasses, the Earl might gain many miles on the enemy, and might reach Glasgow without further obstruction. The watch fires were left burning; and the march began. And now disaster followed disaster fast. The guides mistook the track across the moors, and led the army into boggy ground. Military order could not be preserved by undisciplined and disheartened soldiers under a dark sky, and on a treacherous and uneven soil. Panic after panic spread through the broken ranks. Every sight and sound was thought to indicate the approach of pursuers. Some of the officers contributed to spread the terror which it was their duty to calm. The army had become a mob; and the mob melted fast away. Great numbers fled under cover of the night. Rumbold and some other brave men whom no danger could have scared lost their way, and were unable to rejoin the main body. When the day broke, only five hundred fugitives, wearied and dispirited, assembled at Kilpatrick.

All thought of prosecuting the war was at an end: and it was plain that the chiefs of the expedition would have sufficient difficulty in escaping with their lives. They fled in different directions. Argyle hoped to find a secure asylum under the roof of one of his old servants who lived near Kilpatrick. But this hope was disappointed, and he was forced to cross the Clyde. He assumed the dress of a peasant, and pretended to be the guide of Major Fullarton, whose courageous fidelity was proof to all danger. The only ford by which the travellers could cross was guarded by a party of militia. Some questions were asked. Fullarton tried to draw suspicion on himself, in order that his companion might escape unnoticed. But the minds of the questioners misgave them that the guide was not the rude clown that he seemed. They laid hands on him. He broke loose and sprang into the water, but was instantly chased. He stood at bay

for a short time against five assailants. But he had no arms except his pocket pistols, and they were so wet in consequence of his plunge, that they would not go off. He was struck to the ground with a broadsword, and secured.

In Amsterdam the Admiralty suffered Monmouth to sail unmolested. The weather was bad: the voyage was long; and several English men of war were cruising in the Channel. But Monmouth escaped both the sea and the enemy.

On the morning of the eleventh of June the Helderenbergh, accompanied by two smaller vessels, appeared off the port of Lyme. That town is a small knot of steep and narrow alleys, lying on a coast wild, rocky, and beaten by a stormy sea.

The appearance of the three ships, foreign built and without colours, perplexed the inhabitants of Lyme; and the uneasiness increased when it was found that the Customhouse officers, who had gone on board according to usage, did not return. The town's people repaired to the cliffs, and gazed long and anxiously, but could find no solution of the mystery. At length seven boats put off from the largest of the strange vessels, and rowed to the shore. From these boats landed about eighty men, well armed and appointed. Among them were Monmouth, Grey, Fletcher, Ferguson, Wade, and Anthony Buyse, an officer who had been in the service of the Elector of Brandenburg.

Monmouth commanded silence, kneeled down on the shore, thanked God for having preserved the friends of liberty and pure religion from the perils of the sea, and implored the divine blessing on what was yet to be done by land. He then drew his sword and led his men over the cliffs into the town.

As soon as it was known under what leader and for what purpose the expedition came, the enthusiasm of the populace burst through all restraints. The little town was in an uproar with men running to and fro, and shouting "A Monmouth! a Monmouth! the Protestant religion!" Meanwhile the ensign of the adventurers, a blue flag, was set up in the market place. The military stores were deposited in the town hall; and a Declaration setting forth the objects of the expedition was read from the Cross.

On the evening on which the Duke landed, Gregory Alford, Mayor of Lyme, a zealous Tory, and a most bitter persecutor of Nonconformists, sent off his servants to give the alarm to the gentry of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, and himself took horse for the West. Late at night he stopped at Honiton, and thence despatched a few hurried lines to London with the ill tidings.

The Court and the Parliament had been greatly moved by the news from the West. At five in the morning of Saturday the thirteenth of June, the King had received the letter which the Mayor of Lyme had despatched from Honiton. The Privy Council was instantly called together. Orders were given that the strength of every company of infantry and of every

troop of cavalry should be increased. Commissions were issued for the levying of new regiments. Alford's communication was laid before the Lords; and its substance was communicated to the Commons by a message. The Commons examined the couriers who had arrived from the West, and instantly ordered a bill to be brought in for attainting Monmouth of high treason. Addresses were voted assuring the King that both his peers and his people were determined to stand by him with life and fortune against all his enemies. At the next meeting of the Houses they ordered the declaration of the rebels to be burned by the hangman, and passed the bill of attainder through all its stages. That bill received the royal assent on the same day; and a reward of five thousand pounds was promised for the apprehension of Monmouth.

While the Parliament was devising sharp laws against Monmouth and his partisans, he found at Taunton a reception which might well encourage him to hope that his enterprise would have a prosperous issue. The children of the men who, forty years before, had manned the ramparts of Taunton against the Royalists, now welcomed Monmouth with transports of joy and affection. Every door and window was adorned with wreaths of flowers. No man appeared in the streets without wearing in his hat a green bough, the badge of the popular cause. Damsels of the best families in the town wove colours for the insurgents. One flag in particular was embroidered gorgeously with emblems of royal dignity, and was offered to Monmouth by a train of young girls. He received the gift with the winning courtesy which distinguished him. The lady who headed the procession presented him also with a small Bible of great price. He took it with a show of reverence. "I come," he said, "to defend the truths contained in this book, and to seal them, if it must be so, with my blood."

But, while Monmouth enjoyed the applause of the multitude, he could not but perceive, with concern and apprehension, that the higher classes were, with scarcely an exception, hostile to his undertaking, and that no rising had taken place except in the counties where he had himself appeared. The Duke had put himself into a false position by declining the royal title. Had he declared himself sovereign of England, his cause would have worn a show of legality. Monmouth talked in private with dissentients, assured them that he saw no other way of obtaining the support of any portion of the aristocracy [than by proclaiming his sovereignty], and succeeded in extorting their reluctant consent. On the morning of the twentieth of June he was proclaimed in the market place of Taunton. His followers repeated his new title with affectionate delight. But, as some confusion might have arisen if he had been called King James the Second, they commonly used the strange appellation of King Monmouth; and by this name their unhappy favourite was often mentioned in the western counties.

On the day following that on which Monmouth had assumed the regal title he marched from Taunton to Bridgewater. His own spirits, it was remarked, were not high. The acclamations of the devoted thousands

who surrounded him wherever he turned could not dispel the gloom which sate on his brow. A small body guard of forty young men, well armed and mounted at their own charge, attended Monmouth. The people of Bridgewater, who were enriched by a thriving coast trade, furnished him with a small sum of money.

All this time the forces of the government were fast assembling. On the west of the rebel army Albemarle still kept together a large body of Devonshire militia. On the east the trainbands of Wiltshire had mustered under the command of Thomas Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. On the north east, Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort, was in arms.

And now the time for the great hazard drew near. The night was not ill suited for such an enterprise. The moon was indeed at the full, and the northern streamers were shining brilliantly. But the marsh fog lay so thick on Sedgemoor that no object could be discerned there at the distance of fifty paces.

The clock struck eleven; and the Duke with his body guard rode out. He was not in the frame of mind which befits one who is about to strike a decisive blow. The very children who pressed to see him pass observed, and long remembered, that his look was sad and full of evil augury. His army marched by a circuitous path, near six miles in length, towards the royal encampment on Sedgemoor. Part of the route is to this day called War Lane. The foot were led by Monmouth himself.

At about one in the morning of Monday the sixth of July, the rebels were on the open moor. But between them and the enemy lay three broad rhines filled with water and soft mud. Two of these, called the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine, Monmouth knew that he must pass.

The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot, in a long narrow column, passed the Black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the Langmoor Rhine: but the guide, in the fog, missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before the error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected: but, in the confusion, a pistol went off. Some men of the Horse Guards, who were on watch, heard the report, and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist.

"For whom are you?" called out an officer of the Foot Guards. "For the King," replied a voice from the ranks of the rebel cavalry. "For which King?" was then demanded. The answer was a shout of "King Monmouth," mingled with the war cry, which forty years before had been inscribed on the colours of the parliamentary regiments, "God with us."

A few minutes after the Duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor, his infantry came up running fast. The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions.

Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp which he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the rhine, and fired. Part of the royal

infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they levelled their pieces too high.

But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues came pricking fast from Weston Zoyland. Fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the rear, who had charge of the ammunition. The waggoners drove off at full speed, and never stopped till they were many miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition waggons. The King's forces were now united and in good order. The day was about to break. The event of a conflict on an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly, while thousands whom affection for him had hurried to destruction were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon intercept his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left: but the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on a flank. His men were beaten back. He was himself struck to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last. Their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of "Ammunition! for God's sake ammunition!" But no ammunition was at hand. And now the King's artillery came up. It had been posted half a mile off, on the high road from Weston Zoyland to Bridgewater. So defective were then the appointments of an English army that there would have been much difficulty in dragging the great guns to the place where the battle was raging, had not the Bishop of Winchester offered his coach horses and traces for the purpose. This interference of a Christian prelate in a matter of blood has, with strange inconsistency, been condemned by some Whig writers who can see nothing criminal in the conduct of the numerous Puritan ministers then in arms against the government. Even when the guns had arrived, there was such a want of gunners that a sergeant was forced to take on himself the management of several pieces. The cannon, however, though ill served, brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake; the ranks broke; the King's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them; the King's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms, and sold their lives dearly.

But the rout was in a few minutes complete. Three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels more than a thousand lay dead on the moor.

IV. JEFFREYS AND THE "BLOODY ASSIZES"

THE great offices of state had become vacant by the demise of the crown; and it was necessary for James to determine how they should be filled. Few of the members of the late cabinet had any reason to accept his favour. The Lord Keeper Guildford could hardly be said to belong to either of the parties into which the court was divided. He could by no means be called a friend of liberty; and yet he had so great a reverence for the letter of the law that he was not a serviceable tool of arbitrary power. He was accordingly designated by the vehement Tories as a Trimmer, and was to James an object of aversion with which contempt was largely mingled.

The Great Seal was left in Guildford's custody: but a marked indignity was at the same time offered to him. It was determined that another lawyer of more vigour and audacity should be called to assist in the administration. The person selected was Sir George Jeffreys, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. The depravity of this man has passed into a proverb.

His enemies could not deny that he possessed some of the qualities of a great judge. His legal knowledge, indeed, was merely such as he had picked up in practice of no very high kind. But he had one of those happily constituted intellects which, across labyrinths of sophistry, and through masses of immaterial facts, go straight to the true point. Of his intellect, however, he seldom had the full use. Even in civil causes his malevolent and despotic temper perpetually disordered his judgment. To enter his court was to enter the den of a wild beast, which none could tame, and which was as likely to be roused to rage by caresses as by attacks.

Early in September [1685] Jeffreys, accompanied by four other judges, set out on that circuit of which the memory will last as long as our race and language. The officers who commanded the troops in the districts through which his course lay had orders to furnish him with whatever military aid he might require.

At Winchester the Chief Justice first opened his commission. Hampshire had not been the theatre of war; but many of the vanquished rebels had, like their leader, fled thither. Two of them, John Hickes, a Nonconformist divine, and Richard Nelthorpe, a lawyer who had been outlawed for his share in the Rye House Plot, had sought refuge at the house of Alice, widow of John Lisle. John Lisle had sate in the Long Parliament and in the High Court of Justice, had been a Commissioner of the Great Seal in the days of the Commonwealth, and had been created a lord by Cromwell. The titles given by the Protector had not been recognised

by any government which had ruled England since the downfall of his house; but they appear to have been often used in conversation even by Royalists. John Lisle's widow was therefore commonly known as the Lady Alice. She was related to many respectable, and to some noble, families; and she was generally esteemed even by the Tory gentlemen of her county. For it was well known to them that she had deeply regretted some violent acts in which her husband had borne a part, that she had shed bitter tears for Charles the First, and that she had protected and relieved many Cavaliers in their distress. The same womanly kindness, which had led her to befriend the Royalists in their time of trouble, would not suffer her to refuse a meal and a hiding place to the wretched men who now intreated her to protect them. She took them into her house, set meat and drink before them, and showed them where they might take rest. The next morning her dwelling was surrounded by soldiers. Strict search was made. Hickes was found concealed in the malthouse, and Nelthorpe in the chimney. If Lady Alice knew her guests to have been concerned in the insurrection, she was undoubtedly guilty of what in strictness is a capital crime. For the law of principal and accessory, as respects high treason, then was, and is to this day, in a state disgraceful to English jurisprudence. In cases of felony, a distinction, founded on justice and reason, is made between the principal and the accessory after the fact. He who conceals from justice one whom he knows to be a murderer, though liable to punishment, is not liable to the punishment of murder; but he who shelters one whom he knows to be a traitor is, according to all our jurists, guilty of high treason. It is unnecessary to point out the absurdity and cruelty of a law which includes under the same definition, and visits with the same penalty, offences lying at the opposite extremes of the scale of guilt. The feeling which makes the most loyal subject shrink from the thought of giving up to a shameful death the rebel who, vanquished, hunted down, and in mortal agony, begs for a morsel of bread and a cup of water, may be a weakness: but it is surely a weakness very nearly allied to virtue, a weakness which, constituted as human beings are, we can hardly eradicate from the mind without eradicating many noble and benevolent sentiments. A wise and good ruler may not think it right to sanction this weakness; but he will generally connive at it, or punish it very tenderly. In no case will he treat it as a crime of the blackest dye. Whether Flora Macdonald was justified in concealing the attainted heir of the Stuarts, whether a brave soldier of our own time was justified in assisting the escape of Lavalette, are questions on which casuists may differ: but to class such actions with the crimes of Guy Faux and Fieschi is an outrage to humanity and common sense. Such, however, is the classification of our law. It is evident that nothing but a lenient administration could make such a state of the law endurable. And it is just to say that, during many generations, no English government, save one, has treated with rigour persons guilty merely of harbouring defeated and flying insurgents. To women especially has been

granted, by a kind of tacit prescription, the right of indulging, in the midst of havoc and vengeance, that compassion which is the most endearing of all their charms. Since the beginning of the great civil war, numerous rebels, some of them far more important than Hickes or Nelthorpe, have been protected against the severity of victorious governments by female adroitness and generosity. But no English ruler who has been thus baffled, the savage and implacable James alone excepted, has had the barbarity even to think of putting a lady to a cruel and shameful death for so venial and amiable a transgression.

Odious as the law was, it was strained for the purpose of destroying Alice Lisle. She could not, according to the doctrine laid down by the highest authority, be convicted till after the conviction of the rebels whom she had harboured. She was, however, sent to the bar before either Hickes or Nelthorpe had been tried. It was no easy matter in such a case to obtain a verdict for the crown. The witnesses prevaricated. The jury, consisting of the principal gentlemen of Hampshire, shrank from the thought of sending a fellow creature to the stake for conduct which seemed deserving rather of praise than of blame. Jeffreys was beside himself with fury. This was the first case of treason on the circuit; and there seemed to be a strong probability that his prey would escape him. He stormed, cursed, and swore in language which no well-bred man would have used at a race or a cockfight. One witness named Dunne, partly from concern for Lady Alice, and partly from fright at the threats and maledictions of the Chief Justice, entirely lost his head, and at last stood silent. "Oh how hard the truth is," said Jeffreys, "to come out of a lying Presbyterian knave." The witness, after a pause of some minutes, stammered a few unmeaning words. "Was there ever," exclaimed the judge, with an oath, "was there ever such a villain on the face of the earth? Dost thou believe that there is a God? Dost thou believe in hell fire? Of all the witnesses that I ever met with I never saw thy fellow." Still the poor man, scared out of his senses, remained mute; and again Jeffreys burst forth. "I hope, gentlemen of the jury, that you take notice of the horrible carriage of this fellow. How can one help abhorring both these men and their religion? A Turk is a saint to such a fellow as this. A Pagan would be ashamed of such villainy. Oh blessed Jesus! What a generation of vipers do we live among!" "I cannot tell what to say, my Lord," faltered Dunne. The judge again broke forth into a volley of oaths. "Was there ever," he cried, "such an impudent rascal? Hold the candle to him that we may see his brazen face. You, gentlemen, that are of counsel for the crown, see that an information for perjury be preferred against this fellow." After the witnesses had been thus handled, the Lady Alice was called on for her defence. She began by saying, what may possibly have been true, that, though she knew Hickes to be in trouble when she took him in, she did not know or suspect that he had been concerned in the rebellion. He was a divine, a man of peace. It had, therefore, never occurred to her that he could have borne arms against the government;

and she had supposed that he wished to conceal himself because warrants were out against him for field preaching. The Chief Justice began to storm. "But I will tell you. There is not one of those lying, snivelling, canting Presbyterians but, one way or another, had a hand in the rebellion. Presbytery has all manner of villainy in it. Nothing but Presbytery could have made Dunne such a rogue. Show me a Presbyterian; and I'll show thee a lying knave." He summed up in the same style, declaimed during an hour against Whigs and Dissenters, and reminded the jury that the prisoner's husband had borne a part in the death of Charles the First, a fact which was not proved by any testimony, and which, if it had been proved, would have been utterly irrelevant to the issue. The jury retired, and remained long in consultation. The judge grew impatient. He could not conceive, he said, how, in so plain a case, they should even have left the box. He sent a messenger to tell them that, if they did not instantly return, he would adjourn the court and lock them up all night. Thus put to the torture, they came, but came to say that they doubted whether the charge had been made out. Jeffreys expostulated with them vehemently, and, after another consultation, they gave a reluctant verdict of Guilty.

On the following morning sentence was pronounced. Jeffreys gave directions that Alice Lisle should be burned alive that very afternoon. This excess of barbarity moved the pity and indignation even of the class which was most devoted to the crown. The clergy of Winchester Cathedral remonstrated with the Chief Justice, who, brutal as he was, was not mad enough to risk a quarrel on such a subject with a body so much respected by the Tory party. He consented to put off the execution five days. During that time the friends of the prisoner besought James to show her mercy. Ladies of high rank interceded for her. Feversham, who, it is said, had been bribed to take the compassionate side, spoke in her favour. Clarendon, the King's brother in law, pleaded her cause. But all was vain. The utmost that could be obtained was that her sentence should be commuted from burning to beheading. She was put to death on a scaffold in the market place of Winchester, and underwent her fate with serene courage.

In Hampshire Alice Lisle was the only victim: but, on the day following her execution, Jeffreys reached Dorchester, the principal town of the county in which Monmouth had landed, and the judicial massacre began.

The court was hung, by order of the Chief Justice, with scarlet; and this innovation seemed to the multitude to indicate a bloody purpose. It was also rumoured that, when the clergyman who preached the assize sermon inforced the duty of mercy, the ferocious mouth of the Judge was distorted by an ominous grin. These things made men augur ill of what was to follow.

More than three hundred prisoners were to be tried. The work seemed heavy; but Jeffreys had a contrivance for making it light. He let it be understood that the only chance of obtaining pardon or respite was to plead guilty. Twenty-nine persons, who put themselves on their country and were convicted, were ordered to be tied up without delay. The

remaining prisoners pleaded guilty by scores. Two hundred and ninety-two received sentence of death. The whole number hanged in Dorchester amounted to seventy-four.

From Dorchester Jeffreys proceeded to Exeter. The civil war had barely grazed the frontier of Devonshire. Here, therefore, comparatively few persons were capitally punished. Somersetshire, the chief seat of the rebellion, had been reserved for the last and most fearful vengeance. In this county two hundred and thirty-three prisoners were in a few days hanged, drawn, and quartered. At every spot where two roads met, on every market place, on the green of every large village which had furnished Monmouth with soldiers, ironed corpses clattering in the wind, or heads and quarters stuck on poles, poisoned the air, and made the traveller sick with horror. In many parishes the peasantry could not assemble in the house of God without seeing the ghastly face of a neighbour grinning at them over the porch. The Chief Justice was all himself. His spirits rose higher and higher as the work went on. He laughed, shouted, joked, and swore in such a way that many thought him drunk from morning to night. But in him it was not easy to distinguish the madness produced by evil passions from the madness produced by brandy. A prisoner affirmed that the witnesses who appeared against him were not entitled to credit. One of them, he said, was a Papist, and another a prostitute. "Thou impudent rebel," exclaimed the judge, "to reflect on the King's evidence! I see thee, villain, I see thee already with the halter round thy neck." Another produced testimony that he was a good Protestant. "Protestant!" said Jeffreys; "you mean Presbyterian. I'll hold you a wager of it. I can smell a Presbyterian forty miles." One wretched man moved the pity even of bitter Tories. "My Lord," they said, "this poor creature is on the parish." "Do not trouble yourselves," said the Judge, "I will ease the parish of the burden." It was not only on the prisoners that his fury broke forth. Gentlemen and noblemen of high consideration and stainless loyalty, who ventured to bring to his notice any extenuating circumstance, were almost sure to receive what he called, in the coarse dialect which he had learned in the pothouses of Whitechapel, a lick with the rough side of his tongue. Lord Stawell, a Tory peer, who could not conceal his horror at the remorseless manner in which his poor neighbours were butchered, was punished by having a corpse suspended in chains at his park gate. In such spectacles originated many tales of terror, which were long told over the cider by the Christmas fires of the farmers of Somersetshire.

Jeffreys boasted that he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors together since the Conquest. It is certain that the number of persons whom he executed in one month, and in one shire, very much exceeded the number of all the political offenders who have been executed in our island since the Revolution. The rebellions of 1715 and 1745 were of longer duration, of wider extent, and of more formidable aspect than that which was put down at Sedgemoor. It has not been generally thought that, either after the rebellion of 1715, or after the rebellion of 1745, the

House of Hanover erred on the side of clemency. Yet all the executions of 1715 and 1745 added together will appear to have been few indeed when compared with those which disgraced the Bloody Assizes. The number of the rebels whom Jeffreys hanged on this circuit was three hundred and twenty.

At a later period, when all men of all parties spoke with horror of the Bloody Assizes, the wicked Judge and the wicked King attempted to vindicate themselves by throwing the blame on each other. Jeffreys, in the Tower, protested that, in his utmost cruelty, he had not gone beyond his master's express orders, nay, that he had fallen short of them. James, at Saint Germain's, would willingly have had it believed that his own inclinations had been on the side of clemency, and that unmerited obloquy had been brought on him by the violence of his minister. But neither of these hard-hearted men must be absolved at the expense of the other. The plea set up for James can be proved under his own hand to be false in fact. The plea of Jeffreys, even if it be true in fact, is utterly worthless.

V. KING JAMES ALIENATES HIS SUBJECTS

JAMES was now at the height of power and prosperity. Both in England and in Scotland he had vanquished his enemies, and had punished them with a severity which had indeed excited their bitterest hatred, but had, at the same time, effectually quelled their courage. The Whig party seemed extinct. The name of Whig was never used except as a term of reproach. The Parliament was devoted to the King; and it was in his power to keep that Parliament to the end of his reign. The Church was louder than ever in professions of attachment to him, and had, during the late insurrection, acted up to those professions. The Judges were his tools; and if they ceased to be so, it was in his power to remove them. The corporations were filled with his creatures. His revenues far exceeded those of his predecessors. His pride rose high. Visions of dominion and glory rose before him. He already saw himself, in imagination, the umpire of Europe, the champion of many states oppressed by one too powerful monarchy [that of Lewis the Fourteenth]. So early as the month of June [1685] he had assured the United Provinces [of Holland] that, as soon as the affairs of England were settled, he would show the world how little he feared France. In conformity with these assurances, he, within a month after the battle of Sedgemoor, concluded with the States General [of Holland] a defensive treaty. It was regarded, both at the Hague and at Versailles, as a most significant circumstance that Halifax, who was the constant and mortal enemy of French ascendency, and who had scarcely ever before been consulted on any grave affair since the beginning of the reign, took the lead on this occasion, and seemed to have the royal ear. It was a circumstance not less significant that no previous communication was made to Barillon [the French Ambassador]. Both he and his master

were taken by surprise. Lewis was much troubled, and expressed great, and not unreasonable, anxiety as to the ulterior designs of the prince who had lately been his pensioner and vassal. There were strong rumours that William of Orange was busied in organizing a great confederacy, which was to include both branches of the House of Austria, the United Provinces, the kingdom of Sweden, and the electorate of Brandenburg. It now seemed that this confederacy would have at its head the King and Parliament of England.

One of his objects was to obtain a repeal of the Habeas Corpus Act, which he hated, as it was natural that a tyrant should hate the most stringent curb that ever legislation imposed on tyranny. This feeling remained deeply fixed in his mind to the last, and appears in the instructions which he drew up, in exile, for the guidance of his son. But the Habeas Corpus Act, though passed during the ascendency of the Whigs, was not more dear to the Whigs than to the Tories. It is indeed not wonderful that this great law should be highly prized by all Englishmen without distinction of party: for it is a law which, not by circuitous, but by direct operation, adds to the security and happiness of every inhabitant of the realm.

James had yet another design, odious to the party which had set him on the throne and which had upheld him there. He wished to form a great standing army. He had taken advantage of the late insurrection to make large additions to the military force which his brother had left. The bodies now designated as the first six regiments of dragoon guards, the third and fourth regiments of dragoons, and the nine regiments of infantry of the line, from the seventh to the fifteenth inclusive, had just been raised. The effect of these augmentations, and of the recall of the garrison of Tangier, was that the number of regular troops in England had, in a few months, been increased from six thousand to near twenty thousand. No English King had ever, in time of peace, had such a force at his command. Yet even with this force James was not content. He often repeated that no confidence could be placed in the fidelity of the trainbands, that they sympathised with all the passions of the class to which they belonged, that, at Sedgemoor, there had been more militia men in the rebel army than in the royal encampment, and that, if the throne had been defended only by the array of the counties, Monmouth would have marched in triumph from Lyme to London.

The revenue, large as it was when compared with that of former Kings, barely sufficed to meet this new charge. A great part of the produce of the new taxes was absorbed by the naval expenditure. At the close of the late reign the whole cost of the army, the Tangier regiments included, had been under three hundred thousand pounds a year. Six hundred thousand pounds a year would not now suffice. If any further augmentation were made, it would be necessary to demand a supply from Parliament; and it was not likely that Parliament would be in a complying mood. The very name of standing army was hateful to the whole nation,

and to no part of the nation more hateful than to the Cavalier gentlemen who filled the Lower House. In their minds a standing army was inseparably associated with the Rump, with the Protector, with the spoliation of the Church, with the purgation of the Universities, with the abolition of the peerage, with the murder of the King, with the sullen reign of the Saints, with cant and asceticism, with fines and sequestrations, with the insults which Major Generals, sprung from the dregs of the people, had offered to the oldest and most honourable families of the kingdom. There was, moreover, scarcely a baronet or a squire in the Parliament who did not owe part of his importance in his own county to his rank in the militia. If that national force were set aside, the gentry of England must lose much of their dignity and influence. It was therefore probable that the King would find it more difficult to obtain funds for the support of his army than even to obtain the repeal of the Habeas Corpus Act.

But both the designs which have been mentioned were subordinate to one great design on which the King's whole soul was bent, but which was abhorred by those Tory gentlemen who were ready to shed their blood for his rights, abhorred by that Church which had never, during three generations of civil discord, wavered in fidelity to his house, abhorred even by that army on which, in the last extremity, he must rely.

His religion was still under proscription. Many rigorous laws against Roman Catholics appeared on the Statute Book, and had, within no long time, been rigorously executed. The Test Act excluded from civil and military office all who dissented from the Church of England; and, by a subsequent Act, passed when the fictions of [Titus] Oates had driven the nation wild, it had been provided that no person should sit in either House of Parliament without solemnly abjuring the doctrine of transubstantiation. That the King should wish to obtain for the Church to which he belonged a complete toleration was natural and right; nor is there any reason to doubt that, by a little patience, prudence, and justice, such a toleration might have been obtained.

The extreme antipathy and dread with which the English people regarded his religion was not to be ascribed solely or chiefly to theological animosity. That salvation might be found in the Church of Rome, nay, that some members of that Church had been among the brightest examples of Christian virtue, was admitted by all divines of the Anglican communion and by the most illustrious Nonconformists. It is notorious that the penal laws against Popery were strenuously defended by many who thought Arianism, Quakerism, and Judaism more dangerous, in a spiritual point of view, than Popery, and who yet showed no disposition to enact similar laws against Arians, Quakers, or Jews.

It is easy to explain why the Roman Catholic was treated with less indulgence than was shown to men who renounced the doctrine of the Nicene fathers, and even to men who had not been admitted by baptism within the Christian pale. There was among the English a strong conviction that the Roman Catholic, where the interests of his religion

were concerned, thought himself free from all the ordinary rules of morality, nay, that he thought it meritorious to violate those rules if, by so doing, he could avert injury or reproach from the Church of which he was a member.

It is evident that, in such circumstances, the greatest service which an English Roman Catholic could render to his brethren in the faith was to convince the public that, whatever some rash men might, in times of violent excitement, have written or done, his Church did not hold that any end could sanctify means inconsistent with morality. And this great service it was in the power of James to render. He was King. He was more powerful than any English King had been within the memory of the oldest man. It depended on him whether the reproach which lay on his religion should be taken away or should be made permanent.

Had he conformed to the laws, had he fulfilled his promises, had he abstained from employing any unrighteous methods for the propagation of his own theological tenets, had he suspended the operation of the penal statutes by a large exercise of his unquestionable prerogative of mercy, but, at the same time, carefully abstained from violating the civil or ecclesiastical constitution of the realm, the feeling of his people must have undergone a rapid change. But such reasoning had no effect on the slow understanding and imperious temper of James. In his eagerness to remove the disabilities under which the professors of his religion lay, he took a course which convinced the most enlightened and tolerant Protestants of his time that those disabilities were essential to the safety of the state. To his policy the English Roman Catholics owed three years of lawless and insolent triumph, and a hundred and forty years of subjection and degradation.

Many members of his Church held commissions in the newly raised regiments. This breach of the law for a time passed uncensured: for men were not disposed to note every irregularity which was committed by a King suddenly called upon to defend his crown and his life against rebels. But the danger was now over. The insurgents had been vanquished and punished. Their unsuccessful attempt had strengthened the government which they had hoped to overthrow. Yet still James continued to grant commissions to unqualified persons; and speedily it was announced that he was determined to be no longer bound by the Test Act, that he hoped to induce the Parliament to repeal that Act, but that, if the Parliament proved refractory, he would not the less have his own way.

As soon as this was known, a deep murmur, the forerunner of a tempest, gave him warning that the spirit before which his grandfather, his father, and his brother had been compelled to recede, though dormant, was not extinct. Opposition appeared first in the cabinet. Halifax did not attempt to conceal his disgust and alarm. At the Council board he courageously gave utterance to those feelings which, as it soon appeared, pervaded the whole nation.

Some of those who were about the King advised him not, on the

eve of the meeting of Parliament, to drive the most eloquent and accomplished statesman of the age into opposition. The king was peremptory. Halifax was informed that his services were no longer needed; and his name was struck out of the Council Book.

His dismission produced a great sensation not only in England, but also at Paris, at Vienna, and at the Hague: for it was well known, that he had always laboured to counteract the influence exercised by the court of Versailles on English affairs.

It soon became clear that Halifax would have many followers. A portion of the Tories, with their older leader, Danby, at their head, began to hold Whiggish language. Even the prelates hinted that there was a point at which the loyalty due to the prince must yield to higher considerations. The discontent of the chiefs of the army was still more extraordinary and still more formidable. Already began to appear the first symptoms of that feeling which, three years later, impelled so many officers of high rank to desert the royal standard. Factions were fast taking new forms. Old allies were separating. Old enemies were uniting. Discontent was spreading fast through all the ranks of the party lately dominant. A hope, still indeed faint and indefinite, of victory and revenge, animated the party which had lately seemed to be extinct. Amidst such circumstances the eventful and troubled year 1685 terminated, and the year 1686 began.

From his predecessors James had inherited two prerogatives, of which the limits had never been defined with strict accuracy, and which, if exerted without any limit, would of themselves have sufficed to overturn the whole polity of the State and of the Church. These were the dispensing power and the ecclesiastical supremacy. By means of the dispensing power the King purposed to admit Roman Catholics, not merely to civil and military, but to spiritual, offices. By means of the ecclesiastical supremacy he hoped to make the Anglican clergy his instruments for the destruction of their own religion.

No course was too bold for James. The Deanery of Christchurch became vacant. That office was, both in dignity and in emolument, one of the highest in the University of Oxford. The Dean was charged with the government of a greater number of youths of high connections and of great hopes than could then be found in any other college. He was also the head of a Cathedral. In both characters it was necessary that he should be a member of the Church of England. Nevertheless John Massey, who was notoriously a member of the Church of Rome, and who had not one single recommendation, except that he was a member of the Church of Rome, was appointed by virtue of the dispensing power; and soon within the walls of Christchurch an altar was decked, at which mass was daily celebrated.

Yet even this was a small evil compared with that which Protestants had good ground to apprehend. It seemed but too probable that the whole government of the Anglican Church would shortly pass into the hands

of her deadly enemies. Three important sees had lately become vacant, that of York, that of Chester, and that of Oxford. The Bishopric of Oxford was given to Samuel Parker, a parasite, whose religion, if he had any religion, was that of Rome, and who called himself a Protestant only because he was encumbered with a wife. The Bishopric of Chester, vacant by the death of John Pearson, a great name both in philology and in divinity, was bestowed on Thomas Cartwright, a still viler sycophant than Parker. The Archbishopric of York remained several years vacant. As no good reason could be found for leaving so important a place unfilled, men suspected that the nomination was delayed only till the King could venture to place the mitre on the head of an avowed Papist.

The celebration of the Roman Catholic worship had long been prohibited by Act of Parliament. During several generations no Roman Catholic clergyman had dared to exhibit himself in any public place with the badges of his office. Against the regular clergy, and against the restless and subtle Jesuits by name, had been enacted a succession of rigorous statutes. Every Jesuit who set foot in this country was liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. A reward was offered for his detection. He was not allowed to take advantage of the general rule, that men are not bound to accuse themselves. Whoever was suspected of being a Jesuit might be interrogated, and, if he refused to answer, might be sent to prison for life. These laws, though they had not, except when there was supposed to be some peculiar danger, been strictly executed, and though they had never prevented Jesuits from resorting to England, had made disguise necessary. But all disguise was now thrown off. Injudicious members of the King's Church, encouraged by him, took a pride in defying statutes which were still of undoubted validity, and feelings which had a stronger hold of the national mind than at any former period. Roman Catholic chapels rose all over the country. Cowls, girdles of ropes, and strings of beads constantly appeared in the streets, and astonished a population, the oldest of whom had never seen a conventual garb except on the stage. A convent rose at Clerkenwell on the site of the ancient cloister of Saint John. The Franciscans occupied a mansion in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Carmelites were quartered in the City. A society of Benedictine monks was lodged in Saint James's Palace. In the Savoy a spacious house, including a church and a school, was built for the Jesuits. The skill and care with which those fathers had, during several generations, conducted the education of youth, had drawn forth reluctant praises from the wisest Protestants. Bacon had pronounced the mode of instruction followed in the Jesuit colleges to be the best yet known in the world, and had warmly expressed his regret that so admirable a system of intellectual and moral discipline should be subservient to the interests of a corrupt religion. It was not improbable that the new academy in the Savoy might, under royal patronage, prove a formidable rival to the great foundations of Eton, Westminster, and Winchester. Indeed, soon after the school was opened, the classes consisted of four hundred boys, about one half of whom were

Protestants. The Protestant pupils were not required to attend mass: but there could be no doubt that the influence of able preceptors, devoted to the Roman Catholic Church, and versed in all the arts which win the confidence and affection of youth, would make many converts.

These things produced great excitement among the populace, which is always more moved by what impresses the senses than by what is addressed to the reason. Thousands of rude and ignorant men, to whom the dispensing power and the Ecclesiastical Commission were words without a meaning, saw with dismay and indignation a Jesuit college rising on the banks of the Thames, friars in hoods and gowns walking in the Strand, and crowds of devotees pressing in at the doors of temples where homage was paid to graven images. Riots broke out in several parts of the country. At Coventry and Worcester the Roman Catholic worship was violently interrupted. At Bristol the rabble, countenanced, it was said, by the magistrates, exhibited a profane and indecent pageant, in which the Virgin Mary was represented by a buffoon, and in which a mock host was carried in procession. The garrison was called out to disperse the mob. The mob, then and ever since one of the fiercest in the kingdom, resisted. Blows were exchanged, and serious hurts inflicted. The agitation was great in the capital, and greater in the City, properly so called, than at Westminster. For the people of Westminster had been accustomed to see among them the private chapels of Roman Catholic Ambassadors: but the City had not, within living memory, been poluted by any idolatrous exhibition. Now, however, the resident of the Elector Palatine, encouraged by the King, fitted up a chapel in Lime Street. The heads of the corporation, though men selected for office on account of their known Toryism, protested against this proceeding, which, as they said, the ablest gentlemen of the long robe regarded as illegal. The Lord Mayor was ordered to appear before the Privy Council. "Take heed what you do," said the King. "Obey me; and do not trouble yourself either about gentlemen of the long robe or gentlemen of the short robe." The Chancellor took up the word, and reprimanded the unfortunate magistrate with the genuine eloquence of the Old Bailey bar. The chapel was opened. All the neighbourhood was soon in commotion. Great crowds assembled in Cheapside to attack the new mass house. The priests were insulted. A crucifix was taken out of the building and set up on the parish pump. The Lord Mayor came to quell the tumult, but was received with cries of "No wooden gods." The trainbands were ordered to disperse the crowd: but they shared in the popular feeling; and murmurs were heard from the ranks, "We cannot in conscience fight for Popery."

VI. THE SEVEN BISHOPS AND THE ROYAL HEIR

On the eighteenth of March [1687] King James informed the Privy Council that he had determined to prorogue the Parliament till the end

of November, and to grant, by his own authority, entire liberty of conscience to all his subjects. On the fourth of April appeared the memorable Declaration of Indulgence.

In this Declaration the King avowed that it was his earnest wish to see his people members of that Church to which he himself belonged. But, since that could not be, he announced his intention to protect them in the free exercise of their religion. He repeated all those phrases which, eight years before, when he was himself an oppressed man, had been familiar to his lips, but which he had ceased to use from the day on which a turn of fortune had put it into his power to be an oppressor. He had long been convinced, he said, that conscience was not to be forced, that persecution was unfavourable to population and to trade, and that it never attained the ends which persecutors had in view. He repeated his promise, already often repeated and often violated, that he would protect the Established Church in the enjoyment of her legal rights. He then proceeded to annul, by his own sole authority, a long series of statutes. He suspended all penal laws against all classes of Noncomformists. He authorised both Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters to perform their worship publicly. He forbade his subjects, on pain of his highest displeasure, to molest any religious assembly. He also abrogated all those acts which imposed any religious test as a qualification for any civil or military office.

On the twenty-seventh of April 1688, the King put forth a second Declaration of Indulgence. In this paper he recited at length the Declaration of the preceding April. His past life, he said, ought to have convinced his people that he was not a person who could easily be induced to depart from any resolution which he had formed. But, as designing men had attempted to persuade the world that he might be prevailed on to give way in this matter, he thought it necessary to proclaim that his purpose was immutably fixed, that he was resolved to employ those only who were prepared to concur in his design, and that he had, in pursuance of that resolution, dismissed many of his disobedient servants from civil and military employments. He announced that he meant to hold a Parliament in November at the latest; and he exhorted his subjects to choose representatives who would assist him in the great work which he had undertaken.

This Declaration at first produced little sensation. It contained nothing new; and men wondered that the King should think it worth while to publish a solemn manifesto merely for the purpose of telling them that he had not changed his mind. Perhaps James was nettled by the indifference with which the announcement of his fixed resolution was received by the public, and thought that his dignity and authority would suffer unless he without delay did something novel and striking. On the fourth of May, accordingly, he made an Order in Council that his Declaration of the preceding week should be read, on two successive Sundays at the time of divine service, by the officiating ministers of all the churches

and chapels of the kingdom. In London and in the suburbs the reading was to take place on the twentieth and twenty-seventh of May, in other parts of England on the third and tenth of June. The Bishops were directed to distribute copies of the Declaration through their respective dioceses.

When it is considered that the clergy of the Established Church, with scarcely an exception, regarded the Indulgence as a violation of the laws of the realm, as a breach of the plighted faith of the King, and as a fatal blow levelled at the interest and dignity of their own profession, it will scarcely admit of doubt that the Order in Council was intended to be felt by them as a cruel affront. It was popularly believed that [Father] Petre [Jesuit leader] had avowed this intention in a coarse metaphor borrowed from the rhetoric of the East. He would, he said, make them eat dirt, the vilest and most loathsome of all dirt. But, tyrannical and malignant as the mandate was, would the Anglican priesthood refuse to obey? The King's temper was arbitrary and severe. The proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Commission were as summary as those of a court martial. Whoever ventured to resist might in a week be ejected from his parsonage, deprived of his whole income, pronounced incapable of holding any other spiritual preferment, and left to beg from door to door.

The London clergy, then universally acknowledged to be the flower of their profession, held a meeting. Fifteen Doctors of Divinity were present. A resolution by which all present pledged themselves to one another not to read the Declaration was then drawn up. The paper was sent round the city, and was speedily subscribed by eighty-five incumbents.

On the eighteenth [of May] a meeting of prelates and of other eminent divines was held at Lambeth. Tillotson, Tenison, Stillingfleet, Patrick, and Sherlock, were present. Prayers were solemnly read before the consultation began. After long deliberation, a petition embodying the general sense was written by the Archbishop with his own hand. It was not drawn up with much felicity of style. Indeed, the cumbrous and inelegant structure of the sentences brought on Sancroft some raillery, which he bore with less patience than he showed under much heavier trials. But in substance nothing could be more skilfully framed than this memorable document. All disloyalty, all intolerance, was earnestly disclaimed. The King was assured that the Church still was, as she had ever been, faithful to the throne. He was assured also that the Bishops would, in proper place and time, as Lords of Parliament and members of the Upper House of Convocation, show that they by no means wanted tenderness for the conscientious scruples of Dissenters. But Parliament had, both in the late and in the present reign, pronounced that the sovereign was not constitutionally competent to dispense with statutes in matters ecclesiastical. The Declaration was therefore illegal; and the petitioners could not, in prudence, honour, or conscience, be parties to the solemn publication of an illegal Declaration in the house of God, and during the time of divine service.

This paper was signed by the Archbishop and by six of his suffragans,

Lloyd of St. Asaph, Turner of Ely, Lake of Chichester, Ken of Bath and Wells, White of Peterborough, and Trelawney of Bristol. The Bishop of London, being under suspension, did not sign.

In the City and Liberties of London were about a hundred parish churches. In only four of these was the Order in Council obeyed.

Another week of anxiety and agitation passed away. Sunday came again. Again the churches of the capital were thronged by hundreds of thousands. The Declaration was read nowhere except at the very few places where it had been read the week before.

Even the King stood aghast for a moment at the violence of the tempest which he had raised. What step was he next to take? He must either advance or recede: and it was impossible to advance without peril, or to recede without humiliation. At one moment he determined to put forth a second order enjoining the clergy in high and angry terms to publish his Declaration, and menacing every one who should be refractory with instant suspension. This order was drawn up and sent to the press, then recalled, then a second time sent to the press, then recalled a second time. A different plan was suggested by some of those who were for rigorous measures.

On the twenty-seventh of May it was notified to the Bishops that on the eighth of June they must appear before the King in Council.

On the evening of the eighth of June the seven prelates, furnished by the ablest lawyers in England with full advice, repaired to the palace, and were called into the Council chamber. The King was so absurd as to think himself personally affronted because they chose, on a legal question, to be guided by legal advice. "You believe everybody," he said, "rather than me." He was indeed mortified and alarmed. For he had gone so far that, if they persisted, he had no choice left but to send them to prison; and, though he by no means foresaw all the consequences of such a step, he foresaw probably enough to disturb him. They were resolute. A warrant was therefore made out directing the Lieutenant of the Tower to keep them in safe custody, and a barge was manned to convey them down the river.

It was known all over London that the Bishops were before the Council. The public anxiety was intense. A great multitude filled the courts of Whitehall and all the neighbouring streets. Many people were in the habit of refreshing themselves at the close of a summer day with the cool air of the Thames. But on this evening the whole river was alive with wherries. When the Seven came forth under a guard, the emotions of the people broke through all restraint. Thousands fell on their knees and prayed aloud for the men who had, with the Christian courage of Ridley and Latimer, confronted a tyrant inflamed by all the bigotry of Mary. Many dashed into the stream, and, up to their waists in ooze and water, cried to the holy fathers to bless them. All down the river, from Whitehall to London Bridge, the royal barge passed between lines of boats, from which arose a shout of "God bless your Lordships."

Scarcely had the gates of the Tower been closed on the prisoners when an event took place which increased the public excitement. It had been announced that the Queen [was *enceinte*. She] did not expect to be delivered till July. But, on the day after the Bishops had appeared before the Council, it was observed that the King seemed to be anxious about her state. In the evening, however, she sate playing cards at Whitehall till near midnight. Then she was carried in a sedan to Saint James's Palace, where apartments had been very hastily fitted up for her reception. Soon messengers were running about in all directions to summon physicians and priests, Lords of the Council, and Ladies of the Bedchamber. In a few hours many public functionaries and women of rank were assembled in the Queen's room. There, on the morning of Sunday, the tenth of June, a day long kept sacred by the too faithful adherents of a bad cause, was born the most unfortunate of princes, destined to seventy-seven years of exile and wandering, of vain projects, of honours more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick.

The calamities of the poor child had begun before his birth. The nation over which, according to the ordinary course of succession, he would have reigned, was fully persuaded that his mother was not really pregnant. By whatever evidence the fact of his birth had been proved, a considerable number of people would probably have persisted in maintaining that the Jesuits had practised some skilful sleight of hand: and the evidence, partly from accident, partly from gross mismanagement, was open to some objections. Many persons of both sexes were in the royal bedchamber when the child first saw the light; but none of them enjoyed any large measure of public confidence. Of the Privy Councillors present half were Roman Catholics; and those who called themselves Protestants were generally regarded as traitors to their country and their God. Many of the women in attendance were French, Italian, and Portuguese. Of the English ladies some were Papists, and some were the wives of Papists. Some persons who were peculiarly entitled to be present, and whose testimony would have satisfied all minds accessible to reason, were absent; and for their absence the King was held responsible. The Princess Anne was, of all the inhabitants of the island, the most deeply interested in the event. Her sex and her experience qualified her to act as the guardian of her sister's birthright and her own. She had conceived strong suspicions which were daily confirmed by circumstances trifling or imaginary. She fancied that the Queen carefully shunned her scrutiny, and ascribed to guilt a reserve which was perhaps the effect of delicacy. In this temper Anne had determined to be present and vigilant when the critical day should arrive. But she had not thought it necessary to be at her post a month before that day, and had, in compliance, it was said, with her father's advice, gone to drink the Bath waters. Sancroft, whose great place made it his duty to attend, and on whose probity the nation placed entire reliance, had a few hours before been sent to the Tower by James. The Dutch Ambassador might be regarded as the representative

of William, who, as first prince of the blood and consort of the King's eldest daughter, had a deep interest in what was passing. He was not invited to be present.

Posterity has fully acquitted the King of the fraud which his people imputed to him. But it is impossible to acquit him of folly and perverseness such as explain and excuse the error of his contemporaries. He was perfectly aware of the suspicions which were abroad. He ought to have known that those suspicions would not be dispelled by the evidence of members of the Church of Rome, or of persons who, though they might call themselves members of the Church of England, had shown themselves ready to sacrifice the interests of the Church of England in order to obtain his favour. That he was taken by surprise is true. But he had twelve hours to make his arrangements. He found no difficulty in crowding St. James's Palace with bigots and sycophants on whose word the nation placed no reliance. It would have been quite as easy to procure the attendance of some eminent persons whose attachment to the Prince and to the established religion was unquestionable.

The cry of the whole nation was that an imposture had been practised. Papists had, during some months, been predicting, from the pulpit and through the press, in prose and verse, in English and Latin, that a Prince of Wales would be given to the prayers of the Church; and they had now accomplished their own prophecy. Every witness who could not be corrupted or deceived had been studiously excluded. Anne had been tricked into visiting Bath. The Primate had, on the very day preceding that which had been fixed for the villainy, been sent to prison in defiance of the rules of law and of the privileges of peerage. Not a single man or woman who had the smallest interest in detecting the fraud had been suffered to be present. The Queen had been removed suddenly and at the dead of night to St. James's Palace, because that building, less commodious for honest purposes than Whitehall, had some rooms and passages well suited for the purpose of the Jesuits.

The demeanour of the seven prelates meanwhile strengthened the interest which their situation excited. On the evening of the Black Friday, as it was called, on which they were committed, they reached their prison just at the hour of divine service. They instantly hastened to the chapel. It chanced that in the second lesson were these words: "In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments." All zealous Churchmen were delighted by this coincidence, and remembered how much comfort a similar coincidence had given, near forty years before, to Charles the First at the time of his death.

Before the day of trial the agitation had spread to the farthest corners of the island. From Scotland the Bishops received letters assuring them of the sympathy of the Presbyterians of that country, so long and so bitterly hostile to prelacy. The people of Cornwall, a fierce, bold, and athletic race, among whom there was a stronger provincial feeling than in any

other part of the realm, were greatly moved by the danger of Trelawney, whom they reverenced less as a ruler of the Church than as the head of an honourable house, and the heir through twenty descents of ancestors who had been of great note before the Normans had set foot on English ground. All over the county the peasants chanted a ballad of which the burden is still remembered:

> "And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die?
> Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why."

On the twenty-ninth of June, Westminster Hall, Old and New Palace Yard, and all the neighbouring streets to a great distance were thronged with people. Such an auditory had never before and has never since been assembled in the Court of King's Bench. Thirty-five temporal peers of the realm were counted in the crowd.

All the four Judges of the Court were on the bench. The jury was sworn; it consisted of persons of highly respectable station. The foreman was Sir Roger Langley, a baronet of old and honourable family. With him were joined a knight and ten esquires, several of whom are known to have been men of large possessions. There were some Nonconformists in the number; for the Bishops had wisely resolved not to show any distrust of the Protestant Dissenters.

The crown lawyers undertook to prove that the Bishops had published a libel in the county of Middlesex. The difficulties were great. The delivery of the petition to the King was undoubtedly, in the eye of the law, a publication. But how was this delivery to be proved? No person had been present at the audience in the royal closet, except the King and the defendants. The King could not well be sworn. It was therefore only by the admissions of the defendants that the fact of publication could be established. Blathwayt [Clerk of the Privy Council] was examined, but in vain. He well remembered, he said, that the Bishops owned their hands; but he did not remember that they owned the paper which lay on the table of the Privy Council to be the same paper which they had delivered to the King, or that they were even interrogated on that point. Several other official men who had been in attendance on the Council were called, and among them Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty; but none of them could remember that anything was said about the delivery. It was to no purpose that Williams [one of the crown lawyers] put leading questions till the counsel on the other side declared that such twisting, such wiredrawing, was never seen in a court of justice, and till Wright himself [one of the presiding Judges] was forced to admit that the Solicitor's mode of examination was contrary to all rule. As witness after witness answered in the negative, roars of laughter and shouts of triumph, which the Judges did not even attempt to silence, shook the hall.

At length Wright proceeded to sum up the evidence. His language showed that the awe in which he stood of the government was tempered by the awe with which the audience, so numerous, so splendid, and so

strongly excited, had impressed him. He said that he would give no opinion on the question of the dispensing power, that it was not necessary for him to do so, that he could not agree with much of the Solicitor's speech, that it was the right of the subject to petition, but that the particular petition before the Court was improperly worded, and was, in the contemplation of law, a libel.

It was dark before the jury retired to consider of their verdict. The night was a night of intense anxiety.

At ten [the next morning] the Court again met. The crowd was greater than ever. The jury appeared in their box; and there was a breathless stillness.

Sir Samuel Astry spoke. "Do you find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of the misdemeanour whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?" Sir Roger Langley answered, "Not guilty." As the words passed his lips, benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack; and in another moment the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gunpowder was heard on the water, and another, and another; and so, in a few moments, the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge, and to the forest of masts below. As the news spread, streets and squares, market places and coffeehouses, broke forth into acclamations. Yet were the acclamations less strange than the weeping. For the feelings of men had been wound up to such a point that at length the stern English nature, so little used to outward signs of emotion, gave way, and thousands sobbed aloud for very joy.

VII: THE APPEAL TO WILLIAM

THE acquittal of the Bishops was not the only event which makes the thirtieth of June 1688 a great epoch in history. On that day, while the bells of a hundred churches were ringing, while multitudes were busied, from Hyde Park to Mile End, in piling faggots and dressing Popes for the rejoicings of the night, was despatched from London to the Hague an instrument scarcely less important to the liberties of England than the Great Charter.

The prosecution of the Bishops, and the birth of the Prince of Wales, had produced a great revolution in the feelings of many Tories. At the very moment at which their Church was suffering the last excess of injury and insult, they were compelled to renounce the hope of peaceful deliverance. Hitherto they had flattered themselves that the trial to which their loyalty was subjected would, though severe, be temporary, and that their wrongs would shortly be redressed without any violation of the ordinary rule of succession. A very different prospect was now before them. As far

as they could look forward they saw only misgovernment, such as that of the last three years, extending through ages. The cradle of the heir apparent of the crown was surrounded by Jesuits. Deadly hatred of that Church of which he would one day be the head would be studiously instilled into his infant mind, would be the guiding principle of his life, and would be bequeathed by him to his posterity. This vista of calamities had no end. It stretched beyond the life of the youngest man living, beyond the eighteenth century. None could say how many generations of Protestant Englishmen might have to bear oppression, such as, even when it had been believed to be short, had been found almost insupportable. Was there then no remedy? One remedy there was, quick, sharp, and decisive, a remedy which the Whigs had been but too ready to employ, but which had always been regarded by the Tories as, in all cases, unlawful.

In May, before the birth of the Prince of Wales, and while it was still uncertain whether the Declaration would or would not be read in the churches, Edward Russell had repaired to the Hague. He had strongly represented to the Prince of Orange the state of the public mind, and had advised his Highness to appear in England at the head of a strong body of troops, and to call the people to arms.

William had seen, at a glance, the whole importance of the crisis. "Now or never," he exclaimed in Latin.

During June the meetings of those who were in the secret were frequent. At length, on the last day of the month, the day on which the Bishops were pronounced not guilty, the decisive step was taken. A formal invitation, transcribed by [Henry] Sidney [the Earl of Romney] but drawn up by some person more skilled than Sidney, in the art of composition, was despatched to the Hague. In this paper William was assured that nineteen twentieths of the English people were desirous of a change, and would willingly join to effect it, if only they could obtain the help of such a force from abroad as might secure those who should rise in arms from the danger of being dispersed and slaughtered before they could form themselves into anything like military order. If his Highness would appear in the island at the head of some troops, tens of thousands would hasten to his standard.

The conspirators implored the Prince to come among them with as little delay as possible. They pledged their honour that they would join him; and they undertook to secure the co-operation of as large a number of persons as could safely be trusted with so momentous and perilous a secret. On one point they thought it their duty to remonstrate with his Highness. He had not taken advantage of the opinion which the great body of the English people had formed respecting the late birth. He had, on the contrary, sent congratulations to Whitehall, and had thus seemed to acknowledge that the child who was called Prince of Wales was rightful heir of the throne. This was a grave error, and had damped the zeal of many. Not one person in a thousand doubted that the boy was supposititious; and the Prince would be wanting to his own interests if

the suspicious circumstances which had attended the Queen's confinement were not put prominently forward among his reasons for taking arms.

This paper was signed in cipher by the seven chiefs of the conspiracy, Shrewsbury, Devonshire, Danby, Lumley, Compton, Russell and Sidney. [Arthur] Herbert [former Master of the Robes and Rear Admiral of England] undertook to be their messenger. His errand was one of no ordinary peril. He assumed the garb of a common sailor, and in this disguise reached the Dutch coast in safety, on the Friday after the trial of the Bishops. He instantly hastened to the Prince. Bentinck and Dykvelt were summoned, and several days were passed in deliberation. The first result of this deliberation was that the prayer for the Prince of Wales ceased to be read in the Princess's chapel.

From his wife William had no opposition to apprehend. Her understanding had been completely subjugated by his; and, what is more extraordinary, he had won her entire affection. He was to her in the place of the parents whom she had lost by death and by estrangement, of the children who had been denied to her prayers, and of the country from which she was banished. His empire over her heart was divided only with her God. To her father [James the Second] she had probably never been attached: she had quitted him young: many years had elapsed since she had seen him; and no part of his conduct to her, since her marriage, had indicated tenderness on his part, or had been calculated to call forth tenderness on hers. He had done all in his power to disturb her domestic happiness, and had established a system of spying, eavesdropping, and talebearing under her roof. He had a far greater revenue than any of his predecessors had ever possessed, and regularly allowed to her younger sister forty thousand pounds a year: but the heiress presumptive of his throne had never received from him the smallest pecuniary assistance, and was scarcely able to make that appearance which became her high rank among European princesses. She had ventured to intercede with him on behalf of her old friend and preceptor Compton, who, for refusing to commit an act of flagitious injustice, had been suspended from his episcopal functions; but she had been ungraciously repulsed. From the day on which it had become clear that she and her husband were determined not to be parties to the subversion of the English constitution, one chief object of the politics of James had been to injure them both. It was now believed by the great body of his people, and by many persons high in rank and distinguished by abilities, that he had introduced a supposititious Prince of Wales into the royal family, in order to deprive her of a magnificent inheritance; and there is no reason to doubt that she partook of the prevailing suspicion. That she should love such a father was impossible. Her religious principles, indeed, were so strict that she would probably have tried to perform what she considered as her duty, even to a father whom she did not love. On the present occasion, however, she judged that the claim of James to her obedience ought to yield to a claim more sacred. And indeed all divines and publicists agree in this, that, when

the daughter of a prince of one country is married to a prince of another country, she is bound to forget her own people and her father's house, and, in the event of a rupture between her husband and her parents, to side with her husband. This is the undoubted rule even when the husband is in the wrong; and to Mary the enterprise which William meditated appeared not only just, but holy.

VIII. THE ARRIVAL OF WILLIAM AND MARY

And now William [who had arrived in London] thought that the time had come when he ought to explain himself. He accordingly sent for Halifax, Danby, Shrewsbury, and some other political leaders of great note, and, with that air of stoical apathy under which he had, from a boy, been in the habit of concealing his strongest emotions, addressed to them a few deeply meditated and weighty words.

He had hitherto, he said, remained silent; he had used neither solicitation nor menace: he had not even suffered a hint of his opinions or wishes to get abroad: but a crisis had now arrived at which it was necessary for him to declare his intentions. He had no right and no wish to dictate to the Convention. All that he claimed was the privilege of declining any office which he felt that he could not hold with honour to himself and with benefit to the public.

A strong party was for a Regency. It was for the Houses to determine whether such an arrangement would be for the interest of the nation. He had a decided opinion on that point; and he thought it right to say distinctly that he would not be Regent.

Another party was for placing the Princess on the throne, and for giving to him, during her life, the title of King, and such a share in the administration as she might be pleased to allow him. He could not stoop to such a post. He esteemed the Princess as much as it was possible for man to esteem woman: but not even from her would he accept a subordinate and a precarious place in the government. He was so made that he could not submit to be tied to the apron strings even of the best of wives. He did not desire to take any part in English affairs; but, if he did consent to take a part, there was one part only which he could usefully or honorably take. If the Estates offered him the crown for life, he would accept it. If not, he should, without repining, return to his native country. He concluded by saying that he thought it reasonable that the Lady Anne and her posterity should be preferred in the succession to any children whom he might have by any other wife than the Lady Mary.

The meeting broke up; and what the Prince had said was in a few hours known all over London. That he must be King was now clear. The only question was whether he should hold the regal dignity alone or conjointly with the Princess. Halifax and a few other politicians, who saw in a strong light the danger of dividing the supreme executive

authority, thought it desirable that, during William's life, Mary should be only Queen Consort and a subject. But this arrangement, though much might doubtless be said for it in argument, shocked the general feeling even of those Englishmen who were most attached to the Prince. His wife had given an unprecedented proof of conjugal submission and affection; and the very least return that could be made to her would be to bestow on her the dignity of Queen Regent.

The time arrived for the free conference between the Houses. The managers for the Lords, in their robes, took their seats along one side of the table in the Painted Chamber: but the crowd of members of the House of Commons on the other side was so great that the gentlemen who were to argue the question in vain tried to get through. It was not without much difficulty and long delay that the Serjeant at Arms was able to clear a passage.

At length the discussion began. After a colloquy of several hours the disputants separated. The Lords assembled in their own house. It was well understood that they were about to yield, and that the conference had been a mere form. When the question was put whether King James had abdicated the government, only three lords said Not Content. On the question whether the throne was vacant, a division was demanded. The Contents were sixty-two; the Not Contents forty-seven. It was immediately proposed and carried, without a division, that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be declared King and Queen of England.

It was now known to whom the crown would be given. On what conditions it should be given, still remained to be decided. The Commons had appointed a committee to consider what steps it might be advisable to take, in order to secure law and liberty against the aggressions of future sovereigns; and the committee had made a report. This report recommended, first, that those great principles of the constitution which had been violated by the dethroned King should be solemnly asserted, and, secondly, that many new laws should be enacted, for the purpose of curbing the prerogative and purifying the administration of justice. Most of the suggestions of the committee were excellent; but it was utterly impossible that the Houses could, in a month, or even in a year, deal properly with matters so numerous, so various, and so important.

Some orators vehemently said that too much time had already been lost, and that the government ought to be settled without the delay of a day. Society was unquiet; trade was languishing; the English colony in Ireland was in imminent danger of perishing; a foreign war was impending.

On these grounds the Commons wisely determined to postpone all reforms till the ancient constitution of the kingdom should have been restored in all its parts, and forthwith to fill the throne without imposing on William and Mary any other obligation than that of governing according to the existing laws of England. In order that the questions which had been in dispute between the Stuarts and the nation might never again

be stirred, it was determined that the instrument by which the Prince and Princess of Orange were called to the throne, and by which the order of succession was settled, should set forth, in the most distinct and solemn manner, the fundamental principles of the constitution. This instrument, known by the name of the Declaration of Right, began by recapitulating the crimes and errors which had made a revolution necessary. James had invaded the province of the legislature; had treated modest petitioning as a crime; had oppressed the Church by means of an illegal tribunal; had, without the consent of Parliament, levied taxes and maintained a standing army in time of peace; had violated the freedom of election, and perverted the course of justice. Proceedings which could lawfully be questioned only in Parliament had been made the subjects of prosecution in the King's Bench. Partial and corrupt juries had been returned; excessive bail had been required from prisoners; excessive fines had been imposed; barbarous and unusual punishments had been inflicted; the estates of accused persons had been granted away before conviction. He, by whose authority these things had been done, had abdicated the government. The Prince of Orange, whom God had made the glorious instrument of delivering the nation from superstition and tyranny, had invited the Estates of the Realm to meet and to take counsel together for the securing of religion, of law, and of freedom. The Lords and Commons, having deliberated, had resolved that they would first, after the example of their ancestors, assert the ancient rights and liberties of England. Therefore it was declared that the dispensing power, lately assumed and exercised, had no legal existence; that, without grant of Parliament, no money could be exacted by the sovereign from the subject; that, without consent of Parliament, no standing army could be kept up in time of peace. The right of subjects to petition, the right of electors to choose representatives freely, the right of Parliaments to freedom of debate, the right of the nation to a pure and merciful administration of justice according to the spirit of its own mild laws, were solemnly affirmed. All these things the Convention claimed, in the name of the whole nation, as the undoubted inheritance of Englishmen. Having thus vindicated the principles of the constitution, the Lords and Commons, in the entire confidence that the deliverer would hold sacred the laws and liberties which he had saved, resolved that William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, should be declared King and Queen of England for their joint and separate lives, and that, during their joint lives, the administration of the government should be in the Prince alone. After them the crown was settled on the posterity of Mary, then on Anne and her posterity, and then on the posterity of William.

By this time the wind had ceased to blow from the west. The ship in which the Princess of Orange had embarked lay off Margate on the eleventh of February, and, on the following morning, anchored at Greenwich. She was received with many signs of joy and affection.

On the morning of Wednesday, the thirteenth of February [1689], the

court of Whitehall and all the neighbouring streets were filled with gazers. The magnificent Banqueting House, the masterpiece of Inigo, embellished by masterpieces of Rubens, had been prepared for a great ceremony. The walls were lined by the yeomen of the guard. Near the northern door, on the right hand, a large number of Peers had assembled. On the left were the Commons with their Speaker, attended by the mace. The southern door opened: and the Prince and Princess of Orange, side by side, entered, and took their place under the canopy of state.

Both houses approached bowing low. William and Mary advanced a few steps. Halifax on the right, and Powle on the left, stood forth; and Halifax spoke. The Convention, he said, had agreed to a resolution which he prayed Their Highnesses to hear. They signified their assent; and the clerk of the House of Lords read, in a loud voice, the Declaration of Right. When he had concluded, Halifax, in the name of all the Estates of the Realm, requested the Prince and Princess to accept the crown.

William, in his own name and in that of his wife, answered that the crown was, in their estimation, the more valuable because it was presented to them as a token of the confidence of the nation. "We thankfully accept," he said, "what you have offered us." Then he assured them that the laws of England should be the rules of his conduct, that it should be his study to promote the welfare of the kingdom, and that he should constantly recur to the advice of the Houses, and should be disposed to trust their judgment rather than his own. These words were received with a shout of joy which was heard in the streets below, and was instantly answered by huzzas from many thousands of voices. The Lords and Commons then reverently retired from the Banqueting House and went in procession to the great gate of Whitehall, where the heralds and pursuivants were waiting in their gorgeous tabards. All the space as far as Charing Cross was one sea of heads. The kettle drums struck up; the trumpets pealed; and Garter King at arms, in a loud voice, proclaimed the Prince and Princess of Orange King and Queen of England, charged all Englishmen to pay, from that moment, faith and true allegiance to the new sovereigns, and besought God, who had already wrought so signal a deliverance for our Church and nation, to bless William and Mary with a long and happy reign.

Thus was consummated the English Revolution. When we compare it with those revolutions which have, during the last sixty years, overthrown so many ancient governments, we cannot but be struck by its peculiar character. Why that character was so peculiar is sufficiently obvious, and yet seems not to have been always understood either by eulogists or by censors.

The continental revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries took place in countries where all trace of the limited monarchy of the middle ages had long been effaced. The right of the prince to make laws and to levy money had, during many generations, been undisputed. His throne was guarded by a great regular army. His administration could

not, without extreme peril, be blamed even in the mildest terms. His subjects held their personal liberty by no other tenure than his pleasure. Not a single institution was left which had, within the memory of the oldest man, afforded efficient protection to the subject against the utmost excess of tyranny. Those great councils which had once curbed the regal power had sunk into oblivion. Their composition and their privileges were known only to antiquaries. We cannot wonder, therefore, that, when men who had been thus ruled succeeded in wresting supreme power from a government which they had long in secret hated, they should have been impatient to demolish and unable to construct, that they should have been fascinated by every specious novelty, that they should have proscribed every title, ceremony, and phrase associated with the old system, and that, turning away with disgust from their own national precedents and traditions, they should have sought for principles of government in the writings of theorists, or aped, with ignorant and ungraceful affectation, the patriots of Athens and Rome. As little can we wonder that the violent action of the revolutionary spirit should have been followed by reaction equally violent, and that confusion should speedily have engendered despotism sterner than that from which it had sprung.

Had we been in the same situation; had Strafford succeeded in his favourite scheme of Thorough; had he formed an army as numerous and as well disciplined as that which, a few years later, was formed by Cromwell; had a series of judicial decisions, similar to that which was pronounced by the Exchequer Chamber in the case of shipmoney, transferred to the crown the right of taxing the people; had the Star Chamber and the High Commission continued to fine, mutilate, and imprison every man who dared to raise his voice against the government; had the press been as completely enslaved here as at Vienna or at Naples; had our Kings gradually drawn to themselves the whole legislative power; had six generations of Englishmen passed away without a single session of Parliament; and had we then at length risen up in some moment of wild excitement against our masters, what an outbreak would that have been! With what a crash, heard and felt to the farthest ends of the world, would the whole vast fabric of society have fallen! How many thousands of exiles, once the most prosperous and the most refined members of this great community, would have begged their bread in continental cities, or have sheltered their heads under huts of bark in the uncleared forests of America! How often should we have seen the pavement of London piled up in barricades, the houses dinted with bullets, the gutters foaming with blood! How many times should we have rushed wildly from extreme to extreme, sought refuge from anarchy in despotism, and been again driven by despotism into anarchy! How many years of blood and confusion would it have cost us to learn the very rudiments of political science! How many childish theories would have duped us! How many rude and ill poised constitutions should we have set up, only to see them tumble down! Happy would it have been for us if a sharp discipline of half a

century had sufficed to educate us into a capacity of enjoying true freedom.

These calamities our Revolution averted. It was a revolution strictly defensive, and had prescription and legitimacy on its side. Here, and here only, a limited monarchy of the thirteenth century had come down unimpaired to the seventeenth century. Our parliamentary institutions were in full vigour. The main principles of our government were excellent. They were not, indeed, formally and exactly set forth in a single written instrument; but they were to be found scattered over our ancient and noble statutes; and, what was of far greater moment, they had been engraven on the hearts of Englishmen during four hundred years. That, without the consent of the representatives of the nation, no legislative act could be passed, no tax imposed, no regular soldiery kept up, that no man could be imprisoned, even for a day, by the arbitrary will of the sovereign, that no tool of power could plead the royal command as a justification for violating any right of the humblest subject, were held, both by Whigs and Tories, to be fundamental laws of the realm.

As our Revolution was a vindication of ancient rights, so it was conducted with strict attention to ancient formalities. In almost every word and act may be discerned a profound reverence for the past. The Estates of the Realm deliberated in the old halls and according to the old rules. Powle [Speaker of the House of Commons] was conducted to his chair with the accustomed forms. The Serjeant with his mace brought up the messengers of the Lords to the table of the Commons; and the three obeisances were duly made. The conference was held with all the antique ceremonial. On one side of the table, in the Painted Chamber, the managers of the Lords sate covered and robed in ermine and gold. The managers of the Commons stood bareheaded on the other side. The speeches present an almost ludicrous contrast to the revolutionary oratory of every other country. Both the English parties agreed in treating with solemn respect the ancient constitutional traditions of the state. The only question was, in what sense those traditions were to be understood. The assertors of liberty said not a word about the natural equality of men and the inalienable sovereignty of the people, about Harmodius or Timoleon, Brutus the elder or Brutus the younger. When they were told that, by the English law, the crown, at the moment of a demise, must descend to the next heir, they answered that, by the English law, a living man could have no heir. When they were told that there was no precedent for declaring the throne vacant, they produced from among the records in the Tower a roll of parchment, near three hundred years old, on which, in quaint characters and barbarous Latin, it was recorded that the Estates of the Realm had declared vacant the throne of a perfidious and tyrannical Plantagenet. When at length the dispute had been accommodated, the new sovereigns were proclaimed with the old pageantry. All the fantastic pomp of heraldry was there, Clarencieux and Norroy, Portcullis and Rouge Dragon, the trumpets, the banners, the grotesque coats embroidered with lions and lilies. The title of King of France, assumed by the conqueror of

Cressy, was not omitted in the royal style. To us, who have lived in the year 1848, it may seem almost an abuse of terms to call a proceeding, conducted with so much deliberation, with so much sobriety, and with such minute attention to prescriptive etiquette, by the terrible name of Revolution.

And yet this revolution, of all revolutions the least violent, has been of all revolutions the most beneficent. It finally decided the great question whether the popular element which had, ever since the age of Fitzwalter and De Montfort, been found in the English polity, should be destroyed by the monarchical element, or should be suffered to develope itself freely, and to become dominant. The strife between the two principles had been long, fierce, and doubtful. It had lasted through four reigns. It had produced seditions, impeachments, rebellions, battles, sieges, proscriptions, judicial massacres. Sometimes liberty, sometimes royalty, had seemed to be on the point of perishing. During many years one half of the energy of England had been employed in counteracting the other half. The executive power and the legislative power had so effectually impeded each other that the state had been of no account in Europe. The King at Arms, who proclaimed William and Mary before Whitehall Gate, did in truth announce that this great struggle was over; that there was entire union between the throne and the Parliament; that England, long dependent and degraded, was again a power of the first rank; that the ancient laws by which the prerogative was bounded would henceforth be held as sacred as the prerogative itself, and would be followed out to all their consequences; that the executive administration would be conducted in conformity with the sense of the representatives of the nation; and that no reform, which the two Houses should, after mature deliberation, propose, would be obstinately withstood by the sovereign. The Declaration of Right, though it made nothing law which had not been law before, contained the germ of the law which gave religious freedom to the Dissenter, of the law which secured the independence of the Judges, of the law which limited the duration of Parliaments, of the law which placed the liberty of the press under the protection of juries, of the law which prohibited the slave trade, of the law which abolished the sacramental test, of the law which relieved the Roman Catholics from civil disabilities, of the law which reformed the representative system, of every good law which has been passed during a hundred and sixty years, of every good law which may hereafter, in the course of ages, be found necessary to promote the public weal, and to satisfy the demands of public opinion.

The highest eulogy which can be pronounced on the revolution of 1688 is this, that it was our last revolution. Several generations have now passed away since any wise and patriotic Englishman has meditated resistance to the established government. In all honest and reflecting minds there is a conviction, daily strengthened by experience, that the means of effecting every improvement which the constitution requires may be found within the constitution itself.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

by

THOMAS CARLYLE

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THOMAS CARLYLE

1795–1881

THOMAS CARLYLE was the son of a Scottish mason and farmer in modest circumstances. He was born, the eldest of nine children, at Ecclefechan in Annandale in 1795. His father, a seceder from the kirk, was a man of independence, integrity, and a stern Calvinistic aspect beneath which lay strong family affections. These factors, so important in Thomas's early environment, help one to understand the character and aspect he presented in later life.

The boy's taste for learning led his father to select the ministry as a suitable career. At Edinburgh University, which Carlyle entered in 1809, he proved himself adept in mathematics but spent most of his time reading in the University and Advocates libraries. In 1814, still looking forward to entering the ministry, Carlyle obtained a mathematical mastership at Annan at a salary of about sixty-five pounds a year, which enabled him to save a little money. Here, for the next two years, he devoted himself to the study of English and French literature in addition to mathematics.

In 1818 Carlyle removed to a school in Kirkcaldy where he formed a close friendship with its master, Edward Irving, whose library provided him with the opportunity to read Gibbon, Hume, and to widen his acquaintance with French literature. During the winter of 1817–1818 Carlyle faced a spiritual crisis, for he had ceased to believe in Christianity yet found atheism repugnant. A year later he began to recover his equilibrium, for his study of German had brought him into contact with Goethe, from whom he learned how a man might discard established dogma without sinking into materialism.

Upon the recommendation of his friend Irving, Carlyle obtained an appointment as tutor in London to Charles and Edward Buller at a salary of two hundred pounds a year. The

post, which lasted two years, from 1822–1824, enabled him to engage in literary work and to contribute financial assistance to his brother John, who was studying medicine, and to his brother Alexander, who took a farm. He translated *Wilhelm Meister* and worked on a life of Schiller.

Carlyle, now confident of his genius and committed to a literary career, had not attained much recognition or pecuniary profit as a result of his literary efforts. Yet he was unwilling to compromise principles and take the easy road to success. These facts complicated a love affair with Jane Welsh, which fortunately ended with the lady's forthright decision to marry her Thomas despite the fact that her financial position was better than his, and to settle most of her property on her mother so as to save her husband the embarrassment of living on his wife's bounty. Hard times followed for the Carlyles, made more difficult by the failure of Brother Alexander's farm and Brother John's unsuccessful attempt to set himself up as a doctor in London. Further difficulties were created by Carlyle's independent spirit when Lord Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*—which had published some of Carlyle's work—offered to settle an annuity on him that would secure him leisure to continue his literary researches and writing. Carlyle rejected the generous offer and sought instead a post which Jeffrey decided should go to another. A break developed between the two which lasted for some years.

It was in 1833 at Edinburgh, while preparing an article on *The Diamond Necklace,* that Carlyle became seriously engaged in the study of the French Revolution. *Sartor Resartus,* over which he had worked some years, finally had begun to appear in *Fraser's Magazine,* although it was being poorly received. Nevertheless, when Carlyle settled in London the following year he began to receive some sort of recognition among literary folk. John Stuart Mill was friendly, loaned Carlyle his library on the French Revolution, and introduced him to Emerson, who was instrumental in spreading Carlyle's fame in America and also in securing him some profit from the printing of his work during an era when many English authors were ruthlessly pirated in this country.

Carlyle produced the first volume of the *French Revolution* in five months and sent it to his friend Mill. Mill left it at Mrs. Taylor's, where it was accidentally burned. Carlyle had no copy and few notes; he was forced to rewrite the volume. Mill generously sent him a check for two hundred pounds, half of which was ultimately returned, as one hundred pounds covered Carlyle's actual cost of living while he rewrote the lost work.

The *French Revolution* was finished in January 1837 and published six months later. It was a turning point in Carlyle's career. The history, reviewed by Mill in the *Westminster Review* and by Thackeray in *The Times,* was an immediate success. While not noted for its scholarship or historical accuracy —Carlyle could not have assimilated the materials then extant on the period—the history took its place in literature as a prose epic, a vivid utterance of insight and power.

Carlyle understood how, amidst the disorganization and panic of the period, its principal characters shaped the course of history. The roles of Louis, Mirabeau, Danton, Lafayette, Robespierre, became comprehensible in terms of their characters as depicted by Carlyle. The extravagances of his style were somewhat compensated for by a cynically humorous attitude toward human folly balanced by sincere sadness at the spectacle of human suffering encountered.

What Carlyle succeeded in doing was to make his readers *feel* the furious drama. He referred to the work as "savage"; it came hot from his soul, "born in blackness, whirlwind and sorrow." He halted his research when the pattern of the Revolution took form in his mind. Minute accuracy of detail was not his concern—although he was too careless on that score—rather, he sought to splash down what he knew "in large masses of color that it may look like a smoke and flame conflagration in the distance." The *French Revolution* was a reminder that there are many approaches to an understanding of history. For although it will never be possible to dispense with the plodding work of search and verification in establishing the facts, powerful imaginative grasp and poetic flexibility of expression may establish emotional linkages with events which restore life and increase their reality. Where Carlyle is guided by true flashes of insight into character and the meaning of events, his work commands respect. Where deficiencies of understanding and scholarship distort the picture, it remains, nevertheless, an exciting spectacle.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

PART ONE: THE BASTILLE

I. The Procession of the States-General

ON THE first Saturday of May [1789], it is gala at Versailles; and Monday, fourth of the month, is to be a still greater day. The Deputies have mostly got thither, and sought out lodgings; and are now successively, in long well-ushered files, kissing the hand of Majesty in the Château. Supreme Usher de Brézé does not give the highest satisfaction: we cannot but observe that in ushering Noblesse or Clergy into the anointed Presence, he liberally opens *both* his folding-doors; and on the other hand, for members of the Third Estate, opens only one! However, there is room to enter; Majesty has smiles for all.

The good Louis welcomes his Honourable Members, with smiles of hope. He has prepared for them the Hall of *Menus,* the largest near him; and often surveyed the workmen as they went on. A spacious Hall: with raised platform for Throne, Court and Blood-royal; space for six hundred Commons Deputies in front; for half as many Clergy on this hand, and half as many Noblesse on that. It has lofty galleries; wherefrom dames of honour, splendent in *gaze d'or;* foreign Diplomacies, and other gilt-edged white-frilled individuals, to the number of two thousand,—may sit and look. Broad passages flow through it; and, outside the inner wall, all round it. There are committee-rooms, guard-rooms, robing-rooms: really a noble Hall; where upholstery, aided by the subject fine-arts, has done its best; and crimson tasselled cloths, and emblematic *fleurs-de-lys* are not wanting.

The Hall is ready: the very costume, as we said, has been settled; and the Commons are *not* to wear that hated slouch-hat (*chapeau clabaud*), but one not quite so slouched (*chapeau rabattu*). As for their manner of *working,* when all dressed; for their "voting by head or by order" and the rest,—this, which it were perhaps still time to settle, and in few hours will be no longer time, remains unsettled; hangs dubious in the breast of Twelve Hundred men.

But now finally the Sun, on Monday the 4th of May, has risen;—unconcerned, as if it were no special day. And yet, as his first rays could strike music from the Memnon's Statue on the Nile, what tones were these, so thrilling, tremulous, of preparation and foreboding, which he

awoke in every bosom at Versailles! Huge Paris, in all conceivable and inconceivable vehicles, is pouring itself forth; from each Town and Village come subsidiary rills: Versailles is a very sea of men. But above all, from the Church of St. Louis to the Church of Notre-Dame: one vast suspended-billow of Life,—with *spray* scattered even to the chimney-tops! For on chimney-tops too, as over the roofs, and up thitherwards on every lamp-iron, signpost, breakneck coign of vantage, sits patriotic Courage; and every window bursts with patriotic Beauty: for the Deputies are gathering at St. Louis Church; to march in procession to Notre-Dame, and hear sermon.

Yes, friends, ye may sit and look: bodily or in thought, all France, and all Europe, may sit and look; for it is a day like few others. Oh, one might weep like Xerxes:—So many serried rows sit perched there; like winged creatures, alighted out of Heaven: all these and so many more that follow them, shall have wholly fled aloft again, vanishing into the blue Deep; and the memory of this day still be fresh. It is the baptism day of Democracy; sick Time has given it birth, the numbered months being run. The extreme-unction day of Feudalism! A superannuated System of Society, decrepit with toils (for has it not done much; produced *you,* and what ye have and know!)—and with thefts and brawls, named glorious victories; and with profligacies, sensualities, and on the whole with dotage and senility,—is now to die: and so, with death-throes, and birth-throes a new one is to be born. What a work, O Earth and Heaven, what a work! Battles and bloodshed, September Massacres, Bridges of Lodi, retreats of Moscow, Waterloos, Peterloos, Tenpound Franchises, Tarbarrels and Guillotines;—and from this present date, if one might prophesy, some two centuries of it still to fight! Two centuries; hardly less; before Democracy go through its due, most baleful, stages of *Quack*ocracy; and a pestilential World be burnt up, and have begun to grow green and young again.

Rejoice nevertheless, ye Versailles multitudes; to you from whom all this is hid, the glorious end of it is visible. This day, sentence of death is pronounced on Shams; judgment of resuscitation, were it but afar off, is pronounced on Realities. This day, it is declared aloud, as with a Doom-trumpet, that *a Lie is unbelievable.* Believe that, stand by that, if more there be not; and let what thing or things soever will follow it follow. "Ye can no other; God be your help!" So spake a greater than any of you; opening *his* Chapter of World-History.

Behold, however! The doors of St. Louis Church flung wide; and the Procession of Processions advancing towards Notre-Dame! Shouts rend the air; one shout, at which Grecian birds might drop dead. It is indeed a stately, solemn sight. The Elected of France, and then the Court of France; they are marshalled and march there, all in prescribed place and costume.

Yes, in that silent marching mass there lies Futurity enough. No sym-

bolic Ark, like the old Hebrews, do these men bear: yet with them too is a Covenant; they too preside at a new Era in the History of Men. The whole Future is there, and Destiny dim-brooding over it; in the hearts and unshaped thoughts of these men, it lies illegible, inevitable.

Meanwhile, suppose we too, good reader, should, as now without miracle Muse Clio enables us,—take *our* station also on some coign of vantage; and glance momentarily over this Procession, and this Life-sea; with far other eyes than the rest do,—namely with prophetic? We can mount, and stand there, without fear of falling.

As for the Life-sea, or onlooking unnumbered Multitude, it is unfortunately all-too dim. Yet as we gaze fixedly, do not nameless Figures not a few, which shall not always be nameless, disclose themselves; visible or presumable there? Young Baroness de Staël—she evidently looks from a window; among older honourable women. Her father is Minister, and one of the gala personages; to his own eyes the chief one. Young spiritual Amazon, thy rest is not there; nor thy loved Father's: 'as Malebranche saw all things in God, so M. Necker sees all things in Necker'—a theorem that will not hold.

Of the rougher sex how, without tongue, or hundred tongues, of iron, enumerate the notabilities! Has not Marquis Valadi hastily quitted his Quaker broadbrim; his Pythagorean Greek in Wapping, and the city of Glasgow? De Morande from his *Courier de l'Europe;* Linguet from his *Annales,* they looked eager through the London fog, and became, Ex-Editors,—that they might feed the guillotine, and have their due. Does Louvet (of *Faublas*) stand a-tiptoe? And Brissot, hight De Warville, friend of the Blacks? He, with Marquis Condorcet, and Clavière the Genevese 'have created the *Moniteur* Newspaper,' or are about creating it. Able Editors must give account of such a day.

Surely also, in some place not of honour, stands or sprawls up querulous, that he too, though short, may see,—one squalidest bleared mortal, redolent of soot and horse-drugs: Jean Paul Marat of Neuchâtel! O Marat, Renovator of Human Science, Lecturer on Optics; O thou remarkablest Horseleech, once in D'Artois' Stables,—as thy bleared soul looks forth, through thy bleared, dull-acrid, wo-stricken face, what sees it in all this? Any faintest light of hope; like day-spring after Nova-Zembla night? Or is it but *blue* sulphur-light, and spectres; wo, suspicion, revenge without end?

Of Draper Lecointre, how he shut his cloth-shop hard by, and stepped forth, one need hardly speak. Nor of Santerre, the sonorous Brewer from the Faubourg St. Antoine. Two other Figures, and only two, we signalise there. The huge, brawny Figure; through whose black brows, and rude flattened face (*figure écrasée*), there looks a waste energy as of Hercules not yet furibund,—he is an esurient, unprovided advocate; Danton by name: him mark. Then that other, his slight-built comrade, and craft-brother; he with the long curling locks; with the face of dingy blackguardism, wondrously irradiated with genius, as if a naphtha-lamp burnt

within it: that Figure is Camille Desmoulins. A fellow of infinite shrewdness, wit, nay humour; one of the sprightliest, clearest souls in all these millions. Thou poor Camille, say of thee what they may, it were but falsehood to pretend one did not almost love thee, thou headlong lightly sparkling man! But the brawny, not yet furibund Figure, we say, is Jacques Danton; a name that shall be 'tolerably known in the Revolution.' He is President of the electoral Cordeliers District at Paris, or about to be it; and shall open his lungs of brass.

We dwell no longer on the mixed shouting Multitude: for now, behold, the Commons Deputies are at hand!

Which of these Six Hundred individuals, in plain white cravat, that have come up to regenerate France, might one guess would become their *king?* For a king or leader they, as all bodies of men, must have: be their work what it may, there is one man there who, by character, faculty, position, is fittest of all to do it; that man, as future not yet elected king, walks there among the rest. He with the thick black locks, will it be? With the *hure,* as himself calls it, or black *boar's-head,* fit to be 'shaken' as a senatorial portent? Through whose shaggy beetle-brows, and rough-hewn, seamed, carbuncled face, there look natural ugliness, smallpox, incontinence, bankruptcy,—and burning fire of genius; like comet-fire glaring fuliginous through murkiest confusions? It is *Gabriel Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau,* the world-compeller; man-ruling Deputy of Aix!

Yes, Reader, that is the Type-Frenchman of this epoch; as Voltaire was of the last. He is French in his aspirations, acquisitions, in his virtues, in his vices; perhaps more French than any other man;—and intrinsically such a mass of manhood too. Mark him well. The National Assembly were all different without that one; nay, he might say with the old Despot: "The National Assembly? I am that."

In fiery rough figure, with black Samson-locks under the slouch-hat, he steps along there. A fiery fuliginous mass, which could not be choked and smothered, but would fill all France with smoke. And now it has got *air;* it will burn its whole substance, its whole smoke-atmosphere too, and fill all France with flame. Strange lot! Forty years of that smouldering, with foul fire-damp and vapour enough; then victory over that;—and like a burning mountain he blazes heaven-high; and for twenty-three resplendent months, pours out, in flame and molten fire-torrents, all that is in him, the Pharos and Wonder sign of an amazed Europe;—and then lies hollow, cold forever! Pass on, thou questionable Gabriel Honoré, the greatest of them all: in the whole National Deputies, in the whole Nation, there is none like and none second to thee.

But now if Mirabeau is the greatest, who of these Six Hundred may be the meanest? Shall we say, that anxious, slight, ineffectual-looking man, under thirty, in spectacles; his eyes (were the glasses off) troubled, careful; with upturned face, snuffing dimly the uncertain future times; com-

plexion of a multiplex atrabiliar colour, the final shade of which may be the pale sea-green. That greenish-coloured (*verdâtre*) individual is an Advocate of Arras; his name is *Maximilien Robespierre*. The son of an Advocate; his father founded mason-lodges under Charles Edward, the English Prince or Pretender. Maximilien the first-born was thriftily educated; he had brisk Camille Desmoulins for schoolmate in the College of Louis le Grand, at Paris.

And worthy *Doctor Guillotin,* whom we hoped to behold one other time? If not here, the Doctor should be here, and we see him with the eye of prophecy: for indeed the Parisian Deputies are all a little late. Singular Guillotin, respectable practitioner; doomed by a satiric destiny to the strangest immortal glory that ever kept obscure mortal from his resting-place, the bosom of oblivion! Guillotin can improve the ventilation of the Hall; in all cases of medical police and *hygiène* be a present aid: but, greater far, he can produce his 'Report on the Penal Code;' and reveal therein a cunningly devised Beheading Machine, which shall become famous and world-famous. This is the product of Guillotin's endeavours, gained not without meditation and reading; which product popular gratitude or levity christens by a feminine derivative name, as if it were his daughter: *La Guillotine!* "With my machine, Messieurs, I whisk off your head (*vous fais sauter la tête*) in a twinkling, and you have no pain;"—whereat they all laugh. Unfortunate Doctor! For two-and-twenty years he, unguillotined, shall hear nothing but guillotine, see nothing but guillotine; then dying, shall through long centuries wander, as it were, a disconsolate ghost, on the wrong side of Styx and Lethe; his name like to outlive Caesar's.

In the Commons Deputies there are Merchants, Artists, Men of Letters; three hundred and seventy-four Lawyers; and at least one Clergyman: the *Abbé Sieyès*. Him also Paris sends, among its twenty. Behold him, the light thin man; cold, but elastic, wiry; instinct with the pride of Logic; passionless, or with but one passion, that of self-conceit. If indeed that can be called a passion, which, in its independent concentrated greatness, seems to have soared into transcendentalism; and to sit there with a kind of god-like indifference, and look down on passion! He is the man, and wisdom shall die with him. This is the Sieyès who shall be System-builder, Constitution-builder General; and build Constitutions (as many as wanted) skyhigh,—which shall all unfortunately fall before he get the scaffolding away.

Next follow the Noblesse, and next the Clergy; concerning both of whom it might be asked, What they specially have come for? Specially, little as they dream of it, to answer this question, put in a voice of thunder: What are you doing in God's fair Earth and Task-garden; where whosoever is not working is begging or stealing? Wo, wo to themselves and to all, if they can only answer: Collecting tithes, Preserving game!—Remark meanwhile how *D'Orléans* affects to step before his own Order,

and mingle with the Commons. For him are *vivats:* few for the rest, though all wave in plumed 'hats of a feudal cut,' and have sword on thigh; though among them is *D'Antraigues,* the young Languedocian gentleman,—and indeed many a Peer more or less noteworthy.

There are *Liancourt,* and *La Rochefoucault;* the liberal Anglomaniac Dukes. There is a filially pious *Lally;* a couple of liberal *Lameths.* Above all, there is a *Lafayette;* whose name shall be Cromwell-Grandison, and fill the world. Many a 'formula' has this Lafayette too made away with; yet not *all* formulas. He sticks by the Washington-formula; and by that he will stick;—and hang by it, as by sure bower-anchor hangs and swings the tight warship, which, after all changes of wildest weather and water, is found still hanging. Happy for him; be it glorious or not! Alone of all Frenchmen he has a theory of the world, and right mind to conform thereto; he can become a hero and perfect character, were it but the hero of one idea.

The Clergy have got up; with *Cahiers* for abolishing pluralities, enforcing residence of bishops, better payment of tithes. The Dignitaries, we can observe, walk stately, apart from the numerous Undignified,—who indeed are properly little other than Commons disguised in Curate-frocks. Here, however, though by strange ways, shall the Precept be fulfilled, and they that are greatest (much to their astonishment) become least. For one example, out of many, mark that plausible *Grégoire;* one day Curé Grégoire shall be a Bishop, when the now stately are wandering distracted, as Bishops *in partibus.* With other thought, mark also the *Abbé Maury;* his broad bold face; mouth accurately primmed; full eyes, that ray out intelligence, falsehood,—the sort of sophistry which is astonished you should find it sophistical.

But yonder, halting lamely along, thou noticest next *Bishop Tallyrand-Périgord,* his Reverence of Autun. A sardonic grimness lies in that irreverend Reverence of Autun. He will do and suffer strange things; and will *become* surely one of the strangest things ever seen, or like to be seen. A man living in falsehood, and on falsehood; yet not what you can call a false man: there is the specialty! It will be an enigma for future ages, one may hope: hitherto such a product of Nature and Art was possible only for this age of ours,—Age of Paper, and of the Burning of Paper. Consider Bishop Talleyrand and Marquis Lafayette as the topmost of their two kinds; and say once more, looking at what they did and what they were, *O Tempus ferax rerum!*

King Louis with his Court brings up the rear: he cheerful, in this day of hope, is saluted with plaudits; still more Necker his Minister. Not so the Queen; on whom hope shines not steadily any more. Ill-fated Queen! Her hair is already gray with many cares and crosses; her first-born son is dying in these weeks: black falsehood has ineffaceably soiled her name; ineffaceably while this generation lasts. Instead of *Vive la Reine,* voices

insult her with *Vive d'Orléans*. Of her queenly beauty little remains except its stateliness; not now gracious, but haughty, rigid, silently enduring. With a most mixed feeling, wherein joy has no part, she resigns herself to a day she hoped never to have seen. Poor Marie Antoinette; with thy quick noble instincts; vehement glancings, vision all-too fitful narrow for the work thou hast to do! O there are tears in store for thee; bitterest wailings, soft womanly meltings, though thou hast the heart of an imperial Theresa's Daughter. Thou doomed one, shut thy eyes on the future!—

And so, in stately Procession, have passed the Elected of France. Some towards honour and quick fire-consummation; most towards dishonour; not a few towards massacre, confusion, emigration, desperation: all towards Eternity!—So many heterogeneities cast together into the fermenting-vat; there, with incalculable action, counteraction, elective affinities, explosive developments, to work out healing for a sick moribund System of Society! Probably the strangest Body of Men, if we consider well, that ever met together on our Planet on such an errand.

II. To Arms!

The twelfth July morning is Sunday: the streets are all placarded with an enormous-sized *De par le Roi,* 'inviting peaceable citizens to remain within doors,' to feel no alarm, to gather in no crowd. Why so? What mean these 'placards of enormous size?' Above all, what means this clatter of military; dragoons, hussars, rattling in from all points of the compass towards the Place Louis Quinze: with a staid gravity of face, though saluted with mere nicknames, hootings and even missiles? Besenval [commandant of Paris] is with them. Swiss Guards of his are already in the Champs Elysées, with four pieces of artillery.

Alarm, of the vague unknown, is in every heart. The Palais Royal has become a place of awestruck interjections, silent shakings of the head: one can fancy with what dolorous sound the noontide cannon (which the Sun fires at crossing of his meridian) went off there; bodeful, like an inarticulate voice of doom. Are these troops verily come out 'against Brigands?' Where are the Brigands? What mystery is in the wind?—Hark! a human voice reporting articulately the Job's-news: *Necker, People's Minister, Saviour of France, is dismissed.* Impossible, incredible! Treasonous to the public peace! Such a voice ought to be choked in the waterworks;—had not the news-bringer quickly fled. Nevertheless, friends, make of it what ye will, the news is true. Necker is gone. Necker hies northward incessantly, in obedient secrecy, since yesternight. We have a new Ministry: Broglie the War-god; Aristocrat Breteuil; Foulon who said the people might eat grass!

Rumour, therefore, shall arise; in the Palais Royal, and in broad

France. Paleness sits on every face: confused tremor and fremescence; waxing into thunder-peals, of Fury stirred on by Fear.

But see Camille Desmoulins, from the Café de Foy, rushing out, sibylline in face; his hair streaming, in each hand a pistol! He springs to a table: the Police satellites are eyeing him; alive they shall not take him, not they alive him alive. This time he speaks without stammering:—Friends! shall we die like hunted hares? Like sheep hounded into their pinfold; bleating for mercy, where is no mercy, but only a whetted knife? The hour is come; the supreme hour of Frenchman and Man; when Oppressors are to try conclusions with Oppressed; and the word is, swift Death, or Deliverance forever. Let such hour be *well*-come! Us, meseems, one cry only befits: To Arms! Let universal Paris, universal France, as with the throat of a whirlwind, sound only: To arms!—"To arms!" yell responsive the innumerable voices; like one great voice, as of a Demon yelling from the air: for all faces wax fire-eyed, all hearts burn up into madness. In such, or fitter words, does Camille evoke the Elemental Powers, in this great moment.—Friends, continues Camille, some rallying sign! Cockades; green ones;—the colour of Hope!—As with the flight of locusts, these green tree-leaves; green ribands from the neighbouring shops; all green things are snatched, and made cockades of. Camille descends from his table; 'stifled with embraces, wetted with tears;' has a bit of green ribbon handed him; sticks it in his hat. And now to Curtius' Image-shop there; to the Boulevards; to the four winds, and rest not till France be on fire!

France, so long shaken and wind-parched, is probably at the right inflammable point.—As for poor Curtius, who, one grieves to think, might be but imperfectly paid,—he cannot make two words about his Images. The Wax-bust of Necker, the Wax-bust of D'Orléans, helpers of France: these, covered with crape, as in funeral procession, or after the manner of suppliants appealing to Heaven, to Earth, and Tartarus itself, a mixed multitude bears off.

In this manner march they, a mixed, continually increasing multitude; armed with axes, staves and miscellanea; grim, many-sounding, through the streets. Be all Theatres shut; let all dancing on planked floor, or on the natural greensward, cease! Instead of a Christian Sabbath, and feast of *guinguette* tabernacles, it shall be a Sorcerer's Sabbath; and Paris, gone rabid, dance,—with the Fiend for piper!

What a Paris, when the darkness fell! A European metropolitan City hurled suddenly forth from its old combinations and arrangements; to crash tumultuously together, seeking new. Use and wont will now no longer direct any man; each man with what of originality he has, must begin thinking; or following those that think. Seven hundred thousand individuals, on the sudden, find all their old paths, old ways of acting, and deciding, vanish from under their feet. And so there go they, with

clangour and terror, they know not as yet whether running, swimming, or flying,—headlong into the New Era. With clangour and terror: from above, Broglie, the war-god, impends, preternatural, with his redhot cannonballs; and from below a preternatural Brigand-world menaces with dirk and firebrand: madness rules the hour.

Happily, the Electoral Club is gathering; has declared itself a 'Provisional Municipality.' On the morrow, it will get Provost Flesselles, with an Échevin or two, to give help in many things. For the present it decrees one most essential thing: that forthwith a 'Parisian Militia' shall be enrolled. Depart, ye heads of Districts, to labour in this great work; while we here, in Permanent Committee, sit alert. Let fencible men, each party in its own range of streets, keep watch and ward, all night. Let Paris court a little fever-sleep; confused by such fever-dreams, of 'violent motions at the Palais Royal;'—or from time to time start awake, and look out, palpitating, in its nightcap, at the clash of discordant mutually-unintelligible Patrols; on the gleam of distant Barriers, going up all-too ruddy towards the vault of Night.

To the living and the struggling, a new, Fourteenth morning dawns. Under all roofs of this distracted City is the nodus of a drama, not untragical, crowding towards solution. The bustlings and preparings, the tremors and menaces; the tears that fell from old eyes! This day, my sons, ye shall quit you like men. By the memory of your fathers' wrongs, by the hope of your children's rights! Tyranny impends in red wrath: help for you is none, if not in your own right hands. This day ye must do or die.

From earliest light, a sleepless Permanent Committee has heard the old cry, now waxing almost frantic, mutinous: Arms! Arms! A hundred-and-fifty-thousand of us; and but the third man furnished with so much as a pike! Arms are the one thing needful: with arms we are an unconquerable man-defying National Guard; without arms, a rabble to be whiffed with grapeshot.

Happily the word has arisen, for no secret can be kept,—that there lie muskets at the *Hôtel des Invalides.* Thither will we: King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny, and whatsoever of authority a Permanent Committee can lend, shall go with us.

Behold about nine in the morning, our National Volunteers rolling in long wide flood, south-westward to the *Hôtel des Invalides;* in search of the one thing needful. King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny and officials are there; the Curé of Saint-Étienne du Mont marches unpacific, at the head of his militant Parish; the Clerks of the Basoche in red coats we see marching, now Volunteers of the Basoche; the Volunteers of the Palais Royal:—National Volunteers, numerable by tens of thousands; of one heart and mind. The King's muskets are the Nation's; think, old M. de Sombreuil, how, in this extremity, thou wilt refuse them! Old M. de Sombreuil would fain hold parley, send couriers; but it skills not: the walls are scaled, no Invalide firing a shot; the gates must be flung open.

Patriotism rushes in, tumultuous, from grunsel up to ridge-tile, through all rooms and passages; rummaging distractedly for arms. What cellar, or what cranny can escape it? The arms are found; all safe there; lying packed in straw,—apparently with a view to being burnt! More ravenous than famishing lions over dead prey, the multitude, with clangour and vociferation, pounces on them; struggling, dashing, clutching:—to the jamming-up, to the pressure, fracture and probable extinction of the weaker Patriot. And so, with such protracted crash of deafening, most discordant Orchestra-music, the Scene is changed; and eight-and-twenty thousand sufficient firelocks are on the shoulders of as many National Guards, lifted thereby out of darkness into fiery light.

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry every where: To the Bastille! Repeated 'deputations of citizens' have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay [governor of the Bastille] has got dismissed by soft speeches through portholes. Towards noon, Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving-stones, old iron and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon,—only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street: tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale:* the Suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly, as one man! Such vision (spectral yet real) thou, O Thuriot, as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment: prophetic of what other Phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering Spectral Realities, which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt!

To describe this Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in History) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open Esplanade, at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such Forecourts, *Cour Avancée, Cour de l'Orme,* arched Gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights); then new draw-bridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers; a labyrinthic Mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty;—beleaguered, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere Chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibres; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer: seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in coloured clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Grève. Frantic Patriots pick up the grapeshots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel-de-Ville;—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is 'pale to the very lips,' for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways, by panic madness. At every street-barricade, there whirls simmering a minor

whirlpool,—strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Mahlstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the wine-merchant has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the Marine Service, fresh from Brest, ply the King of Siam's cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like): Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn; the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him,* for a hundred years. Yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music. For, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest Diligence, and ran. Gardes Françaises also will be here, with real artillery: were not the walls so thick!—Upwards from the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighbouring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect. The Invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone; hardly through portholes, show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot; and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage; of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides mess-rooms. A distracted 'Peruke-maker with two fiery torches' is for burning 'the saltpetres of the Arsenal;'—had not a woman run screaming; had not a Patriot, with some tincture of Natural Philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young beautiful lady, seized escaping in these Outer Courts, and thought falsely to be De Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay's sight; she lies swooned on a paillasse: but again a Patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemère the old soldier, dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cartloads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke: almost to the choking of Patriotism itself; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart; and Réole the 'gigantic haberdasher' another. Smoke as of Tophet; confusion as of Babel; noise as of the Crack of Doom!

Blood flows; the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed Stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel-de-Ville; Abbé Fauchet (who was of one) can say, with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their Town-flag in the arched Gateway; and stand, rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such Crack of Doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them: they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears.

How the great Bastille Clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner Court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled One when the firing began; and is now pointing towards Five, and still the firing slakes not.—Far down, in their vaults, the seven Prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their Turnkeys answer vaguely.

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared: call it the World-

Chimaera, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets: they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade,* or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge: a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone Ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots,—he hovers perilous: such a Dove towards such an Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher: one man already fell; and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry; Usher Maillard falls not: deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted?—*"Foi d'Officier,* On the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Élie, for men do not agree on it, "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes-in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*

PART TWO: THE CONSTITUTION

I. Consolidation

HERE perhaps is the place to fix, a little more precisely, what these two words, *French Revolution,* shall mean; for, strictly considered, they may have as many meanings as there are speakers of them. All things are in revolution; in change from moment to moment, which becomes sensible from epoch to epoch: in this Time-World of ours there is properly nothing else but revolution and mutation, and even nothing else conceivable. Revolution, you answer, means *speedier* change. Whereupon one has still to ask: How speedy? At what degree of speed; in what particular points of this variable course, which varies in velocity, but can never stop till Time itself stops, does revolution begin and end; cease to be ordinary mutation, and again become such? It is a thing that will depend on definition more or less arbitrary.

For ourselves, we answer that French Revolution means here the open violent Rebellion, and Victory, of disimprisoned Anarchy against corrupt worn-out Authority: how Anarchy breaks prison; bursts up from the infinite Deep, and rages uncontrollable, immeasurable, enveloping a world; in phasis after phasis of fever-frenzy;—till the frenzy burning itself out, and what elements of new Order it held (since all Force holds such) developing themselves, the Uncontrollable be got, if not reimprisoned, yet harnessed, and its mad forces made to work towards their object as sane regulated ones. For as Hierarchies and Dynasties of all kinds, Theocracies, Aristocracies, Autocracies, Strumpetocracies, have ruled over the world; so it was appointed, in the decrees of Providence, that this same Victori-

ous Anarchy, Jacobinism, Sansculottism, French Revolution, Horrors of French Revolution, or what else mortals name it, should have its turn. The 'destructive wrath' of Sansculottism: this is what we speak, having unhappily no voice for singing.

Surely a great Phenomenon: nay it is a *transcendental* one, overstepping all rules and experience; the crowning Phenomenon of our Modern Time. For here again, most unexpectedly, comes antique Fanaticism in new and newest vesture; miraculous, as all Fanaticism is. Call it the Fanaticism of 'making away with formulas, *de humer les formules.*' The world of formulas, the *formed* regulated world, which all habitable world is,—must needs hate such Fanaticism like death; and be at deadly variance with it. The world of formulas must conquer it; or failing that, must die execrating it, anathematising it;—can nevertheless in nowise prevent its being and its having been. The Anathemas are there, and the miraculous Thing is there.

Whence it cometh? Whither it goeth? These are questions! When the age of Miracles lay faded into the distance as an incredible tradition, and even the age of Conventionalities was now old; and Man's Existence had for long generations rested on mere formulas which were grown hollow by course of time; and it seemed as if no Reality any longer existed, but only Phantasms of realities, and God's Universe were the work of the Tailor and Upholsterer mainly, and men were buckram masks that went about becking and grimacing there,—on a sudden, the Earth yawns asunder, and amid Tartarean smoke, and glare of fierce brightness, rises SANSCULOTTISM, many-headed, fire-breathing, and asks: What think ye of *me?*

Another question which at every new turn will rise on us, requiring ever new reply, is this: Where the French Revolution specially *is?* In the King's Palace, in his Majesty's or her Majesty's managements, and maltreatments, cabals, inbecilities and woes, answer some few:—whom we do not answer. In the National Assembly, answer a large mixed multitude: who accordingly seat themselves in the Reporter's Chair; and therefrom noting what Proclamations, Acts, Reports, passages of logic-fence, bursts of parliamentary eloquence seem notable within doors, and what tumults and rumours of tumult become audible from without, produce volume on volume; and, naming it History of the French Revolution, contentedly publish the same. To do the like, to almost any extent, with so many Filed Newspapers, *Choix des Rapports, Histoires Parlementaires* as there are, amounting to many horseloads, were easy for us. Easy but unprofitable. The National Assembly, named now Constituent Assembly, goes its course; making the Constitution; but the French Revolution also goes *its* course.

II. The Book of the Law

If the august Constituent Assembly itself, fixing the regards of the Universe, could, at the present distance of time and place, gain compara-

tively small attention from us, how much less can this poor Legislative! It has its Right side and its Left; the less Patriotic and the more, for Aristocrats exist not here or now: it spouts and speaks; listens to Reports, reads Bills and Laws; works in its vocation, for a season: but the History of France, one finds, is seldom or never there. Unhappy Legislative, what can History do with it; if not drop a tear over it, almost in silence? First of the two-year Parliaments of France, which, if Paper Constitution and oft-repeated National Oath could avail aught, were to follow in softly-strong indissoluble sequence while Time ran,—it had to vanish dolefully within *one* year; and there came no second like it. Alas! your biennial Parliaments in endless indissoluble sequence; they, and all that Constitutional Fabric, built with such explosive Federation Oaths, and its top-stone brought out with dancing and variegated radiance, went to pieces, like frail crockery, in the crash of things; and already, in eleven short months, were in that Limbo near the Moon, with the ghosts of other Chimeras. There, except for rare specific purposes, let them rest, in melancholy peace.

On the whole, how unknown is a man to himself; or a public Body of men to itself! Aesop's fly sat on the chariot-wheel, exclaiming, What a dust I do raise! Great Governors, clad in purple with fasces and insignia, are governed by their valets, by the pouting of their women and children; or, in Constitutional countries, by the paragraphs of their Able Editors. Say not, I am this or that; I am doing this or that! For thou knowest *it* not, thou knowest only the name it as yet goes by. A purple Nebuchadnezzar rejoices to feel himself now verily Emperor of this great Babylon which he has builded; and *is* a nondescript biped-quadruped, on the eve of a seven-years course of grazing! These Seven Hundred and Forty-five elected individuals doubt not but they are the first biennial Parliament, come to govern France by parliamentary eloquence: and they *are* what? And they have come to do what? Things foolish and not wise!

It is much lamented by many that this First Biennial had no members of the old Constituent in it, with their experience of parties and parliamentary tactics; that such was their foolish Self-denying Law. Most surely, old members of the Constituent had been welcome to us here. But, on the other hand, what old or what new members of any Constituent under the Sun could have effectually profited? There are first biennial Parliaments so postured as to be, in a sense, *beyond* wisdom; where wisdom and folly differ only in degree, and wreckage and dissolution are the appointed issue for both.

Old-Constituents, your Barnaves, Lameths and the like, for whom a special Gallery has been set apart, where they may sit in honour and listen, are in the habit of sneering at these new Legislators; but let not us! The poor Seven Hundred and Forty-five, sent together by the active citizens of France, are what they could be: do what is fated them. That they are of Patriot temper we can well understand. Aristocrat Noblesse had fled over the marches, or sat brooding silent in their unburnt Châteaus; small pros-

pect had they in Primary Electoral Assemblies. What with Flights to Varennes, what with Days of Poniards, with plot after plot, the People are left to themselves; the People must needs choose Defenders of the People, such as can be had. No Mirabeau now sits here, who had swallowed formulas: our only Mirabeau now is Danton, working as yet out of doors; whom some call 'Mirabeau of the Sansculottes.'

Nevertheless we have our gifts,—especially of speech and logic. An eloquent Vergniaud we have; most mellifluous yet most impetuous of public speakers; from the region named Gironde, of the Garonne: a man unfortunately of indolent habits; who will sit playing with your children, when he ought to be scheming and perorating. Sharp-bustling Gaudet; considerate grave Gensonné; kind-sparkling mirthful young Ducos; Valazé doomed to a sad end: all these likewise are of that Gironde or Bordeaux region: men of fervid Constitutional principles; of quick talent, irrefragable logic, clear respectability; who will have the Reign of Liberty establish itself, but only by respectable methods. Round whom others of like temper will gather; known by and by as *Girondins,* to the sorrowing wonder of the world. Of which sort note Condorcet, Marquis and Philosopher; who has worked at much, at Paris Municipal Constitution, Differential Calculus, Newspaper *Chronique de Paris,* Biography, Philosophy; and now sits here as two-years Senator: a notable Condorcet, with stoical Roman face, and fiery heart; 'volcano hid under snow;' styled likewise, in irreverent language, *'mouton enragé,'* peaceablest of creatures bitten rabid! Or note, lastly, Jean-Pierre Brissot; whom Destiny, long working noisily with him, has hurled hither, say, to have done with him. A biennial Senator he too; nay, for the present, the king of such. Restless, scheming, scribbling Brissot; who took to himself the style *de Warville,* heralds know not in the least why;—unless it were that the father of him did, in an unexceptionable manner, perform Cookery and Vintnery in the Village of *Ouar*ville? A man of the windmill species, that grinds always, turning towards all winds, not in the steadiest manner.

Nor is *Côté Droit,* and band of King's friends, wanting: Vaublanc, Dumas, Jaucourt the honoured Chevalier; who love Liberty, yet with Monarchy over it; and speak fearlessly according to that faith;—whom the thick-coming hurricanes will sweep away. With them let a new military Theodore Lameth be named;—were it only for his two Brothers' sake, who look down on him, approvingly there, from the Old-Constituents' Gallery. Frothy professing Pastorets, honey-mouthed conciliatory Lamourettes, and speechless nameless individuals sit plentiful, as Moderates, in the middle. Still less is a *Côté Gauche* wanting: extreme Left; sitting on the topmost benches, as if aloft on its speculatory Height or *Mountain,* which will become a practical fulminatory Height, and make the name of Mountain famous-infamous to all times and lands.

Honour waits not on this Mountain; nor as yet even loud dishonour. Gifts it boasts not, nor graces, of speaking or of thinking; solely this one gift of assured faith, of audacity that will defy the Earth and the Heavens.

Foremost here are the Cordelier Trio: hot Merlin from Thionville, hot Bazire, Attorneys both; Chabot, disfrocked Capuchin, skilful in agio. Lawyer Lacroix, who wore once as subaltern the single epaulette, has loud lungs and a hungry heart. There too is Couthon, little dreaming *what* he is;—whom a sad chance has paralysed in the lower extremities. For, it seems, he sat once a whole night, not warm in his true-love's bower (who indeed was by law another's), but sunken to the middle in a cold peat-bog, being hunted out from her; quaking for his life, in the cold quaking morass; and goes now on crutches to the end. Cambon likewise, in whom slumbers undeveloped such a finance-talent for printing of Assignats; Father of Paper-money; who, in the hour of menace, shall utter this stern sentence, "War to the Manorhouse, peace to the Hut, *Guerre aux Châteaux, paix aux Chaumières!*" Lecointre, the intrepid Draper of Versailles, is welcome here: known since the Opera-Repast and Insurrection of Women. Thuriot too; Elector Thuriot, who stood in the embrasures of the Bastille, and saw Saint-Antoine rising in mass; who has many other things to see. Last and grimmest of all, note old Ruhl, with his brown dusky face and long white hair; of Alsatian Lutheran breed; a man whom age and book-learning have not taught; who, haranguing the old men of Rheims, shall hold up the Sacred *Ampulla* (Heaven-sent, wherefrom Clovis and all Kings have been anointed) as a mere worthless oil-bottle, and dash it to sherds on the pavement there; who, alas, shall dash much to sherds, and finally his own wild head by pistol-shot, and *so* end it.

And to think what fate these poor Seven Hundred and Forty-five are assembled, most unwittingly, to meet! Let no heart be so hard as not to pity them. Their soul's wish was to live and work as the First of the French Parliaments; and make the Constitution march. Did they not, at their very instalment, go through the most affecting Constitutional ceremony, almost with tears? The Twelve eldest are sent solemnly to fetch the Constitution itself, the printed Book of the Law. Archivist Camus, an Old-Constituent appointed Archivist, he and the Ancient Twelve, amid blare of military pomp and clangour, enter, bearing the divine Book: and President and all Legislative Senators, laying their hand on the same, successively take the Oath, with cheers and heart-effusion, universal three-times-three. In this manner they begin their session. Unhappy mortals! For, that same day, his Majesty having received their Deputation of welcome, as seemed, rather drily, the Deputation cannot but feel slighted, cannot but lament such slight: and thereupon our cheering swearing First Parliament sees itself, on the morrow, obliged to explode into fierce retaliatory sputter of anti-royal Enactment as to how they, for their part, will receive Majesty; and how Majesty shall not be called Sire any more, except they please: and then, on the following day, to recall this Enactment of theirs, as too hasty, and a mere sputter, though not unprovoked.

An effervescent well-intentioned set of Senators; too combustible, where continual sparks are flying! Their History is a series of sputters and quarrels; true desire to do their function, fatal impossibility to do it. Denunciations, reprimandings of King's Ministers, of traitors supposed and real; hot rage and fulmination against fulminating Emigrants; terror of Austrian Kaiser, of 'Austrian Committee' in the Tuileries itself; rage and haunting terror, haste and doubt and dim bewilderment!—Haste, we say; and yet the Constitution had provided against haste. No Bill can be passed till it have been printed, till it have been thrice read, with intervals of eight days;—'unless the Assembly shall beforehand decree that there is urgency.' Which, accordingly, the Assembly, scrupulous of the Constitution, never omits to do: Considering this, and also considering that, and then that other, the Assembly decrees always *'qu'il y a urgence;'* and thereupon 'the Assembly, having decreed that there is urgence,' is free to decree—what indispensable distracted thing seems best to it. Two thousand and odd decrees, as men reckon, within Eleven months! The haste of the Constituent seemed great; but this is treble-quick. For the time itself is rushing treble-quick; and they have to keep pace with that. Unhappy Seven Hundred and Forty-five: true-patriotic, but so combustible; being fired, they must needs fling fire: Senate of touch-wood and rockets, in a world of smoke-storm, with sparks wind-driven continually flying!

A Constitution, as we often say, will march when it images, if not the old Habits and Beliefs of the Constituted; then accurately their Rights, or better indeed, their Mights;—for these two, well understood, are they not one and the same? The old Habits of France are gone: her new Rights and Mights are not yet ascertained, except in Paper-theorem; nor can be, in any sort, till she have *tried.* Till she have measured herself, in fell death-grip, and were it in utmost preternatural spasm of madness, with Principalities and Powers, with the upper and the under, internal and external; with the Earth and Tophet and the very Heaven! Then will she know.—Three things bode ill for the marching of this French Constitution: the French people; the French King; thirdly, the French Noblesse and an assembled European World.

III. Constitution Burst in Pieces

The New Municipals have come and gone; with Three Flags, *Liberté, Égalité, Patrie,* and the clang of vivats. Vergniaud, he who as President few hours ago talked of dying for Constituted Authorities, has moved, as Committee-Reporter, that the Hereditary Representative *be suspended;* that a NATIONAL CONVENTION do forthwith assemble to say what further! An able Report; which the President must have had ready in his pocket? A President, in such cases, must have much ready, and yet not ready; and Janus-like look before and after.

King Louis listens to all; retires about midnight 'to three little rooms on the upper floor;' till the Luxembourg be prepared for him, and 'the safeguard of the Nation.' Safer if Brunswick were once here! Or, alas, not so safe? Ye hapless discrowned heads! Crowds come, next morning, to catch a glimpse of them, in their three upper rooms. Montgaillard says the august Captives wore an air of cheerfulness, even of gaiety; that the Queen and Princess Lamballe, who had joined her overnight, looked out of the open window, 'shook powder from their hair on the people below, and laughed.' He is an acrid distorted man.

For the rest, one may guess that the Legislative, above all that the New Municipality continues busy. Messengers, Municipal or Legislative, and swift despatches rush off to all corners of France; full of triumph, blended with indignant wail, for Twelve-hundred have fallen. France sends up its blended shout responsive; the Tenth of August [when the Tuileries was sacked] shall be as the Fourteenth of July [when the Bastille fell], only bloodier and greater. The Court has conspired? Poor Court: the Court has been vanquished; and will have both the scath to bear and the scorn. How the statues of Kings do now all fall! Bronze Henri himself, though he wore a cockade once, jingles down from the Pont Neuf, where *Patrie* floats *in Danger*. Much more does Louis Fourteenth, from the Place Vendôme, jingle down; and even breaks in falling.

For three days now, Louis and his Family have heard the Legislative Debates in the Lodge of the *Logographe;* and retired nightly to their small upper rooms. The Luxembourg and safe-guard of the Nation could not be got ready: nay, it seems the Luxembourg has too many cellars and issues; no Municipality can undertake to watch it. The compact Prison of the Temple, not so elegant indeed, were much safer. To the Temple, therefore. On Monday, the 13th day of August 1792, in Mayor Pétion's carriage, Louis and his sad suspended Household fare thither; all Paris out to look at them. As they pass through the Place Vendôme, Louis Fourteenth's Statue lies broken on the ground. Pétion is afraid the Queen's looks may be thought scornful, and produce provocation; she casts down her eyes, and does not look at all. The 'press is prodigious,' but quiet: here and there, it shouts *Vive la Nation;* but for most part gazes in silence. French Royalty vanishes within the gates of the Temple: these old peaked Towers, like peaked Extinguisher or *Bonsoir,* do cover it up; —from which same Towers, poor Jacques Molay and his Templars were burnt out, by French Royalty, five centuries since. Such are the turns of Fate below. Foreign Ambassadors, English Lord Gower, have all demanded passports; are driving indignantly towards their respective homes.

So, then, the Constitution is over? Forever and a day! Gone is that wonder of the Universe; First biennial Parliament, water-logged, waits only till the Convention come; and will then sink to endless depths. One can guess the silent rage of Old-Constituents, Constitution-builders, ex-

tinct Feuillants, men who thought the Constitution would march! Lafayette rises to the altitude of the situation; at the head of his Army. Legislative Commissioners are posting towards him and it, on the Northern Frontier, to congratulate and perorate: he orders the Municipality of Sedan to arrest these Commissioners, and keep them strictly in ward as Rebels, till he say further. The Sedan Municipals obey.

The Sedan Muncipals obey—but the Soldiers of the Lafayette Army? The Soldiers of the Lafayette Army have, as all Soldiers have, a kind of dim feeling that they themselves are Sansculottes in buff belts, that the victory of the Tenth of August is also a victory for them. They will not rise and follow Lafayette to Paris; they will rise and *send* him thither! On the 18th, which is but next Saturday, Lafayette, with some two or three indignant Staff-officers, one of whom is Old-Constituent Alexandre de Lameth, having first put his Lines in what order he could,—rides swiftly over the Marches towards Holland. Rides, alas, swiftly into the claws of Austrians! He, long wavering, trembling on the verge of the Horizon, has set, in Olmutz Dungeons; this History knows him no more. Adieu, thou Hero of two Worlds; thinnest, but compact honour-worthy man! Through long rough night of captivity, through other tumults, triumphs and changes, thou wilt swing well, 'fast-anchored to the Washington Formula;' and be the Hero and Perfect-character, were it only of one idea. The Sedan Municipals repent and protest; the Soldiers shout *Vive la Nation.* Dumouriez Polymetis, from his Camp at Maulde, sees himself made Commander-in-Chief.

And, O Brunswick! what sort of 'military execution' will Paris merit now? Forward, ye well-drilled exterminatory men; with your artillery-wagons, and camp-kettles jingling. Forward, tall chivalrous King of Prussia; fanfaronading Emigrants and wargod Broglie, 'for some consolation to mankind,' which verily is not without need of some.

PART THREE: THE GUILLOTINE

I. France Invaded

It is not by carmagnole-dances, and singing of *ça-ira,* that the work can be done. Duke Brunswick [Prussian general] is not dancing carmagnoles, but has his drill-sergeants busy.

On the Frontiers, our Armies, be it treason or not, behave in the worst way. Troops badly commanded shall we say? Or troops intrinsically bad? Unappointed, undisciplined, mutinous; that, in a thirty-years peace, have never seen fire? In any case, Lafayette's and Rochambeau's little clutch, which they made at Austrian Flanders, has prospered as badly as clutch need do: soldiers starting at their own shadow; suddenly shrieking *"On nous trahit,"* and flying off in wild panic, at or before the first shot;—managing only to hang some two or three prisoners they had

picked up, and massacre their own Commander, poor Théobald Dillon, driven into a granary by them in the Town of Lille.

And poor Gouvion: he who sat shiftless in an Insurrection of Women! Gouvion quitted the Legislative Hall and Parliamentary duties, in disgust and despair. He said, "Between the Austrians and the Jacobins there is nothing but a soldier's death for it;" and so 'in the dark stormy night,' he has flung himself into the throat of the Austrian cannon, and perished in the skirmish at Maubeuge on the ninth of June. Whom Legislative Patriotism shall mourn, with black mort-cloths and melody in the Champ-de-Mars: many a Patriot shiftier, truer none. Lafayette himself is looking altogether dubious; in place of beating the Austrians, is about writing to denounce the Jacobins. Rochambeau, all disconsolate, quits the service: there remains only Lückner, the babbling old Prussian Grenadier.

Without Armies, without Generals! And the Cimmerian Night *has* gathered itself; Brunswick preparing his proclamation; just about to march! Let a Patriot Ministry and Legislative say, what in these circumstances it will do? Suppress internal enemies, for one thing, answers the Patriot Legislative; and proposes, on the 24th of May [1792], its Decree for the Banishment of Priests. Collect also some nucleus of determined internal friends, adds War-Minister Servan; and proposes, on the 7th of June, his Camp of Twenty-thousand. Twenty-thousand National Volunteers; Five out of each Canton, picked Patriots, for Roland has charge of the Interior: they shall assemble here in Paris; and be for a defence, cunningly devised, against foreign Austrians and domestic *Austrian Committee* alike. So much can a Patriot Ministry and Legislative do.

Reasonable and cunningly devised as such Camp may, to Servan and Patriotism, appear, it appears not so to Feuillantism; to that Feuillant-Aristocrat Staff of the Paris Guard; a Staff, one would say again, which will need to be *dissolved*. These men see, in this proposed Camp of Servan's, an offence; and even, as they pretend to say, an insult. Petitions there come, in consequence, from blue Feuillants in epaulettes; ill received. Nay, in the end, there comes one Petition, called 'of the Eight-thousand National Guards:' so many names are on it, including women and children. Which famed Petition of the Eight-thousand is indeed received: and the Petitioners, all under arms, are admitted to the honours of the sitting,—if honours or even if sitting there be; for the instant their bayonets appear at the one door, the Assembly 'adjourns,' and begins to flow out at the other.

Also, in these same days, it is lamentable to see how National Guards, escording *Fête-Dieu,* or *Corpus-Christi* ceremonial, do collar and smite down any Patriot that does not uncover as the Hostie passes. They clap their bayonets to the breast of Cattle-butcher Legendre, a known Patriot ever since the Bastille days; and threaten to butcher him; though he sat quite respectfully, he says, in his Gig, at a distance of fifty paces, waiting till the thing were by. Nay, orthodox females were shrieking to have down the *Lanterne* on him.

To such height has Feuillantism gone in this Corps. For indeed, are not their Officers creatures of the chief Feuillant, Lafayette? The Court too has, very naturally, been tampering with them; caressing them, ever since that dissolution of the so-called Constitutional Guard. Some Battalions are altogether *'pétris,* kneaded full' of Feuillantism, mere Aristocrats at bottom: for instance, the Battalion of the *Filles-Saint-Thomas* made up of your Bankers, Stockbrokers, and other Full-purses of the Rue Vivienne. Our worthy old Friend Weber, Queen's Foster-brother Weber, carries a musket in that Battalion,—one may judge with what degree of Patriotic intention.

Heedless of all which, or rather heedful of all which, the Legislative, backed by Patriotic France and the feeling of Necessity, decrees this Camp of Twenty-thousand. Decisive though conditional Banishment of malign Priests it has already decreed.

It will now be seen, therefore, Whether the Hereditary Representative is for us or against us? Whether or not, to all our other woes, this intolerablest one is to be added; which renders us not a menaced Nation in extreme jeopardy and need, but a paralytic Solecism of a Nation; sitting wrapped as in dead cerements, of a Constitutional-Vesture that were no other than a winding-sheet; our right hand glued to our left: to wait there, writhing and wriggling, unable to stir from the spot, till in Prussian rope we mount to the gallows? Let the Hereditary Representative consider it well: The Decree of Priests? The Camp of Twenty-thousand?—By Heaven, he answers, *Veto! Veto!*—Strict Roland hands-in his *Letter to the King;* or rather it was Madame's Letter, who wrote it all at a sitting; one of the plainest spoken Letters ever handed-in to any King. This plain-spoken Letter King Louis has the benefit of reading over-night. He reads, inwardly digests; and next morning, the whole Patriot Ministry finds itself turned out. It is the 13th of June 1792.

Dumouriez, the many-counselled, he, with one Duranthon, called Minister of Justice, does indeed linger for a day or two; in rather suspicious circumstances; speaks with the Queen, almost weeps with her: but in the end, he too sets off for the Army; leaving what Un-Patriot or Semi-Patriot Ministry and Ministries can now accept the helm, to accept it. Name them not; new quick-changing Phantasms, which shift like magic-lantern figures; more spectral than ever!

Unhappy Queen, unhappy Louis! The two *Vetos* were so natural: are not the Priests martyrs; also friends? This Camp of Twenty-thousand, could it be other than of storm-fullest Sansculottes? Natural; and yet, to France, unendurable. Priests that cooperate with Coblentz must go elsewhither with their martyrdom: stormful Sansculottes, these and no other kind of creatures will drive back the Austrians. If thou prefer the Austrians, then for the love of Heaven go join them. If not, join frankly with what will oppose them to the death. Middle course is none.

Or, alas, what extreme course was there left now for a man like Louis? Underhand Royalists, Ex-Minister Bertrand-Moleville, Ex-Con-

stituent Malouet, and all manner of unhelpful individuals, advise and advise. With face of hope turned now on the Legislative Assembly, and now on Austria and Coblentz, and round generally on the Chapter of Chances, an ancient Kingship is reeling and spinning, one knows not whitherward, on the flood of things.

II. September in Paris

At Paris, by lying Rumour which proved prophetic and veridical, the fall of Verdun was known some hours *before* it happened. It is Sunday the second of September; handiwork hinders not the speculations of the mind. Verdun gone (though some still deny it); the Prussians in full march, with gallows-ropes, with fire and faggot! Thirty-thousand Aristocrats within our own walls; and but the merest quarter-tithe of them yet put in Prison! Nay there goes a word that even these will revolt.

So that apparently the knot of the crisis and last agony of France is come? Make front to this, thou Improvised Commune, strong Danton, whatsoever man is strong! Readers can judge whether the Flag of Country in Danger flapped soothingly or distractively on the souls of men, that day.

But the Improvised Commune, but strong Danton is not wanting, each after his kind. Huge Placards are getting plastered to the walls; at two o'clock the stormbell shall be sounded, the alarm-cannon fired; all Paris shall rush to the Champ-de-Mars, and have itself enrolled. Unarmed, truly, and undrilled; but desperate, in the strength of frenzy. Haste, ye men; ye very women, offer to mount guard and shoulder the brown musket: weak clucking-hens, in a state of desperation, will fly at the muzzle of the mastiff; and even conquer him,—by vehemence of character! Terror itself, when once grown transcendental, becomes a kind of courage; as frost sufficiently intense, according to Poet Milton, will *burn*.—Danton, the other night, in the Legislative Committee of General Defence, when the other Ministers and Legislators had all opined, said, It would not do to quit Paris, and fly to Saumur; that they must abide by Paris; and take such attitude as would put their enemies in fear,—*faire peur;* a word of his which has been often repeated, and reprinted—in italics.

All steeples are clangouring not for sermon; the alarm-gun booming from minute to minute, Champ-de-Mars and Fatherland's Altar boiling with desperate terror-courage: what a *miserere* going up to Heaven from this once Capital of the Most Christian King! The Legislative sits in alternate awe and effervescence; Vergniaud proposing that Twelve shall go and dig personally on Montmartre; which is decreed by acclaim.

But better than digging personally with acclaim, see Danton enter;—the black brows clouded, the colossus figure tramping heavy; grim energy looking from all features of the rugged man! Strong is that grim Son of France and Son of Earth; a Reality and not a Formula he too:

and surely now if ever, being hurled *low* enough, it is on the Earth and on Realities that he rests. "Legislators!" so speaks the stentor-voice, as the Newspapers yet preserve it for us, "it is not the alarm-cannon that you hear: it is the *pas-de-charge* against our enemies. To conquer them, to hurl them back, what do we require? *Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace,* To dare, and again to dare, and without end to dare!"—Right so, thou brawny Titan; there is nothing left for thee but that. Old men, who heard it, will still tell you how the reverberating voice made all hearts swell, in that moment; and braced them to the sticking-place; and thrilled abroad over France, like electric virtue, as a word spoken in season.

But the Commune, enrolling in the Champ-de-Mars? But the Committee of Watchfulness, become now Committee of the great Day of Judgment make it known. But with a Marat for keeper of the Sovereign's Conscience—and we know what the *ultima ratio* of Sovereigns, when they are driven to it, is!

The tocsin is pealing its loudest, the clocks inaudibly striking *Three,* when poor Abbé Sicard, with some thirty other Nonjurant Priests, in six carriages, fare along the streets, from their preliminary House of Detention at the Townhall, westward towards the Prison of the Abbaye. Carriages enough stand deserted on the streets; these six move on, through angry multitudes, cursing as they move. Accursed Aristocrat Tartuffes, this is the pass ye have brought us to! And now Public Salvation; whose conscience is Marat? The Commune enrolling enrolls many; provides Tents for them in that Mars'-Field, that they may march with dawn on the morrow: praise to this part of the Commune! To Marat and the Committee of Watchfulness not praise;—not even blame, such as could be meted out in these insufficient dialects of ours; expressive silence rather! Lone Marat, the man forbid, meditating long in his Cellars of refuge, on his Stylites Pillar, could see salvation in one thing only: in the fall of 'two-hundred and sixty thousand Aristocrat heads'. With so many score of Naples Bravoes, each a dirk in his right-hand, a muff on his left, he would traverse France, and do it. But the world laughed, mocking the severe-benevolence of a People's-Friend; and his idea could not become an action, but only a fixed-idea. Lo, now, however, he has come down from his Stylites Pillar, to a *Tribune particulière;* here now, without the dirks, without the *muffs* at least, were it not grown possible,—now in the knot of the crisis, when salvation or destruction hangs in the hour!

Terror is on these streets of Paris; terror and rage, tears and frenzy: tocsin-miserere pealing through the air; fierce desperation rushing to battle; mothers, with streaming eyes and wild hearts, sending forth their sons to die. 'Carriage-horses are seized by the bridle,' that they may draw cannon; 'the traces cut, the carriages left standing.' In such tocsin-miserere, and murky bewilderment of Frenzy, are not Murder, Ate, and all Furies near at hand? On slight hint—who knows on how slight?—may not Murder come; and with *her* snaky-sparkling head, illuminate this murk!

How it was, and went, what part might be premeditated, what was improvised and accidental, man will never know, till ye will break the Prisons, and set Capet Veto on horseback to ride over us? Out upon you, Priests of Beelzebub and Moloch; of Tartuffery, Mammon and the Prussian Gallows,—which ye name Mother-Church and God!—Such reproaches have the poor Nonjurants to endure, and worse; spoken in on them by frantic Patriots, who mount even on the carriage-steps; the very guards hardly refraining. Pull up your carriage-blinds?—No! answers Patriotism, clapping its horny paw on the carriage-blind, and crushing it down again. Patience in oppression has limits: we are close on the Abbaye, it has lasted long: a poor Nonjurant, of quicker temper, smites the horny paw with his cane; nay, finding solacement in it, smites the unkempt head, sharply and again more sharply, twice over,—seen clearly of us, and of the world. It is the last that we see clearly. Alas, next moment the carriages are locked and blocked in endless raging tumults; in yells deaf to the cry for mercy, which answer the cry for mercy with sabre-thrusts through the heart. The thirty Priests are torn out, are massacred about the Prison-Gate, one after one,—only the poor Abbé Sicard, whom one Moton a watchmaker, knowing him, heroically tried to save and secrete in the Prison, escapes to tell;—and it is Night and Orcus, and Murder's snaky-sparkling head *has* risen in the murk!—

From Sunday afternoon (exclusive of intervals and pauses not final) till Thursday evening, there follow consecutively a Hundred Hours. Which hundred hours are to be reckoned with the hours of the Bartholomew Butchery, of the Armagnac Massacres, Sicilian Vespers, or whatsoever is savagest in the annals of this world. Horrible the hour when man's soul, in its paroxysm, spurns asunder the barriers and rules; and shows what dens and depths are in it! For Night and Orcus, as we say, as was long prophesied, have burst forth, here in this Paris, from their subterranean imprisonment: hideous, dim-confused; which it is painful to look on; and yet which cannot, and indeed which should not, be forgotten.

The Reader, who looks earnestly through this dim Phantasmagory of the Pit, will discern few fixed certain objects; and yet still a few. He will observe, in this Abbaye Prison, the sudden massacre of the Priests being once over, a strange Court of Justice, or call it Court of Revenge and Wild-Justice, swiftly fashion itself, and take seat round a table, with the Prison-Registers spread before it;—Stanislas Maillard, Bastille-hero, famed Leader of the Menads, presiding. O Stanislas, one hoped to meet thee elsewhere than here; thou shifty Riding-Usher, with an inkling of Law! This work also thou hadst to do; and then—to depart forever from our eyes. At *La Force,* at the *Châtelet,* the *Conciergerie,* the like Court forms itself, with the like accompaniments: the thing that one man does, other men can do. There are some Seven Prisons in Paris, full of Aristocrats with conspiracies;—nay not even *Bicêtre* and *Salpêtrière* shall escape, with their Forgers of Assignats: and there are seventy times

seven hundred Patriot hearts in a state of frenzy. Scoundrel hearts also there are; as perfect, say, as the Earth holds,—if such are needed. To whom, in this mood, law is as no-law; and killing, by what name soever called, is but work to be done.

So sit these sudden Courts of Wild-Justice, with the Prison-Registers before them; unwonted wild tumult howling all round; the Prisoners in dread expectancy within. Swift: a name is called; bolts jingle, a Prisoner is there. A few questions are put; swiftly this sudden jury decides: Royalist Plotter or not? Clearly not; in that case, Let the Prisoner be enlarged with *Vive la Nation.* Probably yea; then still, Let the Prisoner be enlarged, but without *Vive la Nation;* or else it may run, Let the Prisoner be conducted to La Force. At La Force again their Formula is, Let the Prisoner be conducted to the Abbaye.—"To La Force then!" Volunteer bailiffs seize the doomed man; he is at the outer gate; 'enlarged,' or 'conducted,' not into La Force, but into a howling sea; forth under an arch of wild sabres, axes and pikes; and sinks, hewn asunder. And another sinks, and another; and there forms itself a piled heap of corpses, and the kennels begin to run red. Fancy the yells of these men, their faces of sweat and blood; the crueller shrieks of these women, for there are women too; and a fellow-mortal hurled naked into it all! Jourgniac de Saint-Méard has seen battle, has seen an effervescent Régiment du Roi in mutiny; but the bravest heart may quail at this. The Swiss Prisoners, remnants of the Tenth of August, 'clasped each other spasmodically, and hung back; gray veterans crying: "Mercy, Messieurs; ah, mercy!" But there was no mercy. Suddenly, however, one of these men steps forward. He had on a blue frock-coat; he seemed about thirty, his stature was above common, his look noble and martial. "I go first," said he, "since it must be so: adieu!" Then dashing his hat sharply behind him: "Which way?" cried he to the Brigands: "Show it me, then." They opened the folding gate: he is announced to the multitude. He stands a moment motionless; then plunges forth among the pikes, and dies of a thousand wounds.'

Man after man is cut down; the sabres need sharpening, the killers refresh themselves from wine-jugs. Onward and onward goes the butchery; the loud yells wearying down into bass growls. A sombre-faced shifting multitude looks on; in dull approval, or dull disapproval; in dull recognition that it is Necessity. 'An *Anglais* in drab greatcoat' was seen, or seemed to be seen, serving liquor from his own dram-bottle;—for what purpose, 'if not set on by Pitt,' Satan and himself know best! Witty Dr. Moore grew sick on approaching, and turned into another street.—Quick enough goes this Jury-Court; and rigorous. The brave are not spared, nor the beautiful, nor the weak. Old M. de Montmorin, the Minister's Brother, was acquitted by the Tribunal of the Seventeenth; and conducted back, elbowed by howling galleries; but is not acquitted here. Princess de Lamballe had lain down on bed; "Madame, you are to be removed to the Abbaye." "I do not wish to remove; I am well enough here." There is a need-be for removing. She will arrange her dress

a little, then; rude voices answer, "You have not far to go." She too is led to the hell-gate; a manifest Queen's-Friend. She shivers back, at the sight of bloody sabres; but there is no return: Onward! That fair hind head is cleft with the axe; the neck is severed. That fair body is cut in fragments; with indignities, and obscene horrors of moustachio *grands-lèvres,* which human nature would fain find incredible, which shall be read in the original language only. She was beautiful, she was good, she had known no happiness. Young hearts, generation after generation, will think with themselves: O worthy of worship, thou king-descended, god-descended, and poor sister-woman! why was I not there; and some Sword Balmung or Thor's Hammer in my hand? Her head is fixed on a pike; paraded under the windows of the Temple; that a still more hated, a Marie Antoinette, may see. One Municipal, in the Temple with the Royal Prisoners at the moment, said, "Look out." Another eagerly whispered, "Do not look." The circuit of the Temple is guarded, in these hours, by a long stretched tricolor riband: terror enters, and the clangour of infinite tumult; hitherto not regicide, though that too may come.

III. Flight and Capture of the King

The Village of Varennes lies dark and slumberous; a most unlevel Village, of inverse saddle-shape, as men write. It sleeps; the rushing of the River Aire singing lullaby to it. Nevertheless from the Golden Arm, *Bras d'Or* Tavern, across that sloping Marketplace, there still comes shine of social light; comes voice of rude drovers, or the like, who have not yet taken the stirrup-cup; Boniface Le Blanc, in white apron, serving them; cheerful to behold. To this *Bras d'Or,* Drouet enters, alacrity looking through his eyes; he nudges Boniface, in all privacy, *"Camarade, es-tu bon Patriote,* Art thou a good Patriot?"—*"Si je suis!"* answers Boniface. —"In that case," eagerly whispers Drouet—what whisper is needful, heard of Boniface alone.

And now see Boniface Le Blanc bustling, as he never did for the jolliest toper. See Drouet and Guillaume, dexterous Old-Dragoons, instantly down blocking the Bridge, with a 'furniture-wagon they find there,' with whatever wagons, tumbrils, barrels, barrows their hands can lay hold of;—till no carriage can pass. Then swiftly, the Bridge once blocked, see them take station hard by, under Varennes Archway: joined by Le Blanc, Le Blanc's Brother, and one or two alert Patriots he has roused. Some half-dozen in all, with National muskets, they stand close, waiting under the Archway, till the Korff Berline [the King's carriage] rumble up.

It rumbles up: *Alte là!* lanterns flash out from under coat-skirts, bridles chuck in strong fists, two National muskets level themselves fore and aft through the two Coach-doors. "Mesdames, your Passports?"—Alas, alas! Sieur Sausse, Procureur of the Township, Tallow-chandler also

and Grocer, is there, with official grocer-politeness; Drouet with fierce logic and ready wit:—The respected Travelling Party, be it Baroness de Korff's, or persons of still higher consequence, will perhaps please to rest itself in M. Sausse's till the dawn strike up!

O Louis; O hapless Marie-Antoinette, fated to pass thy life with such men! Phlegmatic Louis, art thou but lazy semi-animate phlegm then, to the centre of thee? King, Captain-General, Sovereign Frank! if thy heart ever formed, since it began beating under the name of heart, any resolution at all, be it now then, or never in this world:—"Violent nocturnal individuals, and if it were persons of high consequence? And if it were the King himself? Has the King not the power, which all beggars have, of travelling unmolested on his own Highway? Yes: it is the King; and tremble ye to know it! The King has said, in this one small matter; and in France, or under God's Throne, is no power that shall gainsay. Not the King shall ye stop here under this your miserable Archway; but his dead body only, and answer it to Heaven and Earth. To me, Bodyguards; Postilions, *en avant!*"—One fancies in that case the pale paralysis of these two Le Blanc musketeers; the drooping of Drouet's underjaw; and how Procureur Sausse had melted like tallow in furnace-heat: Louis faring on; in some few steps awakening Young Bouillé, awakening relays and Hussars: triumphant entry, with cavalcading high-brandishing Escort, and Escorts, into Montmédi; and the whole course of French History different!

Alas, it was not *in* the poor phlegmatic man. Had it been in him, French History had never come under this Varennes Archway to decide itself.—He steps out; all step out. Procureur Sausse gives his grocer-arms to the Queen and Sister Elizabeth, Majesty taking the two Children by the hand. And thus they walk, coolly back, over the Marketplace, to Procureur Sausse's; mount into his small upper story; where straightway his Majesty 'demands refreshments.' Demands refreshments, as is written; gets bread-and-cheese with a bottle of Burgundy; and remarks, that it is the best Burgundy he ever drank!

Meanwhile, the Varennes Notables, and all men, official and non-official, are hastily drawing on their breeches; getting their fighting gear. Mortals half-dressed tumble out barrels, lay felled trees; scouts dart off to all the four winds,—the tocsin begins clanging, 'the Village illuminates itself.' Very singular: how these little Villages do manage, so adroit are they, when startled in midnight alarm of war. Like little adroit municipal rattle-snakes, suddenly awakened: for their storm-bell rattles and rings; their eyes glisten luminous (with tallow-light), as in rattle-snake ire; and the Village will *sting*. Old-Dragoon Drouet is our engineer and generalissimo; valiant as a Ruy Diaz:—Now or never, ye Patriots, for the soldiery is coming; massacre by Austrians, by Aristocrats, wars more than civil, it all depends on you and the hour!—National Guards rank themselves, half-buttoned: mortals, we say, still only in breeches, in under-petticoat, tumble out barrels and lumber, lay felled trees for barricades: the Village

will *sting*. Rabid Democracy, it would seem, is *not* confined to Paris, then? Ah no, whatsoever Courtiers might talk; too clearly no. This of dying for one's King is grown into a dying for one's self, *against* the King, if need be.

And so our riding and running Avalanche and Hurlyburly has *reached* the Abyss, Korff Berline foremost; and may pour itself thither, and jumble: endless! For the next six hours, need we ask if there was a clattering far and wide? Clattering and tocsining and hot tumult, over all the Clermontais, spreading through the Three-Bishopricks: Dragoon and Hussar Troops galloping on roads and no-roads; National Guards arming and starting in the dead of night; tocsin after tocsin transmitting the alarm. In some forty minutes, Goguelat and Choiseul, with their wearied Hussars, reach Varennes. Ah, it is no fire, then; or a fire difficult to quench! They leap the tree-barricades, in spite of National sergeant; they enter the village, Choiseul instructing his Troopers how the matter really is; who respond interjectionally, in their guttural dialect, *"Der König; die Königinn!"* and seem stanch. These now, in their stanch humour, will, for one thing, beset Procureur Sausse's house. Most beneficial: had not Drouet stormfully ordered otherwise; and even bellowed in his extremity, "Cannoneers, to your guns!"—two old honeycombed Field-pieces, empty of all but cobwebs; the rattle whereof, as the Cannoneers with assured countenance trundled them up, did nevertheless abate the Hussar ardour, and produce a respectfuller ranking further back. Jugs of wine, handed over the ranks,—for the German throat too has sensibility,—will complete the business. When Engineer Goguelat, some hour or so afterwards, steps forth, the response to him is—a hiccuping *Vive la Nation!*

What boots it? Goguelat, Choiseul, now also Count Damas, and all the Varennes Officiality are with the King; and the King can give no order, form no opinion; but sits there, as he has ever done, like clay on potter's wheel; perhaps the absurdest of all pitiable and pardonable clay-figures that now circle under the Moon. He will go on, next morning, and take the National Guard *with* him; Sausse permitting! Hapless Queen: with her two children laid there on the mean bed, old Mother Sausse kneeling to Heaven, with tears and an audible prayer, to bless them; imperial Marie-Antoinette near kneeling to Son Sausse and Wife Sausse, amid candle-boxes and treacle-barrels,—in vain! There are Three thousand National Guards got in; before long they will count Ten thousand: tocsins spreading like fire on dry heath, or far faster.

Young Bouillé [French commanding officer], roused by this Varennes tocsin, has taken horse, and—fled towards his Father. Thitherward also rides, in an almost hysterically desperate manner, a certain Sieur Aubriot, Choiseul's Orderly; swimming dark rivers, our Bridge being blocked; spurring as if the Hell-hunt were at his heels. Through the village of Dun, he galloping still on, scatters the alarm; at Dun, brave Captain Deslons

and *his* Escort of a Hundred saddle and ride. Deslons too got into Varennes; leaving his Hundred outside, at the tree-barricade; offers to cut King Louis out, if he will order it: but unfortunately "the work *will* prove hot;" whereupon King Louis has "no orders to give."

And so the tocsin clangs, and Dragoons gallop, and can do nothing, having galloped; National Guards stream in like the gathering of ravens: your exploding Thunder-chain, falling Avalanche, or what else we liken it to, does play, with a vengeance,—up now as far as Stenai and Bouillé himself. Brave Bouillé, son of the whirlwind, he saddles Royal-Allemand; speaks fire-words, kindling heart and eyes; distributes twenty-five gold-louis a company:—Ride, Royal-Allemand, long-famed: no Tuileries Charge and Necker-Orleans Bust-Procession: a very King made captive, and world all to win!—Such is the Night deserving to be named of Spurs.

IV. Place de la Révolution

To this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless Louis! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has been fashioning itself together, these thousand years; and has become, one way and other, a most strange Machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful, this Machine; dead, blind; not what it should be; which, with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures;—like a Phalaris shut in the belly of his own red-heated Brazen Bull! It is ever so; and thou shouldst know it, O haughty tyrannous man: injustice breeds injustice; curses and falsehoods do verily return 'always *home,*' wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations: he too experiences that man's tribunal is not in this Earth; that if he had no Higher one, it were not well with him.

A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the imagination; as the like must do, and ought to do. And yet at bottom it is not the King dying, but the man! Kingship is a coat: the grand loss is of the skin. The man from whom you take his Life, to him can the whole combined world do *more?* Miserablest mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act Tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, unregarded; they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees. For Kings and for Beggars, for the justly doomed and the unjustly, it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all: thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliances and throne-and-scaffold contrasts, how far short is it of the thing pitied!

A Confessor has come; Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, whom the King knew by good report, has come promptly on this solemn mis-

sion. Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless King; it with its malice will go its way, thou also canst go thine. A hard scene yet remains: the parting with our loved ones. Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us; to be left *here!* Let the Reader look with the eyes of Valet Cléry, through these glass-doors, where also the Municipality watches; and see the cruellest of scenes:

'At half-past eight, the door of the ante-room opened: the Queen appeared first, leading her Son by the hand; then Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth: they all flung themselves into the arms of the King. Silence reigned for some minutes; interrupted only by sobs. The Queen made a movement to lead his Majesty towards the inner room, where M. Edgeworth was waiting unknown to them: "No," said the King, "let us go into the dining-room, it is there only that I can see you." They entered there; I shut the door of it, which was of glass. The King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale almost in front; the young Prince remained standing between his Father's legs. They all leaned towards him, and often held him embraced. This scene of wo, lasted an hour and three quarters; during which we could hear nothing; we could see only that always when the King spoke, the sobbings of the Princesses redoubled, continued for some minutes; and that then the King began again to speak.' And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly Sun, are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee any more!—NEVER! O Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

For nearly two hours this agony lasts; then they tear themselves asunder. "Promise that you will see us on the morrow." He promises: —Ah yes, yes; yet once; and go now, ye loved ones; cry to God for yourselves and me!—It was a hard scene, but it is over. He will not see them on the morrow. The Queen, in passing through the ante-room, glanced at the Cerberus Municipals; and, with woman's vehemence, said through her tears, *"Vous êtes tous des scélérats."*

King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry dressed his hair: while this went forward, Louis took a ring from his watch, and kept trying it on his finger; it was his wedding-ring, which he is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six, he took the Sacrament; and continued in devotion, and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his Family: it were too hard to bear.

At eight, the Municipals enter: the King gives them his Will, and messages and effects; which they, at first, brutally refuse to take charge of: he gives them a roll of gold pieces, a hundred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three minutes, Santerre again says the hour is

come. 'Stamping on the ground with his right-foot, Louis answers: *"Partons,* Let us go." '—How the rolling of those drums comes in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a queenly wife; soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King's Sister and Children. Over all these Four does Death also hover: all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d'Angoulême, will live,—not happily.

At the Temple Gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voices of pitiful women: *"Grace! Grace!"* Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there: the armed, did any even pity, dare not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbours. All windows are down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets but one only. Eighty-thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men; cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word or movement: it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone: one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound. Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying: clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence; but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze: the Guillotine, mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis! Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men: spectators crowding in the rear; d'Orléans Égalité there in cabriolet. Swift messengers, *boquetons,* speed to the townhall, every three minutes: near by is the Convention sitting,—vengeful for Lepelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the Carriage opens. What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black Mahlstrom and descent of Death: in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. "Take care of M. Edgeworth," he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them: then they two descend.

The drums are beating: *"Taisez-vous,* Silence!" he cries 'in a terrible voice, *d'une voix terrible.*' He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind him: he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, 'his face very red,' and says: "Frenchmen, I die innocent: it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France——" A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: *"Tambours!"* The drums drown the voice. "Executioners, do your duty!" The Executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre

and his Armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis: six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven." The Axe clanks down; a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday the 21st of January 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years four months and twenty-eight days.

Executioner Samson shows the Head: fierce shout of *Vive la République* rises, and swells; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving: students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais; fling it over Paris. D'Orléans drives off in his cabriolet: the Townhall Councillors rub their hands, saying, "It is done, It is done." There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points in the blood. Headsman Samson, though he afterwards denied it, sells locks of the hair: fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings.—And so, in some half-hour it is done; and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries: the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffee-houses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was.

At home this Killing of a King has divided all friends; and abroad it has united all enemies. Fraternity of Peoples, Revolutionary Propagandism; Atheism, Regicide; total destruction of social order in this world! All Kings, and lovers of Kings, and haters of Anarchy, rank in coalition; as in a war for life. England signifies to Citizen Chauvelin, the Ambassador or rather Ambassador's-Cloak, that he must quit the country in eight days. Ambassador's-Cloak and Ambassador, Chauvelin and Talleyrand, depart accordingly. Talleyrand, implicated in that Iron Press of the Tuileries, thinks it safest to make for America.

England has cast out the Embassy: England declares war,—being shocked principally, it would seem, at the condition of the River Scheldt. Spain declares war; being shocked principally at some other thing; which doubtless the Manifesto indicates. Nay we find it was not England that declared war first, or Spain first; but that France herself declared war first on both of them;—a point of immense Parliamentary and Journalistic interest in those days, but which has become of no interest whatever in these. They all declare war. The sword is drawn, the scabbard thrown away. It is even as Danton said, in one of his all-too gigantic figures: "The coalised Kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the Head of a King."

V. Culottic and Sansculottic

Gironde and Mountain are now in full quarrel; their mutual rage, says Toulongeon, is growing a 'pale' rage. Curious, lamentable: all these men

have the word Republic on their lips; in the heart of every one of them is a passionate wish for something which he calls Republic: yet see their death-quarrel! So, however, are men made. Creatures who live in confusion; who, once thrown together, can readily fall into that confusion of confusions which quarrel is, simply because their confusions differ from one another; still more because they seem to differ! Men's words are a poor exponent of their thought; nay their thought itself is a poor exponent of the inward unnamed Mystery, wherefrom both thought and action have their birth. No man can explain himself, can get himself explained; men see not one another, but distorted phantasms which they call one another; which they hate and go to battle with: for all battle is well said to be *misunderstanding*.

But indeed that similitude of the Fireship; of our poor French brethren, so fiery themselves, working also in an *element* of fire, was not insignificant. Consider it well, there is a shade of the truth in it. For a man, once committed headlong to republican or any other Transcendentalism, and fighting and fanaticising amid a Nation of his like, becomes as it were enveloped in an ambient atmosphere of Transcendentalism and Delirium: his individual self is lost in something that is not himself, but foreign though inseparable from him. Strange to think of, the man's cloak still seems to hold the same man: and yet the man is not there, his volition is not there; nor the source of what he will do and devise; instead of the man and his volition there is a piece of Fanaticism and Fatalism incarnated in the shape of him. He, the hapless incarnated Fanaticism, goes his road; no man can help him, he himself least of all. It is a wonderful, tragical predicament;—such as human language, unused to deal with these things, being contrived for the uses of common life, struggles to shadow out in figures. The ambient element of material fire is not wilder than this of Fanaticism; nor, though visible to the eye, is it more real. Volition bursts forth involuntary-voluntary; rapt along; the movement of free human minds becomes a raging tornado of fatalism, blind as the winds; and Mountain and Gironde, when they recover themselves, are alike astounded to see *where* it has flung and dropt them. To such height of miracle can men work on men; the Conscious and the Unconscious blended inscrutably in this our inscrutable Life; endless Necessity environing Freewill!

The weapons of the Girondins are Political Philosophy, Respectability and Eloquence. Eloquence, or call it rhetoric, really of a superior order; Vergniaud, for instance, turns a period as sweetly as any man of that generation. The weapons of the Mountain are those of mere Nature; Audacity and Impetuosity which may become Ferocity, as of men complete in their determination, in their conviction; nay of men, in some cases, who as Septemberers must either prevail or perish. The ground to be fought for is Popularity: further you may either seek Popularity with the friends of Freedom and Order, or with the friends of Freedom

Simple; to seek it with both has unhappily become impossible. With the former sort, and generally with the Authorities of the Departments, and such as read Parliamentary Debates, and are of Respectability, and of a peace-loving monied nature, the Girondins carry it. With the extreme Patriot again, with the indigent Millions, especially with the Population of Paris who do not read so much as hear and see, the Girondins altogether lose it, and the Mountain carries it.

Egoism, nor meanness of mind, is not wanting on either side. Surely not on the Girondin side; where in fact the instinct of self-preservation, too prominently unfolded by circumstances, cuts almost a sorry figure; where also a certain finesse, to the length even of shuffling and shamming, now and then shows itself. They are men skilful in Advocate-fence. They have been called the Jesuits of the Revolution; but that is too hard a name. It must be owned likewise that this rude blustering Mountain has a sense in it of what the Revolution means; which these eloquent Girondins are totally void of. Was the Revolution made, and fought for, against the world, these four weary years, that a Formula might be substantiated; that Society might become *methodic,* demonstrable by logic; and the old Noblesse with their pretensions vanish? Or ought it not withal to bring some glimmering of light and alleviation to the Twenty-five Millions, who sat in darkness, heavy-leaden, till they rose with pikes in their hands? At least and lowest, one would think, it should bring them a proportion of bread to live on? There is in the Mountain here and there; in Marat People's-friend; in the incorruptible Seagreen himself, though otherwise so lean and formulary, a heartfelt knowledge of this latter fact;—without which knowledge all other knowledge here is naught, and the choicest forensic eloquence is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Most cold, on the other hand, most patronising, unsubstantial is the tone of the Girondins towards 'our poorer brethren;'—those brethren whom one often hears of under the collective name of 'the masses,' as if they were not persons at all, but mounds of combustible explosive material, for blowing down Bastilles with! In very truth, a Revolutionist of this kind, is he not a Solecism? Disowned by Nature and Art; deserving only to be erased, and disappear!

VI. Charlotte Corday

In the leafy months of June and July [1793], several French Departments germinate a set of rebellious *paper*-leaves, named Proclamations, Resolutions, Journals, or Diurnals, 'of the Union for Resistance to Oppression.' In particular, the Town of Caen, in Calvados, sees its paper-leaf of *Bulletin de Caen* suddenly bud, suddenly establish itself as Newspaper there; under the Editorship of Girondin National Representatives!

For among the proscribed Girondins are certain of a more desperate humour. Some, as Vergniaud, Valazé, Gensonné, 'arrested in their own

houses,' will await with stoical resignation what the issue may be. Some, as Brissot, Rabaut, will take to flight, to concealment; which, as the Paris Barriers are opened again in a day or two, is not yet difficult. But others there are who will rush, with Buzot, to Calvados; or far over France, to Lyons, Toulon, Nantes and elsewhither, and then rendezvous at Caen: to awaken as with war-trumpet the respectable Departments; and strike down an anarchic Mountain Faction; at least not yield without a stroke at it. Of this latter temper we count some score or more, of the Arrested, and of the Not-yet-arrested: a Buzot, a Barbaroux, Louvet, Guadet, Pétion, who have escaped from Arrestment in their own homes; a Salles, a Pythagorean Valady, a Duchâtel, the Duchâtel that came in blanket and nightcap to vote for the life of Louis, who have escaped from danger and likelihood of Arrestment. These, to the number at one time of Twenty-seven, do accordingly lodge here at the *'Intendance,* or Departmental Mansion,' of the town of Caen in Calvados; welcomed by Persons in Authority; welcomed and defrayed, having no money of their own. And the *Bulletin de Caen* comes forth, with the most animating paragraphs: How the Bourdeaux Department, the Lyons Department, this Department after the other is declaring itself; sixty, or say sixty-nine, or seventy-two respectable Departments either declaring, or ready to declare. Nay Marseilles, it seems, will march on Paris by itself, if need be. So has Marseilles Town said, That she will march. But on the other hand, that Montélimart Town has said, No thoroughfare; and means even to 'bury herself' under her own stone and mortar first,—of this be no mention in *Bulletin de Caen.*

Such animating paragraphs we read in this new Newspaper; and fervours and eloquent sarcasm: tirades against the Mountain, from the pen of Deputy Salles; which resemble, say friends, Pascal's *Provincials.* What is more to the purpose, these Girondins have got a General in chief, one Wimpfen, formerly under Dumouriez; also a secondary questionable General Puisaye, and others; and are doing their best to raise a force for war. National Volunteers, whosoever is of right heart: gather in, ye national Volunteers, friends of Liberty; from our Calvados Townships, from the Eure, from Brittany, from far and near: forward to Paris, and extinguish Anarchy! Thus at Caen, in the early July days, there is a drumming and parading, a perorating and consulting: Staff and Army; Council; Club of *Carabots,* Antijacobin friends of Freedom, to denounce atrocious Marat. With all which, and the editing of *Bulletins,* a National Representative has his hands full.

At Caen it is most animated, and, as one hopes, more or less animated in the 'Seventy-two Departments that adhere to us.' And in a France begirt with Cimmerian invading Coalitions, and torn with an internal La Vendée, *this* is the conclusion we have arrived at: To put down Anarchy by Civil War! *Durum et durum,* the Proverb says, *non faciunt murum.* La Vendée burns: Santerre can do nothing there; he may return home and brew beer. Cimmerian bombshells fly all along the North. That Siege of Mentz is become famed;—lovers of the Picturesque

(as Goethe will testify), washed country-people of both sexes, stroll thither on Sundays, to see the artillery work and counterwork; 'you only duck a little while the shot whizzes past.' Condé is capitulating to the Austrians; Royal Highness of York, these several weeks, fiercely batters Valenciennes. For, alas, our fortified Camp of Famers was stormed; General Dampierre was killed; General Custine was blamed,—and indeed is now come to Paris to give 'explanations.'

Against all which the Mountain and atrocious Marat must even make head as they can. They, anarchic Convention as they are, publish Decrees, expostulatory, explanatory, yet not without severity; they ray forth Commissioners, singly or in pairs, the olive-branch in one hand, yet the sword in the other. Commissioners come even to Caen; but without effect. Mathematical Romme, and Prieur named of the Côte d'Or, venturing thither, with their olive and sword, are packed into prison: there may Romme lie, under lock and key, 'for fifty days;' and meditate his New Calendar, if he please. Cimmeria, La Vendée, and Civil War! Never was Republic One and Indivisible at a lower ebb.

Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion *de l'Intendance,* where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? 'She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy.' A completeness, a decision is in this fair female Figure: 'by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country.' What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-daemonic splendour; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries!—Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the ninth of July seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-journey: her Father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly;

here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hand; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent-friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday; yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach: "To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat!—The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together.—Charlotte, returning to her Inn, despatches a short Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him; and 'will put it in his power to do France a great service.' No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-labourers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont: this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight,—towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; eve of the Bastille day,—when 'M. Marat,' four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, "to dismount, and give up their arms, then"; and became notable among Patriot men. Four years: what a road he has travelled;—and sits now about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever,—of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely eleven-pence-halfpenny of ready-money in paper; with slipper-bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid—Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street; thither and not elsewhither has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity; yet surely on the way towards that?—Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognising from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant!* Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some Deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's-friend, clutching his tablets to write: *Barbaroux, Pétion,* writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion,* and *Louvet,* and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. *"À moi, chère amie,* Help, dear!" no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

And so Marat People's-friend is ended; the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar—*whitherward* He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail; re-echoed by Patriot France; and the Convention, 'Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated,' may decree him Pantheon Honours, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honour to call 'the good Sansculotte,'—whom we name not here; also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and new-born children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts; and David paint his Picture, or Death-Scene; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise: but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper: how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, 'that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given him.' For Marat too had a brother, and natural affections; and was wrapt once in swaddling clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The *chère amie,* and neighbours of the house, flying at her, she 'overturns some movables,' entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his Papers sealed,—which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it 'fourth day of the Preparation of Peace.' A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville

has his indictments and tape-papers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation? —"By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrêment*), as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving: the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tiptoe, the fatal Cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying towards death,—alone amid the World. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her: the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. 'It is most true,' says Forster, 'that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes: the Police imprisoned him for it.'

In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. 'Day of the Preparation of Peace?' Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the heart of lovely Maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of Love-paradises, and the light of Life; but of Codrus'-sacrifices, and Death well-earned? That Twenty-five million hearts have got to such temper, this *is* the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this: whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the history of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete; angelic-daemonic: like a Star! Adam Lux goes home, half-delirious; to pour forth his Apotheosis of her, in paper and print; to propose that

she have a statue with this inscription, *Greater than Brutus.* Friends represent his danger; Lux is reckless; thinks it were beautiful to die with her.

VII. Marie-Antoinette

On Monday the Fourteenth of October 1793, a Cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as these old stone-walls never witnessed: the Trial of Marie-Antoinette. The once brightest of Queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier-Tinville's Judgment bar; answering for her life. The Indictment was delivered her last night. To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate.

There are few Printed things one meets with, of such tragic, almost ghastly, significance as those bald Pages of the *Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire,* which bear Title, *Trial of the Widow Capet.* Dim, dim, as if in disastrous eclipse; like the pale kingdoms of Dis! Plutonic Judges, Plutonic Tinville; encircled, nine times, with Styx and Lethe, with Fire-Phlegethon and Cocytus named of Lamentation! The very witnesses summoned are like Ghosts: exculpatory, inculpatory, they themselves are all hovering over death and doom; they are known, in our imagination, as the prey of the Guillotine. Tall *ci-devant* Count d'Estaing, anxious to show himself Patriot, cannot escape; nor Bailly, who, when asked If he knows the Accused, answers with a reverent inclination towards her, "Ah, yes, I know Madame." Ex-Patriots are here, sharply dealt with, as Procureur Manuel; Ex-Ministers, shorn of their splendour. We have cold Aristocratic impassivity, faithful to itself even in Tartarus; rabid stupidity, of Patriot Corporals, Patriot Washerwomen, who have much to say of Plots, Treasons, August Tenth, old Insurrection of Women. For all now has become a crime, in her who has *lost.*

Marie-Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment, and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous Indictment was reading, continued calm; 'she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the Piano.' You discern, not without interest, across that dim Revolutionary Bulletin itself, how she bears herself queenlike. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of Laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. "You persist then in denial?"—"My plan is not denial: it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that." Scandalous Hébert has borne his testimony as to many things: as to one thing, concerning Marie-Antoinette and her little Son,—wherewith Human Speech had better not further be soiled. She has answered Hébert; a Juryman begs to observe that she has not answered as to *this.* "I have not answered," she exclaims with noble emotion, "because Nature refuses to answer such a charge brought against a Mother. I appeal to all the Mothers that are here." Robespierre, when

he heard of it, broke out into something almost like swearing at the brutish blockheadism of this Hébert; on whose foul head his foul lie has recoiled. At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out: sentence of Death. "Have you anything to say?" The Accused shook her head, without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her too Time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day. This Hall of Tinville's is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die.

Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful Archduchess and Dauphiness, quitting her Mother's City, at the age of Fifteen; towards hopes such as no other Daughter of Eve then had: 'On the morrow,' says Weber an eye-witness, 'the Dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out; at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared: you saw her sunk back into her carriage; her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her head to see yet again this Palace of her Fathers, whither she was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude to the good Nation, which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears; but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last Courier that followed her disappeared, and the crowd melted away.'

The young imperial Maiden of Fifteen has now become a worn discrowned Widow of Thirty-eight; gray before her time: This is the last Procession: 'Few minutes after the Trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all Sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the Bridges, in the Squares, Crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution. By ten o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the Streets; thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven Marie-Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of *piqué blanc:* she was led to the place of execution, in the same manner as an ordinary criminal; bound, on a Cart; accompanied by a Constitutional Priest in Lay dress; escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These, and the double row of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride. To the cries of *Vive la Républlique* and *Down with Tyranny,* which attended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. She spoke little to her Confessor. The tricolor Streamers on the housetops occupied her attention, in the Streets du Roule and Saint-Honoré; she also noticed the Inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la Révolution, her looks turned towards the *Jardin National,* whilom Tuileries; her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted the

Scaffold with courage enough; at a quarter past Twelve, her head fell; the Executioner showed it to the people, amid universal long-continued cries of *Vive la République.'*

VIII. Danton, No Weakness!

A Danton, a Robespierre, chief-products of a victorious Revolution, are now arrived in immediate front of one another; must ascertain how they will live together, rule together. One conceives easily the deep mutual incompatibility that divided these two: with what terror of feminine hatred the poor sea-green Formula looked at the monstrous colossal Reality, and grew greener to behold him;—the Reality, again, struggling to think no ill of a chief-product of the Revolution; yet feeling at bottom that such chief-product was little other than a chief windbag, blown large by Popular air; not a man, with the heart of a man, but a poor spasmodic incorruptible pedant, with a logic-formula instead of heart; of Jesuit or Methodist-Parson nature; full of sincere-cant, incorruptibility, of virulence, poltroonery; barren as the eastwind! Two such chief-products are too much for one Revolution.

Friends, trembling at the results of a quarrel on their part, brought them to meet. "It is right," said Danton, swallowing much indignation, "to repress the Royalists: but we should not strike except where it is useful to the Republic; we should not confound the innocent and the guilty." —"And who told you," replied Robespierre with a poisonous look, "that one innocent person had perished?"—*"Quoi,"* said Danton, turning round to Friend Pâris self-named Fabricius, Juryman in the Revolutionary Tribunal: *"Quoi,* not one innocent? What sayest thou of it, Fabricius?"— Friends, Westermann, this Pâris and others urged him to show himself, to ascend the Tribune and act. The man Danton was not prone to show himself; to act, or uproar for his own safety. A man of careless, large, hoping nature; a large nature that could rest: he would sit whole hours, they say, hearing Camille talk, and liked nothing so well. Friends urged him to fly; his Wife urged him: "Whither fly?" answered he: "If freed France cast me out, there are only dungeons for me elsewhere. One carries not his country with him at the sole of his shoe!" The man Danton sat still. Not even the arrestment of Friend Hérault, a member of *Salut,* yet arrested by *Salut,* can rouse Danton.—On the night of the 30th of March [1794] Juryman Pâris came rushing in; haste looking through his eyes: A clerk of the *Salut* Committee had told him Danton's warrant was made out, he is to be arrested this very night! Entreaties there are and trepidation, of poor Wife, of Pâris and Friends: Danton sat silent for a while; then answered, *"Ils n'oseraient,* They dare not;" and would take no measures. Murmuring "They dare not," he goes to sleep as usual.

And yet, on the morrow morning, strange rumour spreads over Paris City: Danton, Camille, Phélippeaux, Lacroix have been arrested over-

night! It is verily so: the corridors of the Luxembourg were all crowded, Prisoners crowding forth to see this giant of the Revolution enter among them. "Messieurs," said Danton politely, "I hoped soon to have got you all out of this: but here I am myself; and one sees not where it will end." —Rumour may spread over Paris: the Convention clusters itself into groups, wide-eyed, whispering, "Danton arrested!" Who then is safe? Legendre, mounting the Tribune, utters, at his own peril, a feeble word for him; moving that he be heard at that Bar before indictment; but Robespierre frowns him down: "Did you hear Chabot, or Bazire? Would you have two weights and measures?" Legendre cowers low: Danton, like the others, must take his doom.

Danton's Prison-thoughts were curious to have, but are not given in any quantity: indeed few such remarkable men have been left so obscure to us as this Titan of the Revolution. He was heard to ejaculate: "This time twelvemonth, I was moving the creation of that same Revolutionary Tribunal. I crave pardon for it of God and man. They are all Brothers Cain; Brissot would have had me guillotined as Robespierre now will. I leave the whole business in a frightful welter (*gâchis épouvantable*): not one of them understands anything of government. Robespierre will follow me; I drag down Robespierre. O, it were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with governing of men."—Camille's young beautiful Wife, who had made him rich not in money alone, hovers round the Luxembourg, like a disembodied spirit, day and night. Camille's stolen letters to her still exist; stained with the mark of his tears. "I carry my head like a Saint-Sacrament?" so Saint-Just was heard to mutter: "perhaps he will carry his like a Saint-Dennis."

Unhappy Danton, thou still unhappier light Camille, once light *Procureur de la Lanterne,* ye also have arrived, then, at the Bourne of Creation, where, like Ulysses Polytlas at the limit and utmost Gades of his voyage, gazing into that dim Waste beyond Creation, a man does see *the Shade of his Mother,* pale, ineffectual;—and days when his Mother nursed and wrapped him are all-too sternly contrasted with this day! Danton, Camille, Hérault, Westermann, and the others, very strangely massed up with Bazires, Swindler Chabots, Fabre d'Églantines, Banker Freys, a most motley Batch, *'Fournée'* as such things will be called, stand ranked at the Bar of Tinville. It is the 2d of April 1794. Danton has had but three days to lie in Prison; for the time presses.

What is your name? place of abode? and the like, Fouquier asks; according to formality. "My name is Danton," answers he; "a name tolerably known in the Revolution: my abode will soon be Annihilation (*dans le Néant*); but I shall live in the Pantheon of History." A man will endeavour to say something forcible, be it by nature or not! Hérault mentions epigrammatically that he "sat in this Hall, and was detested of Parlementeers." Camille makes answer, "My age is that of the *bon Sansculotte Jésus;* an age fatal to Revolutionists." O Camille, Camille! And yet

in that Divine Transaction, let us say, there did lie, among other things, the fatallest Reproof ever uttered here below to Worldly Right-honourableness; 'the highest fact,' so devout Novalis calls it, 'in the Rights of Man.' Camille's real age, it would seem, is thirty-four. Danton is one year older.

Some five months ago, the Trial of the Twenty-two Girondins was the greatest that Fouquier had then done. But here is a still greater to do; a thing which tasks the whole faculty of Fouquier; which makes the very heart of him waver. For it is the voice of Danton that reverberates now from these domes; in passionate words, piercing with their wild sincerity, winged with wrath. Your best Witnesses he shivers into ruin at one stroke. He demands that the Committee-men themselves come as Witnesses, as Accusers; he "will cover them with ignominy." He raises his huge stature, he shakes his huge black head, fire flashes from the eyes of him,—piercing to all Republican hearts: so that the very Galleries, though we filled them by ticket, murmur sympathy; and are like to burst down, and raise the People, and deliver him! He complains loudly that he is classed with Chabots, with swindling Stock-jobbers; that his Indictment is a list of platitudes and horrors. "Danton hidden on the 10th of August?" reverberates he, with the roar of a lion in the toils: "where are the men that had to press Danton to show himself, that day? Where are these high-gifted souls of whom he borrowed energy? Let them appear, these Accusers of mine: I have all the clearness of my self-possession when I demand them. I will unmask the three shallow scoundrels," *les trois plats coquins,* Saint-Just, Couthon, Lebas, "who fawn on Robespierre, and lead him towards his destruction. Let them produce themselves here; I will plunge them into Nothingness, out of which they ought never to have risen." The agitated President agitates his bell; enjoins calmness, in a vehement manner: "What is it to thee how I defend myself?" cries the other: "the right of *dooming* me is thine always. The voice of a man speaking for his honour and his life may well drown the jingling of thy bell!" Thus Danton, higher and higher; till the lion-voice of him 'dies away in his throat': speech will not utter what is in that man. The Galleries murmur ominously; the first day's Session is over.

On the evening of the second day, matters looking not better but worse and worse, Fouquier and Herman, distraction in their aspect, rush over to *Salut Public.* What is to be done? *Salut Public* rapidly concocts a new Decree; whereby if men 'insult Justice,' they may be 'thrown out of the Debates.' For indeed, withal, is there not 'a Plot in the Luxembourg Prison?' *Ci-devant* General Dillon, and others of the Suspect, plotting with Camille's Wife to distribute *assignats;* to force the Prisons, overset the Republic? Citizen Laflotte, himself Suspect but desiring enfranchisement, has reported said Plot for us:—a report that may bear fruit! Enough, on the morrow morning, an obedient Convention passes this Decree.

Danton carried a high look in the Death-cart. Not so Camille; it is but one week, and all is so topsyturvied; angel Wife left weeping; love, riches, Revolutionary fame, left all at the Prison-gate; carnivorous Rabble

now howling round. Palpable, and yet incredible; like a madman's dream! Camille struggles and writhes; his shoulders shuffle the loose coat off them, which hangs knotted, the hands tied: "Calm, my friend," said Danton; "heed not that vile canaille (*laissez là cette vile canaille*)." At the foot of the Scaffold, Danton was heard to ejaculate: "O my Wife, my well-beloved, I shall never see thee more then!"—but, interrupting himself: "Danton, no weakness!" He said to Hérault-Séchelles stepping forward to embrace him: "Our heads will meet *there,*" in the Headsman's sack. His last words were to Samson the Headsman himself: "Thou wilt show my head to the people; it is worth showing."

So passes, like a gigantic mass, of valour, ostentation, fury, affection and wild revolutionary force and manhood, this Danton, to his unknown home. He was of Arcis-sur-Aube; born of 'good farmer-people' there. He had many sins; but one worst sin he had not, that of Cant. No hollow Formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, *ghastly* to the natural sense, was this; but a very Man: with all his dross he was a Man; fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick; he walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of men.

IX. Robespierre

Tallien's eyes beamed bright, on the Ninth of Thermidor 'about nine o'clock,' to see that the Convention had actually met. Paris is in rumour: but at least we are met, in Legal Convention here; we have not been snatched seriatim; treated with a *Pride's Purge* at the door. *"Allons,* brave men of the Plain," late Frogs of the Marsh! cried Tallien with a squeeze of the hand, as he passed in; Saint-Just's sonorous voice being now audible from the Tribune, and the game of games begun.

Saint-Just is verily reading that Report of his; green Vengeance, in the shape of Robespierre, watching nigh; Behold, however, Saint-Just has read but few sentences, when interruption rises, rapid *crescendo;* when Tallien starts to his feet, and Billaud, and this man starts and that,—and Tallien, a second time, with his: "Citoyens, at the Jacobins last night, I trembled for the Republic. I said to myself, if the Convention dare not strike the Tyrant, then I myself dare; and with this I will do it, if need be," said he, whisking out a clear-gleaming Dagger, and brandishing it there; the Steel of Brutus, as we call it. Whereat we all bellow, and brandish, impetuous acclaim. "Tyranny! Dictatorship! Triumvirate!" And the *Salut* Committee-men accuse, and all men accuse, and uproar, and impetuously acclaim. And Saint-Just is standing motionless, pale of face; Couthon ejaculating, "Triumvir?" with a look at his paralytic legs. And Robespierre is struggling to speak, but President Thuriot is jingling the bell against him, but the Hall is sounding against him like an Aeolus-Hall: and Robespierre is mounting the Tribune-steps and descending again;

going and coming, like to choke with rage, terror, desperation:—and mutiny is the order of the day!

O President Thuriot, thou that wert Elector Thuriot, and from the Bastille battlements sawest Saint-Antoine rising like the Ocean-tide, and hast seen much since, sawest thou ever the like of this? Jingle of bell, which thou jinglest against Robespierre, is hardly audible amid the Bedlam-storm; and men rage for life. "President of Assassins," shrieks Robespierre, "I demand speech of thee for the last time!" It cannot be had. "To you, O virtuous men of the Plain," cries he, finding audience one moment, "I appeal to you!" The virtuous men of the Plain sit silent as stones. And Thuriot's bell jingles, and the Hall sounds like Aeolus's Hall. Robespierre's frothing lips are grown 'blue;' his tongue dry, cleaving to the roof of his mouth. "The blood of Danton chokes him," cry they. "Accusation! Decree of Accusation!" Thuriot swiftly puts that question. Accusation passes; the incorruptible Maximilien is decreed Accused.

"I demand to share my Brother's fate, as I have striven to share his virtues," cries Augustin, the Younger Robespierre: Augustin also is decreed. And Couthon, and Saint-Just, and Lebas, they are all decreed; and packed forth,—not without difficulty, the Ushers almost trembling to obey. Triumvirate and Company are packed forth, into *Salut* Committee-room; their tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth. You have but to summon the Municipality; to cashier Commandant Henriot, and launch Arrest at him; to regulate formalities; hand Tinville his victims. It is noon: the Aeolus-Hall has delivered itself; blows now victorious, harmonious, as one irresistible wind.

And so the work is finished? One thinks so: and yet it is not so. Alas, there is yet but the first-act finished; three or four other acts still to come; and an uncertain catastrophe! A huge City holds in it so many confusions: seven hundred thousand human heads; not one of which knows what its neighbour is doing, nay not what itself is doing.—See, accordingly, about three in the afternoon, Commandant Henriot, how instead of sitting cashiered, arrested, he gallops along the Quais, followed by Municipal Gendarmes, 'trampling down several persons!' For the Townhall sits deliberating, openly insurgent: Barriers to be shut; no Gaoler to admit any Prisoner this day;—and Henriot is galloping towards the Tuileries, to deliver Robespierre. On the Quai de la Ferraillerie, a young Citoyen, walking with his wife, says aloud: "Gendarmes, that man is not your Commandant; he is under arrest." The Gendarmes strike down the young Citoyen with the flat of their swords.

Representatives themselves (as Merlin the Thionviller), who accost him, this puissant Henriot flings into guardhouses. He bursts towards the Tuileries Committee-room, "to speak with Robespierre:" with difficulty, the Ushers and Tuileries Gendarmes, earnestly pleading and drawing sabre, seize this Henriot; get the Henriot Gendarmes persuaded not to fight; get Robespierre and Company packed into hackney-coaches, sent off under escort, to the Luxembourg and other Prisons. This then *is* the end?

May not an exhausted Convention adjourn now, for a little repose and sustenance, 'at five o'clock?'

An exhausted Convention did it; and repented it. The end was not come; only the end of the *second-act*. Hark, while exhausted Representatives sit at victuals,—tocsin bursting from all steeples, drums rolling, in the summer evening: Judge Coffinhal is galloping with new Gendarmes, to deliver Henriot from Tuileries Committee-room; and does deliver him! Puissant Henriot vaults on horseback; sets to haranguing the Tuileries Gendarmes; corrupts the Tuileries Gendarmes too; trots off with them to Townhall. Alas, and Robespierre is not in Prison: the Gaoler showed his Municipal order, durst not, on pain of his life, admit any Prisoner; the Robespierre Hackney-coaches, in this confused jangle and whirl of uncertain Gendarmes, have floated safe—into the Townhall! There sit Robespierre and Company, embraced by Municipals and Jacobins, in sacred right of Insurrection; redacting Proclamations; sounding tocsins; corresponding with Sections and Mother-Society. Is not here a pretty enough third-act of a *natural* Greek Drama; catastrophe more uncertain than ever?

The hasty Convention rushes together again, in the ominous nightfall: President Collot, for the chair is his, enters with long strides, paleness on his face; claps-on his hat; says with solemn tone: "Citoyens, armed Villains have beset the Committee-rooms, and got possession of them. The hour is come, to die at our post!" *"Oui,"* answer one and all: "We swear it!" It is no rhodomontade, this time, but a sad fact and necessity; unless we *do* at our posts, we must verily die. Swift therefore, Robespierre, Henriot, the Municipality, are declared Rebels; put *Hors la Loi,* Out of Law. Better still, we appoint Barras Commandant of what Armed-force is to be had; send Missionary Representatives to all Sections and quarters, to preach, and raise force; will die at least with harness on our back.

What a distracted City; men riding and running, reporting and hearsaying; the Hour clearly in travail,—child not to be *named* till born! The poor Prisoners in the Luxembourg hear the rumour; tremble for a new September. They see men making signals to them, on skylights and roofs, apparently signals of hope; cannot in the least make out what it is. We observe, however, in the eventide, as usual, the Death-tumbrils faring Southeastward, through Saint-Antoine, towards their Barrier du Trône. Saint-Antoine's tough bowels melt; Saint-Antoine surrounds the Tumbrils; says, It shall not be. O Heavens, why should it! Henriot and Gendarmes, scouring the streets that way, bellow, with waved sabres, that it must. Quit hope, ye poor Doomed! The Tumbrils move on.

But in this set of Tumbrils there are two other things notable: one notable person; and one want of a notable person. The notable person is Lieutenant-General Loiserolles, a nobleman by birth and by nature; laying down his life here for his son. In the Prison of Saint-Lazare, the night before last, hurrying to the Grate to hear the Death-list read, he caught

the name of his son. The son was asleep at the moment. "I am Loiserolles," cried the old man: at Tinville's bar, an error in the Christian name is little; small objection was made.—The want of the notable person, again, is that of Deputy [Thomas] Paine! Paine has sat in the Luxembourg since January, and seemed forgotten; but Fouquier had pricked him at last. The Turnkey, List in hand, is marking with chalk the outer doors of to-morrow's *Fournée*. Paine's outer door happened to be open, turned back on the wall; the Turnkey marked it on the side next him, and hurried on: another Turnkey came, and shut it; no chalk-mark now visible, the *Fournée* went without Paine. Paine's life lay not there.

Our fifth-act, of this natural Greek Drama, with its natural unities, can only be painted in gross; somewhat as that antique Painter, driven desperate, did the *foam*. For through this blessed July night, there is clangour, confusion very great, of marching troops; of Sections going this way, Sections going that; of Missionary Representatives reading Proclamations by torchlight; Missionary Legendre, who has raised force somewhere, emptying out the Jacobins, and flinging their key on the Convention table: "I have locked their door; it shall be Virtue that reopens it." Paris, we say, is set against itself, rushing confused, as Ocean-currents do; a huge Mahlstrom, sounding there, under cloud of night. Convention sits permanent on this hand; Municipality most permanent on that. The poor prisoners hear tocsin and rumour; strive to bethink them of the signals apparently of hope. Meek continual Twilight streaming up, which will be Dawn and a Tomorrow, silvers the Northern hem of Night; it wends and wends there, that meek brightness, like a silent prophecy, along the great ring-dial of the Heaven. So still, eternal! and on Earth all is confused shadow and conflict; dissidence, tumultuous gloom and glare; and 'Destiny as yet sits wavering, and shakes her doubtful urn.'

About three in the morning, the dissident Armed Forces have *met*. Henriot's Armed Force stood ranked in the Place de Grève; and now Barras's, which he has recruited, arrives there; and they front each other, cannon bristling against cannon. Citoyens! cries the voice of Discretion loudly enough, Before coming to bloodshed, to endless civil-war, hear the Convention Decree read: 'Robespierre and all rebels Out of Law!'—Out of Law? There is terror in the sound. Unarmed Citoyens disperse rapidly home. Municipal Cannoneers, in sudden whirl, anxiously unanimous, range themselves on the Convention side, with shouting. At which shout, Henriot descends from his upper room, far gone in drink as some say; finds his Place de Grève empty; the cannons' mouth turned *towards* him; and on the whole,—that it is now the catastrophe!

Stumbling in again, the wretched drunk-sobered Henriot announces: "All is lost!" "*Misérable*, it is thou that hast lost it!" cry they; and fling him, or else he flings himself, out of window: far enough down; into masonwork and horror of cesspool; not into death but worse. Augustin Robespierre follows him; with the like fate. Saint-Just, they say, called on Lebas to kill him; who would not. Couthon crept under a table; attempt-

ing to kill himself; not doing it.—On entering that Sanhedrim of Insurrection, we find all as good as extinct; undone, ready for seizure. Robespierre was sitting on a chair, with pistol-shot blown through not his head but his under-jaw; the suicidal hand had failed. With prompt zeal, not without trouble, we gather these wrecked Conspirators; fish up even Henriot and Augustin, bleeding and foul; pack them all, rudely enough, into carts; and shall, before sunrise, have them safe under lock and key. Amid shoutings and embracings.

Robespierre lay in an anteroom of the Convention Hall, while his Prison-escort was getting ready; the mangled jaw bound up rudely with bloody linen: a spectacle to men. He lies stretched on a table, a deal-box his pillow; the sheath of the pistol is still clenched convulsively in his hand. Men bully him, insult him: his eyes still indicate intelligence; he speaks no word. 'He had on the sky-blue coat he had got made for the Feast of the *Être Suprême*'—O Reader, can thy hard heart hold out against that? His trousers were nankeen; the stockings had fallen down over the ankles. He spake no word more in this world.

And so, at six in the morning, a victorious Convention adjourns. Report flies over Paris as on golden wings; penetrates the Prisons; irradiates the faces of those that were ready to perish: turnkeys and *moutons,* fallen from their high estate, look mute and blue. It is the 28th day of July, called 10th of Thermidor, year 1794.

Fouquier had but to identify; his Prisoners being already Out of Law. At four in the afternoon, never before were the streets of Paris seen so crowded. From the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution, for *thither* again go the Tumbrils this time, it is one dense stirring mass; all windows crammed; the very roofs and ridge-tiles budding forth human Curiosity, in strange gladness. The Death-tumbrils, with their motley Batch of Outlaws, some Twenty-three or so, from Maximilien to Mayor Fleuriot and Simon the Cordwainer, roll on. All eyes are on Robespierre's Tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead Brother, and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered; their 'seventeen hours' of agony about to end. The Gendarmes point their swords at him, to show the people which is he. A woman springs on the Tumbril; clutching the side of it with one hand; waving the other Sibyl-like; and exclaims: "The death of thee gladdens my very heart, *m'enivre de joie;*" Robespierre opened his eyes; *"Scélérat,* go down to Hell, with the curses of all wives and mothers!"—At the foot of the scaffold, they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted aloft, his eyes again opened; caught the bloody axe. Samson wrenched the coat off him; wrenched the dirty linen from his jaw: the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry; hideous to hear and see. Samson, thou canst not be too quick.

Samson's work done, there bursts forth shout on shout of applause. Shout, which prolongs itself not only over Paris, but over France, but over Europe, and down to this generation. Deservedly, and also undeservedly. O unhappiest Advocate of Arras, wert thou worse than other

Advocates? Stricter man, according to his Formula, to his Credo and his Cant, of probities, benevolences, pleasures-of-virtue, and such like, lived not in that age. A man fitted, in some luckier settled age, to have become one of those incorruptible barren Pattern-Figures, and have had marble-tablets and funeral-sermons. His poor landlord, the Cabinet-maker in the Rue Saint-Honoré, loved him; his Brother died for him. May God be merciful to him, and to us!

This is the end of the Reign of Terror; new glorious *Revolution* named *of Thermidor;* of Thermidor 9th, year 2; which being interpreted into old slave-style means 27th of July 1794. Terror is ended; and death in the Place de la Révolution, where the *'Tail* of Robespierre' once executed; which service Fouquier in large Batches is swiftly managing.

X. The Whiff of Grapeshot

The Convention, driven such a course by wild wind, wild tide and steerage and non-steerage, these three years, has become weary of its own existence, sees all men weary of it; and wishes heartily to finish. To the last, it has to strive with contradictions: it is now getting fast ready with a Constitution, yet knows no peace. Sieyès, we say, is making the Constitution once more; has as good as made it. Warned by experience, the great Architect alters much, admits much. Distinction of Active and Passive Citizen, that is, Money-qualification for Electors: nay Two Chambers, 'Council of Ancients,' as well as 'Council of Five-hundred;' to that conclusion have we come! In a like spirit, eschewing that fatal self-denying ordinance of your Old Constituents, we enact not only that actual Convention Members are re-eligible, but that Two-thirds of them must be re-elected. The Active Citizen Electors shall for this time have free choice of only One-third of their National Assembly. Such enactment, of Two-thirds to be re-elected, we append to our Constitution; we submit our Constitution to the Townships of France, and say, Accept *both,* or reject both. Unsavoury as this appendix may be, the Townships, by the overwhelming majority, accept and ratify. With Directory of Five: with Two good Chambers, double-majority of them nominated by ourselves, one hopes this Constitution may prove final. *March* it will; for the legs of it, the re-elected Two-thirds, are already here, able to march. Sieyès looks at his paper-fabric with just pride.

But now see how the contumacious Sections, Lepelletier foremost, kick against the pricks! Is it not manifest infraction of one's Elective Franchise, Rights of Man, and Sovereignty of the People, this appendix of re-electing *your* Two-thirds? Greedy tyrants who would perpetuate yourselves!—For the truth is, victory over Saint-Antoine, and long right of Insurrection, has spoiled these men. Nay spoiled all men. Consider too how each man was free to hope what he liked; and now there is to be no hope, there is to be fruition, fruition of *this.*

In men spoiled by long right of Insurrection, what confused ferments will rise, tongues once begun wagging! Journalists declaim, your Lacretelles, Laharpes; Orators spout. There is Royalism traceable in it, and Jacobinism. On the West Frontier, in deep secrecy, Pichegru, durst he trust his Army, is treating with Condé: in these Sections, there spout wolves in sheep's clothing, masked Emigrants and Royalists. All men, as we say, had hoped, each that the Election would do something for his own side: and now there is no Election, or only the third of one. Black is united with white against this clause of the Two-thirds; all the Unruly of France, who see their trade thereby near ending.

Section Lepelletier, after Addresses enough, finds that such clause is a manifest infraction; that it, Lepelletier, for one, will simply not conform thereto; and invites all other free Sections to join it, 'in central Committee,' in resistance to oppression. The Sections join it, nearly all; strong with their Forty-thousand fighting men. The Convention therefore may look to itself! Lepelletier, on this 12th day of Vendémiaire, 4th of October, 1795, is sitting in open contravention, in its Convent of Filles Saint-Thomas, Rue Vivienne, with guns primed. The Convention has some Five-thousand regular troops at hand; Generals in abundance; and a Fifteen-hundred of miscellaneous persecuted Ultra-Jacobins, whom in this crisis it has hastily got together and armed, under the title *Patriots of Eighty-nine*. Strong in Law, it sends its General Menou to disarm Lepelletier.

General Menou marches accordingly, with due summons and demonstration; with no result. General Menou, about eight in the evening, finds that he is standing ranked in the Rue Vivienne, emitting vain summonses; with primed guns pointed out of every window at him; and that he cannot disarm Lepelletier. He has to return, with whole skin, but without success; and be thrown into arrest, as 'a traitor.' Whereupon the whole Forty-thousand join this Lepelletier which cannot be vanquished: to what hand shall a quaking Convention now turn? Our poor Convention, after such voyaging, just entering harbour, so to speak, has *struck on the bar;*— and labours there frightfully, with breakers roaring round it, Forty-thousand of them, like to wash it, and its Sieyès Cargo and the whole future of France, into the deep! Yet one last time, it struggles, ready to perish.

Some call for Barras to be made Commandant; he conquered in Thermidor. Some, what is more to the purpose, bethink them of the Citizen Buonaparte, unemployed Artillery-Officer, who took Toulon. A man of head, a man of action: Barras is named Commandment's-Cloak; this young Artillery-Officer is named Commandant. He was in the Gallery at the moment, and heard it; he withdrew, some half-hour, to consider with himself: after a half-hour of grim compressed considering, to be or not to be, he answers *Yea.*

And now, a man of head, being at the centre of it, the whole matter gets vital. Swift, to Camp of Sablons; to secure the Artillery, there are not twenty men guarding it! A swift Adjutant, Murat is the name of him,

gallops; gets thither some minutes within time, for Lepelletier was also on march that way: the Cannon are ours. And now beset this post, and beset that; rapid and firm: at Wicket of the Louvre, in Cul-de-sac Dauphin, in Rue Saint-Honoré, from Pont-Neuf all along the north Quays, southward to Pont *ci-devant* Royal,—rank around the Sanctuary of the Tuileries, a ring of steel discipline; let every gunner have his match burning, and all men stand to their arms!

Thus there is Permanent-session through the night; and thus at sunrise of the morrow, there is seen sacred Insurrection once again: vessel of State labouring on the bar; and tumultuous sea all round her, beating *générale,* arming and sounding,—not ringing tocsin, for we have left no tocsin but our own in the Pavilion of Unity. It is an imminence of shipwreck, for the whole world to gaze at. Frightfully she labours, that poor ship, within cable-length of port; huge peril for her. However, she has a man at the helm. Insurgent messages, received and not received; messenger admitted blindfolded; counsel and counter-counsel: the poor ship labours!—Vendémiaire 13th, year 4: curious enough, of all days, it is the Fifth day of October, anniversary of that Menad-march, six years ago; by sacred right of Insurrection we are got thus far.

Lepelletier has seized the Church of Saint-Roch; has seized the Pont-Neuf, our piquet there retreating without fire. Stray shots fall from Lepelletier; rattle down on the very Tuileries Staircase. On the other hand, women advance dishevelled, shrieking, Peace; Lepelletier behind them waving its hat in sign that we shall fraternise. Steady! The Artillery-Officer is steady as bronze; can, if need were, be quick as lightning. He sends eight-hundred muskets with ball-cartridges to the Convention itself; honourable Members shall act with these in case of extremity: whereat they look grave enough. Four of the afternoon is struck. Lepelletier, making nothing by messengers, by fraternity or hat-waving, bursts out, along the Southern Quai Voltaire, along streets and passages, treble-quick, in huge veritable onslaught! Whereupon, thou bronze Artillery-Officer—? "Fire!" say the bronze lips. And roar and thunder, roar and again roar, continual, volcano-like, goes his great gun, in the Cul-de-sac Dauphin against the Church of Saint-Roch; go his great guns on the Pont-Royal; go all his great guns;—blow to air some two-hundred men, mainly about the Church of Saint-Roch! Lepelletier cannot stand such horse-play; no Sectioner can stand it: the Forty-thousand yield on all sides, scour towards covert. 'Some hundred or so of them gathered about the Théâtre de la République; but,' says he, 'a few shells dislodged them. It was all finished at six.'

The Ship is *over* the bar, then; free she bounds shoreward,—amid shouting and vivats! Citoyen Buonaparte is 'named General of the Interior, by acclamation;' quelled Sections have to disarm in such humour as they may; sacred right of Insurrection is gone forever! The Sieyès Constitution can disembark itself, and begin marching. The miraculous Convention Ship has got to land;—and is there, shall we figuratively say,

changed, as Epic Ships are wont, into a kind of *Sea Nymph,* never to sail more; to roam the waste Azure, a Miracle in History!

'It is false,' says Napoleon, 'that we fired first with blank charge; it had been a waste of life to do that.' Most false: the firing was with sharp and sharpest shot: to all men it was plain that here was no sport; the rabbets and plinths of Saint-Roch Church show splintered by it to this hour.—Singular: in old Broglie's time, six years ago, this Whiff of Grape-shot was promised; but it could not be given then; could not have profited then. Now, however, the time is come for it, and the man; and behold, you have it; and the thing we specifically call *French Revolution* is blown into space by it, and become a thing that was!—

XI. Finis

Homer's Epos, it is remarked, is like a Bas-Relief sculpture: it does not conclude, but merely ceases. Such, indeed, is the Epos of Universal History itself. Directorates, Consulates, Emperorships, Restorations, Citizen-Kingships succeeded this Business in due series, in due genesis one out of the other. Nevertheless the First-parent of all these may be said to have gone to air in the way we see. A Baboeuf Insurrection, next year, will die in the birth; stifled by the Soldiery. A Senate, if tinged with Royalism, can be purged by the Soldiery; and an Eighteenth of Fructidor transacted by the mere show of bayonets. Nay Soldiers' bayonets can be used *à posteriori* on a Senate, and make it leap out of window,—still bloodless; and produce an Eighteenth of Brumaire. Such changes must happen: but they are managed by intriguings, caballings, and then by orderly word of command; almost like mere changes of Ministry. Not in general by sacred right of Insurrection, but by milder methods growing ever milder, shall the events of French History be henceforth brought to pass.

It is admitted that this Directorate, which owned, at its starting, these three things, an 'old table, a sheet of paper, and an ink-bottle,' and no visible money or arrangement whatever, did wonders: that France, since the Reign of Terror hushed itself, has been a new France awakened like a giant out of torpor: and has gone on in the Internal Life of it, with continual progress. As for the External form and forms of Life, what can we say, except that out of the Eater there comes Strength; out of the Unwise there comes *not* Wisdom!—Shams are burnt up; nay, what as yet is the peculiarity of France, the very Cant of them is burnt up. The new Realities are not yet come: ah no, only Phantasms, Paper models, tentative Prefigurements of such! In France there are now Four Million Landed Properties; that black portent of an Agrarian Law is, as it were, *realised.* What is still stranger, we understand all Frenchmen have 'the right of duel;' the Hackney-coachman with the Peer, if insult be given: such is the law of Public Opinion. Equality at least in death! The Form of Government is by Citizen King, frequently shot at, not yet shot.

On the whole, therefore, has it not been fulfilled what was prophesied, *ex-post facto* indeed, by the Arch-quack Cagliostro, or another? He, as he looked in rapt vision and amazement into these things thus spake: 'Ha! What is *this?* Angels, Uriel, Anachiel, and ye other Five; Pentagon of Rejuvenescence; Power that destroyedst Original Sin; Earth, Heaven, and thou Outer Limbo, which men name Hell! Does the EMPIRE OF IMPOSTURE waver? Burst there, in starry sheen updarting, Light-rays from out of *its* dark foundations; as it rocks and heaves, not in travail-throes but in death-throes? Yea, Light-rays, piercing, clear, that salute the Heavens,—lo, they *kindle* it; their starry clearness becomes as red Hell-fire!

'IMPOSTURE is in flames, Imposture is burnt up: one red sea of Fire, wild-bellowing, enwraps the World: with its fire-tongue licks at the very Stars. Thrones are hurled into it and Dubois Mitres, and Prebendal Stalls that drop fatness, and—ha! what see I?—all the *Gigs* of Creation: all, all! Wo is me! Never since Pharaoh's Chariots, in the Red Sea of water, was there wreck of Wheel-vehicles like this in the Sea of Fire. Desolate, as ashes, as gases, shall they wander in the wind.

'Higher, higher, yet flames the Fire-Sea; crackling with new dislocated timber; hissing with leather and prunella. The metal Images are molten; the marble Images become mortar-lime; the stone Mountains sulkily explode. RESPECTABILITY, with her collected Gigs inflamed for funeral pyre, wailing, leaves the Earth: not to return save under new Avatar. Imposture how it burns, through generations: how it is burnt up; for a time. The World is black ashes;—which, ah, when will they grow green? The Images all run into amorphous Corinthian brass; all Dwellings of men destroyed; the very mountains peeled and riven, the valleys black and dead: it is an empty World! Wo to them that shall be born then!—— A King, a Queen (ah me!) were hurled in; did rustle once; flew aloft, crackling, like paper-scroll. Iscariot Égalité was hurled in; thou grim de Launay, with thy grim Bastille; whole kindreds and peoples: five millions of mutually destroying Men. For it is the End of the dominion of IMPOSTURE (which is Darkness and opaque Firedamp); and the burning up, with unquenchable fire, of all the Gigs that are in the Earth.' This Prophecy, we say, has it not been fulfilled, is it not fulfilling?

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

by

GEORGE BANCROFT

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GEORGE BANCROFT

1800–1891

THE family of George Bancroft, American historian and statesman, had been in America since 1632. His father was a Revolutionary soldier, clergyman, and author of a popular life of George Washington. Bancroft received a thorough education at Phillips Academy (Exeter), Harvard, Heidelberg, Göttingen, and Berlin. Indeed, he so distinguished himself at Harvard that upon the recommendation of Edward Everett a group of Harvard men raised a fund which supported the young scholar during four years of study and travel abroad. Bancroft returned from Germany in 1822 and, after a brief experience of tutoring at Harvard, founded the Round Hill School at Northampton, Massachusetts.

Although sensitive, high-strung, and impulsive, Bancroft possessed abundant energy, ambition, and a hard core of common sense, qualities which made him equal to most practical exigencies. The modern European texts which he translated into English for use at Round Hill were soon adopted by other American schools, bringing him profit and some reputation. His offer to write for the *North American Review*, then edited by the historian Jared Sparks, was accepted and he contributed frequently to that publication as well as to the *American Quarterly*.

Although Bancroft's family were Whig, his political sympathies soon led him to become an active member of the Democratic party. While still a teacher in his own school, he was elected to the state legislature but declined to serve. Again in 1831 he declined the nomination of the Massachusetts Democrats for the post of Secretary of State. However, President Van Buren appointed him Collector of the Port of Boston, an office which he administered with efficiency.

In 1844 Bancroft was defeated as Democratic candidate for governor. But the following year he was appointed a member of Polk's Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, serving also for a month as Acting Secretary of War. The national reputation which brought him these appointments was due to the great popularity of the first volumes of his *History of the United States,* published in 1834, 1837, and 1840. The work was enthusiastically received in England also and was immediately translated into Danish, Italian, German, and French. Bancroft's brief term as Secretary of the Navy is remembered chiefly because of his founding of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

In 1846 Bancroft resigned his Cabinet post to become minister to London. There his historical interests provided a basis for friendships with Macaulay and Hallam, while his residence in England enabled him to accumulate a wealth of basic materials for the continuation of his American history. Bancroft returned to America in 1849 and settled in New York, where, partly as a consequence of the change in the political scene, he retired to private life, devoting his principal energies to the history. Volumes IV and V appeared in 1852, Volume VI in 1854, Volume VII in 1858, Volume VIII in 1860, and Volume IX in 1866. Then, in 1867, he accepted the Berlin ministry, which he held until his resignation in 1874. From that year until his death in 1891, Bancroft was engaged in the completion, extension, and revision of his *History of the United States.*

This history, the writing of which was spread over a long lifetime, is an epic work; in grandeur of concept it recalls Gibbon. But Bancroft reveals none of the slightly cynical detachment of the product of the era of "enlightenment." He is passionately involved with his subject; he is unashamedly a partisan and patriot. For him the progress of humankind was an unassailable fact, and the study of his country's history disclosed its fulfillment of a providential destiny, a role of major importance in the larger history of human progress. This was not a subject toward which one assumed an attitude of disinterest.

In the view of later critics of the work, its deficiencies are due to some of the very qualities which established Bancroft's immediate popularity. The rhetorical flights and patches of transparently artificial "writing" of the earlier volumes were modified in the final revision. Pages of philosophical reflection still interrupt the narrative. And Bancroft's frankly partisan treatment of the American Revolution diminishes its worth

in the eyes of a generation capable of studying the event with more detachment than was possible in his day. Nevertheless, despite changing tastes and standards of historical scholarship, Bancroft's *History of the United States* remains a monumental achievement of continuing interest and influence.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

I. AMERICA CLAIMS LEGISLATIVE INDEPENDENCE OF ENGLAND

1748

IN THE year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight, Montesquieu, wisest in his age of the reflecting statesmen of France, apprises the cultivated world that England has founded distant colonies more to extend her commerce than her sovereignty; and "as we love to establish elsewhere that which we find established at home, she will give to the people of her colonies the form of her own government, and, this government carrying with itself prosperity, a great people will form itself in the forests that she sent them forth to inhabit." The hereditary dynasties of Europe, all unconscious of the rapid growth of the power of the people, which was soon to bring them under its new and prevailing influence, were negotiating treaties among themselves to close their wars of personal ambition. The great maritime powers, weary of hopes of conquest, desired repose. To restore possessions as they had been, or were to have been, was accepted as the condition of peace, and guarantees were devised to keep them safe against vicissitude. But the eternal flow of resistance never rests, bearing the human race onward through continuous change. Principles grow into life in the public mind, and, following each other as they are bidden and without a pause, gain the mastery over events.

The hour of revolution was at hand, promising freedom to conscience and dominion to intelligence. History, escaping from the dictates of authority and the jars of insulated interests, enters upon new and unthought-of domains of culture and equality, the happier society where power springs freshly from ever-renewed consent; the life and activity of a connected world.

For Europe, the crisis foreboded the struggles of generations. The faith and affection which once bound together the separate classes of its civil hierarchy had lost their vigor. In the impending chaos of states, the

ancient forms of society, after convulsive agonies, were doomed to be broken in pieces. The voice of reform, as it passed over the desolation, would inspire animation afresh; but conflict of the classes whose power was crushed with the oppressed who knew not that they were redeemed, might awaken wild and insatiable desires. In America, the influences of time were moulded by the creative force of reason, sentiment, and nature; its political edifice rose in lovely proportions, as if to the melodies of the lyre. Calmly, and without crime, humanity was to make for itself a new existence.

A few men of Anglo-Saxon descent, scholars, farmers, planters, and mechanics, with their wives and children, had crossed the Atlantic, in search of freedom and fortune. They brought the civilization which the past had bequeathed to Great Britain; they were followed by the slave-ship and the African; their prosperity invited emigrants from every nationality of central and western Europe; the mercantile system to which they were subjected prevailed in the councils of all metropolitan states, and extended its restrictions to every continent that allured to conquest, commerce, or colonization. The accomplishment of their independence would assert the freedom of the oceans as commercial highways, and vindicate power in the commonwealth for the self-directing judgment of its people.

The authors of the American revolution avowed for their object the welfare of mankind, and believed that they were in the service of their own and of all future generations. Their faith was just; for the world of mankind does not exist in fragments, nor can a country have an insulated existence. All men are brothers; and all are bondsmen for one another. All nations, too, are brothers; and each is responsible for that federative humanity which puts the ban of exclusion on none. New principles of government could not assert themselves in one hemisphere without affecting the other. The very idea of the progress of an individual people, in its relation to universal history, springs from the acknowledged unity of the race.

From the dawn of social being there has appeared a tendency toward commerce and intercourse between the scattered inhabitants of the earth. That mankind have ever earnestly desired this connection appears from their willing homage to the adventurer, and to every people who greatly enlarge the boundaries of the world, as known to civilization.

When civilization intrenched herself within the beautiful promontory of Italy, and Rome led the van of European reform, the same movement continued, with still vaster results; for, though the military republic gave dominion to property, and extended her own influence by the sword, yet, heaping up conquests, adding island to continent, absorbing nationalities, offering a shrine to strange gods, and citizenship to every vanquished people, she extended over a larger empire the benefits of fixed principles of law, and prepared the way for a universal religion.

To have asserted clearly the unity of mankind was the distinctive

character of the Christian religion. No more were the nations to be severed by the worship of exclusive deities. They were taught that all men are of one blood; that for all there is but one divine nature and but one moral law; and the renovating faith which made known the singleness of the race, embodied its aspirations, and guided its advancement. The tribes of Northern Europe, emerging freshly from the wild nurseries of nations, opened new regions to culture, commerce, and refinement. The beams of the majestic temple, which antiquity had reared to its many gods, were already falling in; roving invaders, taking to their hearts the regenerating creed, became its intrepid messengers, and bore its symbols even to Iceland and Siberia.

Still nearer was the period of the connected world, when an enthusiast reformer, glowing with selfish ambition and angry at the hollow forms of idolatry, rose up in the deserts of Arabia, and founded a system of social equality dependent neither on birth nor race nor country.

In due time appeared the mariner from Genoa. To Columbus God gave the keys that unlock the barriers of the ocean; so that he filled Christendom with his glory. As he went forth toward the West, ploughing a wave which no European keel had entered, it was his high purpose not merely to open new paths to islands or to continents, but to bring together the ends of the earth, and join all nations in commerce and spiritual life.

While the world of mankind is accomplishing its nearer connection, it is advancing in the power of its intelligence. The possession of reason is the engagement for that progress of which history keeps the record. The faculties of each individual mind are limited in their development; the reason of the whole strives for perfection, has been restlessly forming itself from the first moment of human existence, and has never met bounds to its capacity for improvement. The generations of men are not like the leaves on the trees, which fall and renew themselves without melioration or change; individuals disappear like the foliage and the flowers; the existence of our kind is continuous, and its ages are recriprocally dependent. Were it not so, there would be no great truths inspiring action, no laws regulating human achievements: the movement of the living world would be as the ebb and flow of the ocean; and the mind would no more be touched by the visible agency of Providence in human affairs. In the lower creation, instinct may more nearly be always equal to itself; yet even there the beaver builds his hut, the bee his cell, with a gradual acquisition of inherited thought and increase of skill. By a more marked prerogative, as Pascal has written, "not only each man advances daily in the sciences, but all men unitedly make a never ceasing progress in them, as the universe grows older; so that the whole succession of human beings, during the course of so many ages, ought to be considered as one identical man, who subsists always, and who learns without end."

It is this idea of continuity which gives vitality to history. No period of time has a separate being; no public opinion can escape the influence

of previous intelligence. We are cheered by rays from former centuries, and live in the sunny reflection of all their light.

From the intelligence that had been slowly ripening in the mind of cultivated humanity sprung the American revolution, which organized social union through the establishment of personal freedom, and emancipated the nations from all authority not flowing from themselves. In the old civilization of Europe, power moved from a superior to inferiors and subjects; a priesthood transmitted a common faith, from which it would tolerate no dissent; the government esteemed itself, by compact or by divine right, invested with sovereignty, dispensing protection and demanding allegiance. But a new principle, far mightier than the church and state of the middle ages, was forcing itself into activity. Successions of increasing culture had conquered for mankind the idea of the freedom of the individual; the creative, but long latent, energy that resides in the collective reason was next to be revealed. From this the state was to emerge, like the fabled spirit of beauty and love out of the foam of the ever troubled ocean. It was the office of America to substitute for hereditary privilege the natural equality of man; for the irresponsible authority of a sovereign, a government emanating from the concord of opinion; and, as she moved forward in her high career, the multitudes of every clime gazed toward her example with hopes of untold happiness, and all the nations of the earth learned the way to be renewed.

The American revolution, essaying to unfold the principles which organized its events, and bound to keep faith with the ashes of its heroes, was most radical in its character, yet achieved with such benign tranquillity that even conservatism hesitated to censure. A civil war armed men of the same ancestry against each other, yet for the advancement of the principles of everlasting peace and universal brotherhood. A new plebeian democracy took its place by the side of the proudest empires. Religion was disenthralled from civil institutions; thought obtained for itself free utterance by speech and by the press; industry was commissioned to follow the bent of its own genius; the system of commercial restrictions between states was reprobated and shattered; and the oceans were enfranchised for every peaceful keel. International law was humanized and softened; and a new, milder, and more just maritime code was concerted and enforced. The trade in slaves was branded and restrained. The language of Bacon and Milton, of Chatham and Washington, became so diffused that, in every zone, and almost in every longitude, childhood lisps the English as its mother tongue. The equality of all men was declared, personal freedom secured in its complete individuality, and common consent recognised as the only just origin of fundamental laws: so that in thirteen separate states, with ample territory for creating more, the inhabitants of each formed their own political institutions. By the side of the principle of the freedom of the individual and the freedom of the separate states, the noblest work of human intellect was consummated in a federal union; and that union put away every motive to its destruction by insuring to

each successive generation the right to amend its constitution according to the increasing intelligence of the living people.

II. THE DAY-STAR OF THE AMERICAN UNION

April–July 1765

THIS is the moment when the power of the British oligarchy, under the revolution of 1688, was at its culminating point. The ministry esteemed the supreme power of parliament established firmly and forever. The colonists could not export the chief products of their industry—neither sugar, nor tobacco, nor cotton, nor indigo, nor ginger; nor fustic, nor other dyeing woods; nor molasses, nor rice, with some exceptions; nor beaver, nor peltry of any kind; nor copper ore, nor pitch, nor tar, nor turpentine, nor masts, nor yards, nor bowsprits, nor coffee, nor pimento, nor cocoanuts, nor whale-fins, nor raw silk, nor hides, nor skins, nor pot and pearl ashes—to any place but Great Britain, not even to Ireland. No foreign ship might enter a colonial harbor. Salt might be imported from any place into New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Quebec; wines might be imported from the Madeiras and the Azores, but were to pay a duty in American ports for the British exchequer; and victuals, horses, and servants might be brought from Ireland. In all other respects, Great Britain was not only the sole market for the products of America, but the only storehouse for its supplies.

Lest the colonists should multiply their flocks of sheep and weave their own cloth, they might not use a ship, nor a boat, nor a carriage, nor even a pack-horse, to carry wool, or any manufacture of which wool forms a part, across the line of one province to another. They could not land wool from the nearest islands, nor ferry it across a river, nor even ship it to England. A British sailor, finding himself in want of clothes in their harbors, might not buy there more than forty shillings worth of woollens.

Where was there a house in the colonies that did not possess and cherish the English Bible? And yet to print that Bible in British America would have been a piracy; and the Bible, though printed in German and in a native savage dialect, was never printed there in English till the land became free.

That the country, which was the home of the beaver, might not manufacture its own hats, no man in the plantations could be a hatter or a journeyman at that trade unless he had served an apprenticeship of seven years. No hatter might employ a negro or more than two apprentices. No American hat might be sent from one plantation to another, or be loaded upon any horse, cart, or carriage for conveyance.

America abounded in iron ores of the best quality, as well as in wood and coal; slitting-mills, steel furnaces, and plating forges, to work with a tilt hammer, were prohibited in the colonies as "nuisances."

While free labor was debarred of its natural rights, the slave-trade was encouraged with unrelenting eagerness; and in the year that had just expired, from Liverpool alone seventy-nine ships had borne from Africa to the West Indies and the continent more than fifteen thousand three hundred negroes, two thirds as many as the first colonists of Massachusetts.

And now, in addition to colonial restrictions and the burdens attached to them, the British parliament had enacted a new system of taxes on America for the relief of the British exchequer. A duty was to be collected on foreign sugar, molasses, indigo, coffee, Madeira wine, imported directly into any of the plantations in America; also a duty on Portuguese and Spanish wines, on eastern silks, on eastern calicoes, on foreign linen cloth, on French lawn, though imported directly from Great Britain; on British colonial coffee shipped from one plantation to another. Nor was henceforward any part of the old subsidy to be drawn back on the export of foreign goods of Europe or the East Indies, and on the export of white calicoes and muslins a still higher duty was to be exacted and retained. And stamp duties were to be paid throughout all the British American colonies on and after the first day of the coming November.

These laws were to be enforced, not by the regular authorities only, but by naval and military officers, irresponsible to the civil power in the colonies. The penalties and forfeitures for breach of the revenue laws were to be decided in courts of vice-admiralty, without the interposition of a jury, by a single judge, who had no support whatever but from his share in the profits of his own condemnations.

But, if the British parliament can tax America, it may tax Ireland and India, and hold the wealth of the East and of the West at the service of its own oligarchy. As the relation of the government to its outlying dominions would become one of power and not of right, it could not but employ its accumulated resources to make itself the master of the ocean and the oppressor of mankind. "This system, if it is suffered to prevail," said Oxenbridge Thacher, of Boston, "will extinguish the flame of liberty all over the world."

Massachusetts had been led to rely on the inviolability of English freedom and on the equity of parliament; and, when the blow fell, "the people looked upon their liberties as gone." "Tears," said Otis, "relieve me a moment;" and, repelling the imputation "that the continent of America was about to become insurgent," "it is the duty of all," he added, "humbly and silently to acquiesce in all the decisions of the supreme legislature. Nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand of the colonists will never once entertain a thought but of submission to our sovereign, and to the authority of parliament in all possible contingencies." "They undoubtedly have the right to levy internal taxes on the colonies." "From my soul, I detest and abhor the thought of making a question of jurisdiction."

Hutchinson was only "waiting to know what more parliament would do toward raising the sums which the colonies were to pay," and which as yet were not half provided for. As chief justice, he charged "the jurors and people" of the several counties to obey. Nor did the result seem doubtful. There could be no danger but from union; and "no two colonies," said he, "think alike; there is no uniformity of measures; the bundle of sticks thus separated will be easily broken." "The stamp act," he assured the ministry, five weeks after the news of its passage, "is received among us with as much decency as could be expected; it leaves no room for evasion, and will execute itself."

In Boston, at the annual election of representatives in May, men called to mind the noble sentiments which had been interwoven into the remonstrances of New York, and were imbittered at the thought that their legislature had been cajoled by Hutchinson into forbearing to claim exemption from taxation as a right. While the patriots censured the acquiescence of Otis, as a surrender of their liberties, the friends of government jeered at him as a Massaniello and a madman.

At first the planters of Virginia foreboded universal ruin from the stamp act; but soon they resolved that the act should recoil on England: articles of luxury of English manufacture were banished; and threadbare coats came into fashion. A large provincial debt enforced the policy of thrift. The legislature of Virginia was then assembled, and the electors of Louisa county had just filled a vacancy in their representation by making choice of Patrick Henry, though he had resided among them scarcely a year. Devoted to their interest, he never flattered the people, and was never forsaken by them. As he took his place, not yet acquainted with the forms of business in the house or with its members, he saw the time for the enforcement of the stamp-tax drawing near, while all the other colonies, through timid hesitation or the want of opportunity, remained silent; and cautious loyalty hushed the experienced statesmen of his own. Many of the assembly had made the approaching close of the session an excuse for returning home; but Patrick Henry, a burgess of but a few days, unadvised and unassisted, in an auspicious moment, of which the recollection cheered him to his latest day, came forward in the committee of the whole house; and while Thomas Jefferson, a young collegian, from the mountain frontier, stood outside of the closed hall, eager to catch the first tidings of resistance, and George Washington, there is no cause to doubt, was in his place as a member, he maintained by resolutions that the inhabitants of Virginia inherited from the first adventurers and settlers of that dominion equal franchises with the people of Great Britain; that royal charters had declared this equality; that taxation by themselves, or by persons chosen by themselves to represent them, was the distinguishing characteristic of British freedom and of the constitution; that the people of that most ancient colony had uninterruptedly enjoyed the right of being thus governed by their own laws respecting their internal polity and taxation; that this right had never been forfeited, nor

given up, and had been constantly recognised by the king and people of Great Britain.

It followed from these resolutions, and Patrick Henry so expressed it in a fifth supplementary one, that the general assembly of the whole colony have the sole right and power to lay taxes on the inhabitants of the colony, and that any attempt to vest such power in any other persons whatever tended to destroy British as well as American freedom. It was still further set forth, yet not by Henry, in two resolutions, which, though they were not officially produced, equally embodied the mind of the younger part of the assembly, that the inhabitants of Virginia were not bound to yield obedience to any law designed to impose taxation upon them other than the laws of their own general assembly; and that any one who should, either by speaking or writing, maintain the contrary, should be deemed an enemy to the colony.

A stormy debate arose, and many threats were uttered. Robinson, the speaker, already a defaulter, Peyton Randolph, the king's attorney, and the frank, honest, and independent George Wythe, a lover of classic learning, accustomed to guide the house by his strong understanding and single-minded integrity, exerted all their powers to moderate the tone of "the hot and virulent resolutions;" while John Randolph, the best lawyer in the colony, "singly" resisted the whole proceeding. But, on the other side, George Johnston, of Fairfax, reasoned with solidity and firmness; and Henry flamed with impassioned zeal. Lifted beyond himself, "Tarquin," he cried, "and Caesar, had each his Brutus; Charles I., his Cromwell; and George III."—"Treason!" shouted the speaker; "treason! treason!" was echoed round the house; while Henry, fixing his eye on the first who interrupted him, continued without faltering, "may profit by their example!"

This is the "way the fire began." "Virginia rang the alarum bell for the continent."

At the opening of the legislature of Massachusetts, Oliver, who had been appointed stamp distributor, was, on the joint ballot of both branches, re-elected councillor by a majority of but three out of about one hundred and twenty votes. More than half the representatives voted against him.

On the day on which the resolves of Virginia were adopted, a message from Governor Bernard informed the new legislature of Massachusetts that "the general settlement of the American provinces, though it might necessarily produce some regulations disagreeable from their novelty, had been long ago proposed, and would now be prosecuted to its utmost completion; that submission to the decrees of the supreme legislature, to which all other powers in the British empire were subordinate, was the duty and the interest of the colonies; that this supreme legislature, the parliament of Great Britain, was happily the sanctuary of liberty and justice; and that the prince who presided over it realized the idea of a patriot king."

Contrary to usage, the house made no reply; but, on the sixth of June, James Otis advised the calling of an American congress, which should consist of committees from each of the thirteen colonies, to be appointed respectively by the delegates of the people, without regard to the other branches of the legislature. Such an assembly had never existed; and the purpose of deliberating upon the acts of parliament was equally novel. The tories sneered at the proposal as visionary and impracticable; but the representatives of Massachusetts shared the creative instinct of Otis. Assuring unanimity by even refusing to consider the question of their exclusive right to originate measures of internal taxation, they sent letters to every assembly on the continent, proposing that committees of the several assemblies should meet at New York, on the first Tuesday of the following October, "to consult together" and "consider of a united representation to implore relief." They elected Otis and two others of their own members for their delegates.

Before the proceedings in Virginia and Massachusetts were known in New York, where the reprint of the stamp act was hawked about the streets as the "folly of England and the ruin of America," a freeman of that town, discussing the policy of Grenville, and the arguments on which it rested, demonstrated that they were leading alike to the reform of the British parliament and the independence of America.

"It is not the tax," said he, "it is the unconstitutional manner of imposing it, that is the great subject of uneasiness to the colonies. The minister admitted in parliament that they had in the fullest sense the right to be taxed only by their own consent, given by their representatives; and grounds his pretence of the right to tax them entirely upon this, that they are virtually represented in parliament.

"The great fundamental principles of a government should be common to all its parts and members, else the whole will be endangered. If, then, the interest of the mother country and her colonies cannot be made to coincide, if the same constitution may not take place in both, if the welfare of the mother country necessarily requires of the colonies a sacrifice of their right of making their own laws and disposing of their own property by representatives of their own choosing, then the connection between them ought to cease; and sooner or later it must inevitably cease."

These words embodied the sober judgment of New York. They were caught up by the impatient colonies, were reprinted in nearly all their newspapers, were approved of by their most learned and judicious statesmen, and even formed part of the instructions of South Carolina to its agent in England.

Thus revolution proceeded. Virginia marshalled resistance, Massachusetts entreated union, New York pointed to independence.

"There is not silver enough in the colonies to pay for the stamps," computed patriot financiers, "and the trade by which we could get more is prohibited." "And yet," declared the merchants of New York, "we

have a natural right to every freedom of trade of the English." "To tax us, and bind our commerce and restrain manufactures," reasoned even the most patient, "is to bid us make brick without straw." "The northern colonies will be absolutely restricted from using any articles of clothing of their own fabric," predicted one colony to another. And men laughed as they added: "Catching a mouse within his majesty's colonies with a trap of our own making will be deemed, in the ministerial cant, an infamous, atrocious, and nefarious crime." "A colonist," murmured a Boston man, "cannot make a horseshoe or a hobnail but some ironmonger of Britain shall bawl that he is robbed by the 'American republican.'" "They are even stupid enough," it was said in Rhode Island, "to judge it criminal for us to become our own manufacturers."

"We will eat no lamb," promised the multitude, seeking to retaliate; "we will wear no mourning at funerals." "We will none of us import British goods," said the traders in the towns. The inhabitants of North Carolina set up looms for weaving their own clothes, and South Carolina was ready to follow the example. "The people," wrote Lieutenant-Governor Sharpe, of Maryland, "will go on upon manufactures." "We will have homespun markets of linens and woollens," passed from mouth to mouth, till it found its way across the Atlantic, and alarmed the king in council; "the ladies of the first fortune shall set the example of wearing homespun." "It will be accounted a virtue in them to wear a garment of their own spinning." "A little attention to manufactures will make us ample amends for the distresses of the present day, and render us a great, rich, and happy people."

Thus opinion was echoed from mind to mind, as the sun's rays beam from many clouds, all differing in tints, but every one taking its hue from the same fire. In the midst of the gloom, light broke forth from the excitement of a whole people. Associations were formed in Virginia, as well as in New England, to resist the stamp act by all lawful means. Hope began to rise that American rights and liberties might safely be trusted "to the watchfulness of a united continent."

The insolence of the royal officers provoked to insulated acts of resistance. The people of Rhode Island, angry with the commander of a ship-of-war who had boarded their vessels and impressed their seamen, seized his boat, and burned it on Newport common. Men of New England, "of a superior sort," had obtained of the government of New Hampshire a warrant for land down the western slope of the Green Mountains, on a branch of the Hoosic, twenty miles east of the Hudson river. They formed already a community of sixty-seven families, in as many houses, with an ordained minister, their own municipal officers, three several public schools, their meeting-house among the primeval forests of beech and maple; in a word, they enjoyed the flourishing state which springs from rural industry, intelligence, and piety. They called their village Bennington. The royal officers at New York disposed anew of that town, as well as of others near it, so that the king was known to the settlers

near the Green Mountains chiefly by his agents, who had knowingly sold his lands twice over. In this way Bennington was made a battleground for independence.

But there was no present relief for America unless union could be perfected. Union was the hope of Otis—union that "should knit and work into the very blood and bones of the original system every region, as fast as settled." Yet how comprehensive and how daring the idea! The traditions of the board of trade branded it as "mutinous." Massachusetts had proceeded timidly, naming for its delegates to the proposed congress the patriot Otis, with two others who were "friends to government."

Virginia was ready to convince the world that her people were firm and unanimous in the cause of liberty, but its newly elected assembly was not suffered by Fauquier to come together. New Jersey received the circular letter of Massachusetts on the twentieth of June, the last day of the session of its legislature. The speaker, a friend to the British government, at first inclined to urge sending delegates to the proposed congress; but, on some "advice" from the governor, changed his mind, and the house, in the hurry preceding the adjournment, rather from uncertainty than the want of good-will, unanimously declined the invitation. The assembly of New Hampshire seemed to approve, but did not adopt it. "Nothing will be done in consequence of this intended congress," wrote Bernard, in July; and he seized the opportunity to press "more and more" upon the government at home "the necessity of taking into their hands the appointment of the American civil list," as well as changing the council of the province. Even the liberal governor of Maryland reported "that the resentment of the colonists would probably die out; and that, in spite of the violent outcries of the lawyers, the stamp act would be carried into execution."

But, far away toward the lands of the sun, the assembly of South Carolina was in session; and, on the twenty-fifth of July, debated the circular from Massachusetts. Many objections were made to the legality, the expediency, and most of all to the efficiency of the proposed measure; and many eloquent words were uttered, especially by the youthful John Rutledge, when the subject, on the deliberate resolve of a small majority, was referred to a committee, of which Christopher Gadsden was the chairman. He was a man of deep and clear convictions; thoroughly sincere; of an unbending will and a sturdy, impetuous integrity, which drove those about him, like a mountain torrent dashing on an over-shot wheel, though sometimes clogging with back-water from its own violence. He possessed not only that courage which defies danger, but that persistence which neither peril nor imprisonment nor the threat of death can shake. Full of religious faith, and at the same time inquisitive and tolerant, methodical, yet lavish of his fortune for public ends, he had in his nature nothing vacillating or low, and knew not how to hesitate or feign. After two legislatures had held back, South Carolina, by "his achievement," pronounced for union. "Our state," he used to say, "was

the first, though at the extreme end, and one of the weakest, as well internally as externally, to listen to the call of our northern brethren in their distresses. Massachusetts sounded the trumpet, but to Carolina is it owing that it was attended to. Had it not been for South Carolina, no congress would then have happened. She was all alive, and felt at every pore." And when we count up those who, above others, contributed to the great result of union, we are to name the inspired "madman," James Otis, and the unwavering lover of his country, Christopher Gadsden.

Otis now seemed to himself to hear the prophetic song of the "Sibyls" chanting the springtime of a "new empire."

III. THE BOSTON "MASSACRE"

January–March 1770

THE Massachusetts assembly was to meet on the tenth of January, and distant members were on their journey, when [Thomas] Hutchinson, [Governor of Massachusetts] suddenly prorogued it to the middle of March. The spirit of non-importation had not abated; yet, as tea had advanced one hundred per cent, Hutchinson, who was himself a very large importer of it, could no longer restrain his covetousness. His two eldest sons, therefore, who were his agents, violating their engagement, broke open the lock, of which they had given the key to the committee of merchants, and secretly made sales. "Do they imagine," asked Samuel Adams, "they can still weary the patience of an injured country with impunity?"

The liberty pole raised by the people of New York in the Park stood safely for nearly three years. The soldiery, in February, resolved to cut it down, and, after three repulses, succeeded. The people, assembling in the fields to the number of three thousand, and, without planning retaliation, expressed abhorrence of the soldiers, as enemies to the constitution and to the peace of the city. The soldiers replied by an insulting placard; and, on two successive days, engaged in an affray with the citizens, in which the latter had the advantage. The newspapers loudly celebrated the victory; and the Sons of Liberty, purchasing a piece of land near the junction of Broadway and the high road to Boston, erected a pole, strongly guarded by iron bands and bars, and inscribed "Liberty and Property."

The men of Boston emulously applauded the spirit of the "Yorkers" [and established their own "Liberty Tree"]. Hatred of the parliament's taxes spread into every social circle. One week three hundred wives of Boston, the next a hundred and ten more, with one hundred and twenty-six of the young and unmarried of their sex, renounced the use of tea till the revenue acts should be repealed. How could the troops interfere?

Everybody knew that it was against the law for them to fire without the authority of a civil magistrate; and the more they paraded with their muskets and twelve rounds of ball, the more they were despised, as men who desired to terrify and had no power to harm. Hutchinson was taunted with wishing to destroy town-meetings, through which he himself had risen; and the press, calling to mind his days of shopkeeping, jeered him as in former days a notorious smuggler.

Theophilus Lillie, who had begun to sell contrary to the agreement, found a post planted before his door, with a hand pointed toward his house in derision. Richardson, an informer, asked a countryman to break the post down by driving the wheel of his cart against it. A crowd of boys chased Richardson to his own house and threw stones. Provoked but not endangered, he fired among them, and killed a boy of eleven years old, the son of a poor German. At his funeral, five hundred children walked in front of the bier; six of his schoolfellows held the pall; and men of all ranks moved in procession from Liberty Tree to the town-house, and thence to the "burying-place."

The evening of the fifth [of March] came on. The young moon was shining in a cloudless winter sky, and its light was increased by a new-fallen snow. Parties of soldiers were driving about the streets, making a parade of valor, challenging resistance, and striking the inhabitants indiscriminately with sticks or sheathed cutlasses.

A band, which poured out from Murray's barracks in Brattle street, armed with clubs, cutlasses, and bayonets, provoked resistance, and a fray ensued. Ensign Maul, at the gate of the barrack yard, cried to the soldiers: "Turn out, and I will stand by you; kill them; stick them; knock them down; run your bayonets through them." One soldier after another levelled a firelock, and threatened to "make a lane" through the crowd. Just before nine, as an officer crossed King street, now State street, a barber's lad cried after him: "There goes a mean fellow who hath not paid my master for dressing his hair;" on which the sentinel, stationed at the westerly end of the custom house, on the corner of King street and Exchange lane, left his post, and with his musket gave the boy a stroke on the head that made him stagger and cry for pain.

The street soon became clear, and nobody troubled the sentry, when a party of soldiers issued violently from the main guard, their arms glittering in the moonlight, and passed on, hallooing: "Where are they? where are they? Let them come." Presently twelve or fifteen more, uttering the same cries, rushed from the south into King street, and so by way of Cornhill, toward Murray's barracks. "Pray, soldiers, spare my life," cried a boy of twelve, whom they met. "No, no, I'll kill you all," answered one of them, and with his cutlass knocked him down. They abused and insulted several persons at their doors and others in the street, "running about like madmen in a fury," crying, "Fire!" which seemed their watch-word, and "Where are they? knock them down." Their outrageous behavior occasioned the ringing of the bell at the head of King street.

The citizens, whom the alarm set in motion, came out with canes and clubs, and, partly by the courage of Crispus Attucks, a mulatto of nearly fifty years old, and some others, partly by the interference of well-disposed officers, the fray at the barracks was soon over. Of the citizens, the prudent shouted, "Home! home!" others, it was said, called out, "Huzza for the main guard! there is the nest;" but the main guard was not molested the whole evening.

A body of soldiers came up Royal Exchange lane, crying, "Where are the cowards?" and, brandishing their arms, passed through King street. From ten to twenty boys came after them, asking, "Where are they? where are they?" "There is the soldier who knocked me down," said the barber's boy, and they began pushing one another toward the sentinel. He loaded and primed his musket. "The lobster is going to fire," cried a boy. Waving his piece about, the sentinel pulled the trigger. "If you fire, you must die for it," said Henry Knox, who was passing by. "I don't care," replied the sentry; "if they touch me, I'll fire." "Fire!" shouted the boys, for they were persuaded he could not do it without leave from a civil officer, and a young fellow spoke out, "We will knock him down for snapping," while they whistled through their fingers and huzzaed. "Stand off!" said the sentry, and shouted aloud, "Turn out, main guard!" "They are killing the sentinel," reported a servant from the custom-house, running to the main guard. "Turn out! why don't you turn out?" cried Preston, who was captain of the day, to the guard. "He appeared in a great flutter of spirits," and "spoke to them roughly." A party of six, two of whom, Kilroi and Montgomery, had been worsted at the rope-walk, formed with a corporal in front and Preston following. With bayonets fixed, they "rushed through the people" upon the trot, cursing them, and pushing them as they went along. They found about ten persons round the sentry, while about fifty or sixty came down with them. "For God's sake," said Knox, holding Preston by the coat, "take your men back again; if they fire, your life must answer for the consequences." "I know what I am about," said he hastily, and much agitated. None pressed on them or provoked them, till they began loading, when a party of about twelve in number, with sticks in their hands, moved from the middle of the street where they had been standing, gave three cheers, and passed along the front of the soldiers, whose muskets some of them struck as they went by. "You are cowardly rascals," they said, "for bringing arms against naked men." "Lay aside your guns, and we are ready for you." "Are the soldiers loaded?" inquired Palmes of Preston. "Yes," he answered, "with powder and ball." "Are they going to fire upon the inhabitants?" asked Theodore Bliss. "They cannot, without my orders," replied Preston; while "the town-born" called out, "Come on, you rascals, you bloody backs, you lobster scoundrels, fire, if you dare. We know you dare not." Just then Montgomery received a blow from a stick which had hit his musket, and the word "Fire!" being given by Preston, he stepped a little on one side, and shot Attucks, who at the

time was quietly leaning on a long stick. The people immediately began to move off. "Don't fire!" said Langford, the watchman, to Kilroi, looking him full in the face; but yet he did so, and Samuel Gray, who was standing next Langford, with his hands in his bosom, fell lifeless. The rest fired slowly and in succession on the people, who were dispersing. One aimed deliberately at a boy, who was running in a zigzag line for safety. Montgomery then pushed at Palmes to stab him; on which the latter knocked his gun out of his hand, and, levelling a blow at him, hit Preston. Three persons were killed, among them Attucks the mulatto; eight were wounded, two of them mortally. Of the eleven, not more than one had had any share in the disturbance.

When the men returned to take up the dead, the infuriated soldiers prepared to fire again, but were checked by Preston, while the twenty-ninth regiment appeared under arms in King street. "This is our time," cried soldiers of the fourteenth, and dogs were never seen more greedy for their prey.

The bells rung in all the churches; the town drums beat. "To arms! to arms!" was the cry. All the sons of Boston came forth, nearly distracted by the sight of the dead bodies, and of the blood, which ran plentifully in the street, and was imprinted in all directions by foot-tracks on the snow. "Our hearts," says Warren, "beat to arms, almost resolved by one stroke to avenge the death of our slaughtered brethren;" but, self-possessed, they demanded justice according to the law.

IV. THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY

August–December 1773

The East India company, who were now by act of parliament authorized to export tea to America duty free in England, were warned by Americans that their adventure would end in loss; but their scruples were overruled by Lord North, who answered peremptorily: "It is to no purpose making objections, for the king will have it so. The king means to try the question with America."

The time was short, the danger to Boston imminent, resistance at all hazards was the purpose of its committee of correspondence; violent resistance might become necessary, and to undertake it without a certainty of union would only bring ruin on the town and on the cause.

The issue was to be tried at Boston. The governor himself, under the name of his sons, was selected as one of those to whom the tea-ships for that port were consigned; the moment for the decision was hastening on. In the night, between the first and second of November, a knock was heard at the door of each of the consignees commissioned by the East India company, and a summons left for them to appear without fail at Liberty Tree on the following Wednesday, at noon, to resign their

commission; printed notices were posted up, desiring the freemen of Boston and the neighboring towns to meet at the same time and place as witnesses.

On the appointed day, a large flag was hung out on the pole at Liberty Tree; the bells in the meeting-houses were rung from eleven till noon. Adams, Hancock, and Phillips, three of the four representatives of the town of Boston, the selectmen, and William Cooper, the town clerk, with about five hundred more, gathered round the spot. As the consignees did not make their appearance, the assembly, appointing Molineux, Warren, and others a committee, marched into State street to the warehouse of Richard Clarke, where all the consignees were assembled. Molineux presented himself for a parley.

"From whom are you a committee?" asked Clarke. "From the whole people." "Who are the committee?" "I am one," replied Molineux; and he named all the rest. "And what is your request?" Molineux read a paper, requiring the consignee to promise not to sell the teas, but to return them to London in the same bottoms in which they were shipped. "Will you comply?" "I shall have nothing to do with you," answered Clarke, roughly and peremptorily.

On the twenty-second, the committees of Dorchester, Roxbury, Brookline, and Cambridge met the Boston committee by invitation at the selectmen's chamber in Faneuil Hall. Their question was: "Whether it be the mind of this committee to use their joint influence to prevent the landing and sale of the teas exported from the East India company?" And it passed in the affirmative unanimously.

The next day, the town of Charlestown assembled, and showed such a spirit that ever after its committee was added to those who assumed the executive direction.

The combination was hardly finished when, on Sunday, the twenty-eighth of November, the ship Dartmouth appeared in Boston harbor, with one hundred and fourteen chests of the East India company's tea. To keep the sabbath strictly was the New England usage. But hours were precious; let the tea be entered, and it would be beyond the power of the consignee to send it back. The selectmen held one meeting by day, and another in the evening; but they sought in vain for the consignees, who had taken sanctuary in the castle.

The committee of correspondence was more efficient. Meeting on Sunday, they obtained from the Quaker Rotch, who owned the Dartmouth, a promise not to enter his ship till Tuesday; and they authorized Samuel Adams to invite the committees of the five surrounding towns—Dorchester, Roxbury, Brookline, Cambridge, and Charlestown, with their townsmen and those of Boston—to hold a mass meeting the next morning. Faneuil Hall could not contain the people that poured in.

Thursday, the sixteenth of December 1773, dawned upon Boston, a day by far the most momentous in its annals. The inhabitants of the town must count the cost, and know well if they dare defy the wrath of

Great Britain, and if they love exile and poverty and death rather than submission. At ten o'clock the men of Boston, with at least two thousand from the country, assembled in the Old South meeting-house. A report was made that Rotch had been denied a clearance from the collector. "Then," said they to him, "protest immediately against the custom-house, and apply to the governor for his pass, so that your vessel may this very day proceed on her voyage for London."

The governor had stolen away to his country-seat at Milton. Bidding Rotch make all haste, the meeting adjourned to three in the afternoon. At that hour Rotch had not returned. It was incidentally voted, as other towns had already done, to abstain totally from the use of tea; and every town was advised to appoint its committee of inspection, to prevent the detested tea from being brought within any of them. Then, since the governor might refuse his pass, the question recurred, "whether it be the sense and determination of this body to abide by their former resolutions with respect to the not suffering the tea to be landed." On this question Samuel Adams and Young addressed the meeting, which was become far the most numerous ever held in Boston. Among them was Josiah Quincy, a patriot of fervid feeling, passionately devoted to liberty; still young, but wasting with hectic fever. He knew that for him life was ebbing. The work of vindicating American freedom must be done soon, or he will be no party to the achievement. He rises, but it is to restrain; and, being truly brave and truly resolved, he speaks the language of moderation: "Shouts and hosannas will not terminate the trials of this day, nor popular resolves, harangues, and acclamations vanquish our foes. We must be grossly ignorant of the value of the prize for which we contend, of the power combined against us, of the inveterate malice and insatiable revenge which actuate our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosom, if we hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts. Let us consider the issue before we advance to those measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw." "The hand is to the plough," said others, "there must be no looking back;" and the thousands who were present voted unanimously that the tea should not be landed.

It had been dark for more than an hour. A delay of a few hours would place the tea under the protection of the admiral at the castle. The church in which they met was dimly lighted by candles, when, at a quarter before six, Rotch appeared, and related that the governor would not grant him a pass, because his ship was not properly cleared. As soon as he had finished his report, loud shouts were uttered; then Samuel Adams rose and gave the word: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." On the instant a cry was heard at the porch; the war-whoop resounded; a body of men, forty or fifty in number, clad in blankets as Indians, each holding a hatchet, passed by the door; and encouraged by Samuel Adams, Hancock, and others, and increased on the way to near two hundred, marched two by two to Griffin's Wharf, posted guards

to prevent the intrusion of spies, took possession of the three tea-ships, and, in about three hours, three hundred and forty chests of tea, being the whole quantity that had been imported, were emptied into the bay, without the least injury to other property. "All things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government." The people who looked on were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea-chests was plainly heard. After the work was done, the town became as quiet as if it had been holy time. That very night the men from the country took home the great news to their villages.

The next morning the committee of correspondence appointed Samuel Adams and four others to draw up a declaration of what had been done. They sent Paul Revere as express with the information to New York and Philadelphia.

The joy that sparkled in the eyes and animated the countenances and the hearts of the patriots, as they met one another, is unimaginable. The governor, meantime, was consulting his books and his lawyers to make out that the resolves of the meeting were treasonable. Threats were muttered of arrests, of executions, of transporting the accused to England; while the committee of correspondence pledged themselves to support and vindicate each other and all persons who had shared in their effort. The country was united with the town, and the colonies with one another, more firmly than ever. The Philadelphians unanimously approved what Boston had done. New York, all impatient at the winds which had driven its tea-ship off the coast, was resolved on following the example.

In South Carolina, the ship, with two hundred and fifty-seven chests of tea, arrived on the second of December; the spirit of opposition ran very high; but the consignees were persuaded to resign: so that, though the collector after the twentieth day seized the dutiable article, there was no one to vend it or to pay the duty, and it perished in the cellars where it was stored.

Late on Saturday, the twenty-fifth, news reached Philadelphia that its tea-ship was at Chester. It was met four miles below the town, where it came to anchor. On Monday, at an hour's notice, men, said to number five thousand, collected in a town-meeting; at their instance, the consignee who came as passenger resigned; and the captain agreed to take his ship and cargo directly back to London, and to sail the very next day. The Quakers, though they did not appear openly, gave every private encouragement. "The ministry had chosen the most effectual measures to unite the colonies. The Boston committee were already in close correspondence with the other New England colonies, with New York and Pennsylvania. Old jealousies were removed, and perfect harmony subsisted between all." "The heart of the king was hardened like that of Pharaoh;" and none believed he would relent. Union, therefore, was the cry—a union which should reach "from Florida to the icy plains" of Canada. "No time is to be lost," said the "Boston Gazette"; "a congress or a meeting of the American states is indispensable, and what the people wills shall be

effected." Samuel Adams had led his native town to offer itself cheerfully as a sacrifice for the liberties of mankind.

V. THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS

June–October 1774

SAMUEL ADAMS received a summons to come and guide the debates [of the Boston general assembly], but a higher duty kept him at Salem. He had on one evening secretly consulted four or five of his colleagues; on another, a larger number; on the third, so many as thirty; and on the morning of Friday, the seventeenth of June, confident of having the control of the house, one hundred and twenty-nine being present, he locked the door, and proposed a continental congress, to meet on the first day of September at Philadelphia, where there was no army to interrupt its sessions. Bowdoin, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Cushing, and Robert Treat Paine were chosen delegates. To defray their expenses, a tax of five hundred pounds was apportioned on the province. Domestic manufactures were encouraged, and it was strongly recommended to discontinue the use of all goods imported from the East Indies and Great Britain until the grievances of America should be radically redressed.

In the midst of these proceedings the governor sent his secretary with a message for dissolving the assembly; but he knocked at its door in vain, and could only read the proclamation to the crowd on the stairs.

George III. ranked "New York next to Boston in opposition to government." There was no place where a congress was more desired, and none where the determinations of the congress were more sure to be observed. After being severed from Holland, its mother country, New York had no attachment to any European state. All agreed in the necessity of resisting the pretensions of England; but differences arose as to the persons to be intrusted with the direction of that resistance, and as to the imminence and extent of the danger. On the fourth of July 1774, it was carried in the committee of fifty-one that delegates should be selected to serve in the general congress.

From New Hampshire, the members of its convention brought with them money, contributed by the several towns to defray the expenses of a representation in congress. The inhabitants of that province solemnized their action by keeping a day of fasting and public prayer. Massachusetts did the same; and [the English Colonel] Gage, who looked with stupid indifference on the spectacle of thirteen colonies organizing themselves as one people, on occasion of the fast issued a proclamation against "hypocrisy and sedition."

By the fifth of September, Gage had ordered ground to be broken for fortifications on the Neck, which formed the only entrance by land into Boston. In the evening the selectmen remonstrated, but with no effect.

The next day the convention of Suffolk county, which it had been agreed between Samuel Adams and Warren should send a memorial to the general congress, met in Dedham. Every town and district was represented, and their grand business was referred to a committee, of which Warren was the chairman.

An approval of the resistance of the people was embodied in the careful and elaborate report which Warren on the ninth presented to the adjourned Suffolk convention. "On the wisdom and on the exertions of this important day," such were its words, "is suspended the fate of the New World and of unborn millions." The resolutions which followed declared that the sovereign who breaks his compact with his people forfeits their allegiance. By their duty to God, their country, themselves, and posterity, they pledged the county to maintain their civil and religious liberties, and to transmit them entire to future generations. They rejected as unconstitutional the regulating act of parliament and all the officers appointed under its authority. They enjoined the mandamus councillors to resign their places within eleven days. Attributing to the British commander-in-chief hostile intentions, they directed the collectors of taxes to pay over no money to the treasurer whom he recognised. The governor and council had formerly appointed all military officers; now that the legal council was no longer consulted, they advised the towns to elect for themselves officers of their militia from such as were inflexible friends to the rights of the people. For purposes of provincial government they advised a provincial congress, while they promised respect and submission to the continental congress.

New England had surmounted its greatest difficulties; its enemies placed their hopes on the supposed timidity of the general congress.

At Philadelphia the South Carolinians greeted the delegates of Massachusetts as the heralds of freedom, and the Virginians equalled or surpassed their colleagues in resoluteness and spirit; but, while there was great diversity of opinions respecting the proper modes of resisting the aggressions of the mother country, all united in desiring "the union of Great Britain and the colonies on a constitutional foundation."

On Monday, the fifth of September, Galloway, the speaker of the Pennsylvania assembly, would have had congress use the state-house as the place for their deliberations, but the carpenters of Philadelphia offered their plain but spacious hall; and, from respect for the mechanics, it was accepted by a great majority. The names of the members were then called over; and Patrick Henry, Washington, Richard Henry Lee, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Jay, Gadsden, John Rutledge of South Carolina, the aged Hopkins of Rhode Island, and others, representing eleven colonies, answered to the call. Peyton Randolph, late speaker of the assembly of Virginia, was nominated for the chair by Lynch of South Carolina, and was unanimously chosen. The body named itself "the congress," and its chairman "the president." Jay and Duane would have selected a secretary from among themselves; but, on the motion of Lynch, Charles Thomson

was appointed. Colonies differing in religious opinions, in commercial interests, and in everything dependent on climate and labor, in usages and manners swayed by reciprocal prejudices, and frequently quarrelling with each other respecting boundaries, found themselves united in one representative body.

VI. LEXINGTON AND CONCORD

April 19, 1775

GAGE, who had under his command about three thousand effective men, was informed by his spies of military stores, pitiful in their amount, collected by provincial committees at Worcester and Concord; and he resolved on striking a blow, as the king desired. On the afternoon of the day on which the provincial congress of Massachusetts adjourned he took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. The attempt had for several weeks been expected; and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and, in consequence, the committee of safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday, the eighteenth of April, ten or more British sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and farther west to intercept all communication. In the following night the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's provisions; and near midnight, after wading through wet marshes that are now covered by a stately city, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

Gage directed that no one else should leave the town; but Warren had, at ten o'clock, despatched William Dawes through Roxbury, and Paul Revere by way of Charlestown, to Lexington.

Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and two friends rowed him across Charles river five minutes before the sentinels received the order to prevent it. All was still, as suited the hour. The Somerset man-of-war was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above a clear horizon; while, from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns as fast as light could travel.

A little beyond Charlestown neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback; but, being well mounted, he turned suddenly, and escaped by the road to Medford. Of that town, he waked the captain of the minute-men, and continued to rouse almost every house

on the way to Lexington. The troops had not advanced far when the firing of guns and ringing of bells announced that their expedition had been heralded; and Smith sent back for a re-enforcement.

In the earliest moments of the nineteenth of April the message from Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who at once divined the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Dawes, joined by Samuel Prescott, "a high Son of Liberty" from Concord, rode forward, calling up the inhabitants as they passed along, till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall, and galloped on for Concord.

There, at about two hours after midnight, a peal from the bell of the meeting-house brought together the inhabitants of the place, young and old, with their firelocks, ready to make good the resolute words of their town debates. Among the most alert was William Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, his powder-horn and pouch of balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and his prayers his flock learned to hold the defence of their liberties a part of their covenant with God; his presence with arms strengthened their sense of duty.

From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through Acton. Express messengers and the call of minute-men spread widely the alarm. How children trembled as they were scared out of sleep by the cries! how women, with heaving breasts, bravely seconded their husbands! how the countrymen, forced suddenly to arm, without guides or counsellors, took instant counsel of their courage! The mighty chorus of voices rose from the scattered farm-houses, and, as it were, from the ashes of the dead. Come forth, champions of liberty; now free your country; protect your sons and daughters, your wives and homesteads; rescue the houses of the God of your fathers, the franchises handed down from your ancestors. Now all is at stake; the battle is for all.

Lexington, in 1775, may have had seven hundred inhabitants; their minister was the learned and fervent Jonas Clark, the bold inditer of patriotic state papers, that may yet be read on their town records. In December 1772, they had instructed their representative to demand "a radical and lasting redress of their grievances, for not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later, they spurned the use of tea. In 1774, at various town-meetings, they voted "to increase their stock of ammunition," "to encourage military discipline, and to put themselves in a posture of defence against their enemies." In December they distributed to "the train band and alarm list" arms and ammunition, and resolved to "supply the training soldiers with bayonets."

At two in the morning, under the eye of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington common was alive with the minute-men; and not with them only, but with the old men, who were exempts, except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and, of militia and alarm men, about one hundred and thirty answered to their

names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers, sent to look for the British regulars, reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their own homes; some to the tavern, near the south-east corner of the common. Samuel Adams and Hancock, whose seizure was believed to be intended, were persuaded to retire toward Woburn.

The last stars were vanishing from night, when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a major of marines, was discovered, advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired, and the drums beat, not a call to village husbandmen only, but the reveille to humanity. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the summons, and, in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house.

How often in that building had they, with renewed professions of their faith, looked up to God as the stay of their fathers and the protector of their privileges! How often on that green, hard by the burial-place of their forefathers, had they pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of liberty! There they now stood side by side, under the provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to shed their blood for their rights, scrupulous not to begin civil war. The ground on which they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish the victims.

The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and, at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and, when within five or six rods of the minute-men, cried out: "Disperse, ye villains! ye rebels, disperse! lay down your arms! why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this, Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was followed first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a close and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, Parker ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitives or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the tenth light infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops; and he kept his vow. A wound brought him on his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when he was stabbed by a bayonet, and lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum-beat. So fell Isaac Muzzey, and so

died the aged Robert Munroe, who in 1758 had been an ensign at Louisburg. Jonathan Harrington, junior, was struck in front of his own house on the north of the common. His wife was at the window as he fell. With blood gushing from his breast, he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on hands and knees toward his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on their threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting-house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued, and killed after they had left the green. Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the British on the march, endeavouring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the common. Seven men of Lexington were killed, nine wounded; a quarter part of all who stood in arms on the green.

Day came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding; the grass growing rankly a full month before its time; the blue bird and the robin gladdening the genial season, and calling forth the beams of the sun which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There on the green lay in death the gray-haired and the young; the grassy field was red "with the innocent blood of their brethren slain," crying unto God for vengeance from the ground.

These are the village heroes, who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began. The expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation. They fulfilled their duty not from an accidental impulse of the moment; their action was the ripened fruit of Providence and of time. The light that led them on was combined of rays from the whole history of the race; from the traditions of the Hebrews in the gray of the world's morning; from the heroes and sages of republican Greece and Rome; from the example of Him who died on the cross for the life of humanity; from the religious creed which proclaimed the divine presence in man, and on this truth, as in a life-boat, floated the liberties of nations over the dark flood of the middle ages; from the customs of the Germans transmitted out of their forests to the councils of Saxon England; from the burning faith and courage of Martin Luther; from trust in the inevitable universality of God's sovereignty as taught by Paul of Tarsus and Augustine, through Calvin and the divines of New England; from the avenging fierceness of the Puritans, who dashed the mitre on the ruins of the throne; from the bold dissent and creative self-assertion of the earliest emigrants to Massachusetts; from the statesmen who made, and the philosophers who expounded, the revolution of England; from the liberal spirit and analyzing inquisitiveness of the eighteenth century; from the cloud of witnesses of all the ages to the reality

and the rightfulness of human freedom. All the centuries bowed themselves from the recesses of the past to cheer in their sacrifice the lowly men who proved themselves worthy of their forerunners, and whose children rise up and call them blessed.

Heedless of his own danger, Samuel Adams, with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed: "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" for he saw his country's independence hastening on, and, like Columbus in the tempest, knew that the storm bore him more swiftly toward the undiscovered world.

VII. CONGRESS APPOINTS GEORGE WASHINGTON COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

May–June 17, 1775

"UNHAPPY it is," said Washington, "to reflect that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America are either to be drenched with blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?" He foresaw the long contest which was to precede the successful vindication of the liberties of America; and from the first he avowed to his friends "his full intention to devote his life and fortune" to the cause. To mark the necessity of immediate preparation for war, he wore in congress his uniform as an officer.

Franklin, who knew with certainty that every method of peaceful entreaty had been exhausted, reproved irresoluteness and delay. "Make yourselves sheep," he would say, "and the wolves will eat you;" and again, "God helps them who help themselves;" adding, hopefully: "United, we are well able to repel force by force." Thus "he encouraged the revolution," yet wishing for independence as the spontaneous action of a united people. The people of the continent, now that independence was become inevitable, still longed that the necessity for it might pass by.

In this state of things Dickinson seconded the motion of Jay for one more petition to the king; but his determination to sustain Massachusetts was never in doubt. He did not ask merely relief from parliamentary taxation; he insisted on security against the encroachments of parliament on charters and laws so distinctly and firmly that Samuel Adams pronounced the Farmer a thorough Bostonian.

On the twenty-fourth, the chair of the president becoming vacant by the departure of Peyton Randolph, John Hancock of Massachusetts was elected unanimously in his stead; and Harrison of Virginia conducted him to the chair, saying: "We will show Britain how much we value her proscriptions;" for the proscription of Samuel Adams and Hancock had long been known, though it had not yet been proclaimed. On the twenty-fifth directions were given to the provincial congress in New York to

fortify posts at the upper end of the island near King's Bridge, and on each side of Hudson river in the highlands. A post was to be taken near Lake George.

Measures were next taken for organizing and paying an American continental army. Washington, Schuyler, and others, were deputed to prepare the necessary rules and regulations. It was further resolved to enlist six companies of expert riflemen in Pennsylvania, two in Maryland, and two in Virginia; and, on the fifteenth of June, it was voted to appoint a general. Thomas Johnson of Maryland nominated George Washington; and he was elected by ballot unanimously.

Washington was then forty-three years of age. In stature, he a little exceeded six feet; his limbs were sinewy and well-proportioned; his chest broad; his figure stately, blending dignity of presence with ease. His robust constitution had been tried and invigorated by his early life in the wilderness, the habit of occupation out of doors, and rigid temperance; so that few equalled him in strength of arm, or power of endurance, or noble horsemanship. His complexion was florid; his hair dark brown; his head in its shape perfectly round. His broad nostrils seemed formed to give escape to scornful anger. The lines of his eyebrows were long and finely arched. His dark blue eyes, which were deeply set, had an expression of resignation, and an earnestness that was almost pensiveness. His forehead was sometimes marked with thought, but never with inquietude; his countenance was pleasing and full of benignity.

VIII. BUNKER HILL

June 16–17, 1775

Two days after the expedition to Concord, Gage had threatened that if the Americans should occupy Charlestown heights the town should be burnt. Its inhabitants, however, had always been willing that the threat should be disregarded. The time for the holocaust was come. Pretending that his flanking parties were annoyed from houses in the village, Howe sent a boat over with a request to Clinton and Burgoyne to burn it. The order was immediately obeyed by a discharge of shells from Copp's Hill. The inflammable buildings caught in an instant, and a party of men landed and spread the fire; but, from a sudden shifting of the wind, the movements of the British were not covered by the smoke of the conflagration.

At half past two o'clock, or a very little later, General Howe, not confining his attack to the left wing alone, advanced to a simultaneous assault on the whole front from the redoubt to Mystic river. In Burgoyne's opinion, "his disposition was soldier-like and perfect." Of the two columns which were put in motion, the one was led by Pigot against the redoubt, the other by Howe himself against the flank, which seemed pro-

tected by nothing but a fence of rails and hay easy to be scrambled over, so that [the American commander William] Prescott, when his left should be turned, would find the enemy in his rear, and be forced to surrender.

As they began to march, the battery on Copp's Hill, from which Clinton and Burgoyne were watching every movement, kept up an incessant fire, which was seconded by the Falcon and the Lively, the Somerset and the two floating batteries; the town of Charlestown, consisting of five hundred edifices of wood, burst into a blaze; and the steeple of its only church became a pyramid of fire. All the while the masts of the shipping and the heights of the British camp, the church-towers, the house-tops of a populous town, and the acclivities of the surrounding country, were crowded with spectators to watch the battle which was to take place in full sight on a conspicuous eminence.

As soon as Prescott perceived that the enemy were in motion, he commanded Robinson, his lieutenant-colonel, who conducted himself so bravely in the fight at Concord, and Henry Woods, his major, famed in the villages of Middlesex for ability and patriotism, to flank the enemy; and they executed his orders with prudence and daring. He then went through the works to encourage and animate his inexperienced soldiers. "The redcoats will never reach the redoubt," such were his words, as he himself used to narrate them, "if you will but withhold your fire till I give the order, and be careful not to shoot over their heads." After this round he took his post in the redoubt, well satisfied that the men would do their duty.

The British advanced in line in good order, steadily and slowly, pausing on the march for their artillery to prepare the way, and firing with muskets as they advanced. But they fired too soon and too high, doing but little injury.

Encumbered with their knapsacks, they ascended the steep hill with difficulty, covered as it was with grass reaching to their knees, and intersected with walls and fences. Prescott waited till the enemy had approached within eight rods as he afterward thought, within ten or twelve rods as the committee of safety of Massachusetts wrote, when he gave the word: "Fire!" At once, from the redoubt and breastwork, every gun was discharged. Nearly the whole front rank of the enemy fell, and the rest, to whom this determined resistance was unexpected, were brought to a stand. For a few minutes, fifteen or ten—who can count such minutes! —each one of the Americans, completely covered while he loaded his musket, exposed only while he stood upon the wooden platform or steps of earth in the redoubt to take aim, fought according to his own judgment and will; and a close and unremitting fire was continued and returned, till the British staggered, wavered, and then, in disordered masses, retreated precipitately to the foot of the hill, and some even to their boats.

The column of the enemy, which advanced near the Mystic under the lead of Howe, moved gallantly against the rail-fence, and, when within eighty or one hundred yards, displayed into line with the precision of

troops on parade. Here, too, the Americans, commanded by Stark and Knowlton, cheered on by Putnam, who like Prescott bade them reserve their fire, restrained themselves as if by universal consent, till at the proper moment, resting their guns on the rails of the fence, they poured forth a deliberate, well-directed, fatal discharge; here, too, the British recoiled from the volley, and, after a short contest, were thrown into confusion, sounded a retreat, and fell back till they were covered by the ground.

Then followed moments of joy in that unfinished redoubt, and behind the grassy rampart, where New England husbandmen beheld veteran battalions shrink before their arms. Their hearts bounded as they congratulated each other. The night-watches, thirst, hunger, danger whether of captivity or death, were forgotten. They promised themselves victory.

As the British soldiers retreated, the officers were seen, by the spectators on the opposite shore, running down to them, using passionate gestures, and pushing them forward with their swords. After an interval of about fifteen minutes, during which Prescott moved round among his men, cheering them with praise, the British column under Pigot rallied and advanced, though with apparent reluctance, in the same order as before, firing as they approached within musket-shot. This time the Americans withheld their fire till the enemy were within six or five rods of the redoubt, when, as the order was given, it seemed more fatal than before. The enemy continued to discharge their guns, and pressed forward with spirit. "But from the whole American line there was," said Prescott, "a continuous stream of fire;" and though the British officers exposed themselves fearlessly, remonstrating, threatening, and even striking the soldiers to urge them on, they could not reach the redoubt, but in a few moments gave way in greater disorder than before. The wounded and the dead covered the ground in front of the works, some lying within a few yards of them.

On the flank the British light infantry again marched up its companies against the grass-fence, but could not penetrate it. "Indeed," wrote some of the survivors, "how could we penetrate it? Most of our grenadiers and light infantry, the moment of presenting themselves, lost three fourths, and many nine tenths of their men. Some had only eight or nine men in a company left, some only three, four, or five." On the ground where but the day before the mowers had swung the scythe in peace, "the dead," relates Stark, "lay as thick as sheep in a fold." Howe for a few seconds was left nearly alone, so many of the officers about him having been killed or wounded; and it required the utmost exertion of all, from the generals down to the subalterns, to repair the rout.

At intervals, the artillery from the ships and batteries was playing, while the flames were rising over the town of Charlestown and laying waste the places of the graves of its fathers, and streets were falling together, and ships at the yards were crashing on the stocks, and the kindred of the Americans, from the fields and hills and house-tops around,

watched every gallant act of their defenders. "The whole," wrote Burgoyne, "was a complication of horror and importance beyond anything it ever came to my lot to be witness to. It was a sight for a young soldier that the longest service may not furnish again."

"If we drive them back once more," cried Prescott, "they cannot rally again." To the husbandmen about him the terrible and appalling scene was altogether new, and not one of them shrunk from duty. "We are ready for the redcoats again," they shouted, cheering their commander.

In the longer interval that preceded the third attack, a council of officers disclosed the fact that the ammunition was almost exhausted. Though Prescott had sent in the morning for a supply, he had received none, and there were not fifty bayonets in his party. A few artillery cartridges were discovered, and, as the last resource, the powder in them was distributed, with the direction that not a kernel of it should be wasted.

The royal army, exasperated at retreating before an enemy whom they had professed to despise, and by the sight of many hundreds of their men who lay dead or bleeding on the ground, prepared to renew the engagement. While the light infantry and a part of the grenadiers were left to continue the attack at the rail-fence, Howe concentrated the rest of his forces upon the redoubt. Cannon were brought to bear in such a manner as to rake the inside of the breastwork from one end of it to the other, so that the Americans were obliged to crowd within their fort. Then the British troops, having disencumbered themselves of their knapsacks, advanced in column with fixed bayonets. Clinton, who from Copp's Hill had watched the battle, at this critical moment, without orders, pushed off in a boat and put himself at the head of two battalions, the marines and the forty-seventh, which seemed to hesitate on the beach as if uncertain what to do. These formed the extreme left of the British, and advanced from the south; the fifth, the thirty-eighth, and forty-third battalions formed the centre, and attacked from the east; on their right was the fifty-second with grenadiers, who forced the now deserted intrenchments.

The Americans within the redoubt, attacked at once on three sides by six battalions, at that time numbered less than seven hundred men. Of these, some had no more than one, none more than four rounds of ammunition left. But Prescott's self-possession increased with danger. He directed his men to wait till the enemy were within twenty yards, when they poured upon them a deadly volley. The British wavered for an instant, and then sprang forward without returning the fire. The American fire slackened, and began to die away. The British reached the rampart on the southern side. Those who first scaled the parapet were shot down as they mounted. Pitcairn fell mortally wounded, just as he was entering the redoubt. A single artillery cartridge furnished powder for the last muskets which the Americans fired. The breastwork being abandoned, the ammunition expended, the redoubt half filled with regulars, at a little

before four Prescott, on the point of being surrounded, gave the word to retreat. He himself was among the last to leave the fort, escaping unhurt, though with coat and waistcoat rent and pierced by bayonets, which he parried with his sword. The men, retiring through the sally-port or leaping over the walls, made their way through their enemies, each for himself, without much order, and the dust which rose from the dry earth now powdered in the sun, and the smoke of the engagement, gave them some covering. The British, who had turned the north-eastern end of the breastwork, and had come round the angle of the redoubt, were too much exhausted to use the bayonet against them with vigor, and at first the parties were so closely intermingled as to interrupt the firing; a supply of ball for the artillery, sent from Boston during the battle, was too large for the field-pieces which accompanied the detachment.

The brave men of the redoubt would have been effectually cut off but for the provincials at the rail-fence and the bank of the Mystic, who had repulsed the enemy twice, and now held them in check till the main body had left the hill. Not till then did the Connecticut companies under Knowlton, and the New Hampshire soldiers under Stark, quit the station, which they had "nobly defended." The retreat was made with more regularity than could have been expected of troops who had been for so short a time under discipline, and of whom many had never before seen an engagement. Trevett and his men drew off the only field-piece that was saved. The musket of Pomeroy was struck and marked by a ball. The redoubt, the brow of Bunker Hill, and the passage across the Charlestown causeway, were the principal places of slaughter.

Putnam, at the third onset, was absent, "employed in collecting men" for re-enforcements, and was encountered by the retreating party on the northern declivity of Bunker Hill. Acting on his own responsibility, he now for the first time during the day assumed the supreme direction. Without orders from any person, he rallied such of the fugitives as would obey him, joined them to a detachment which had not arrived in season to share in the combat, and took possession of Prospect Hill, where he encamped that very night.

Repairing to head-quarters, Prescott offered with three fresh regiments to recover his post; but for himself he sought neither promotion nor praise, and, having performed the best service, never thought that he had done more than his duty. It is the contemporary record that during the battle "no one appeared to have any command but Colonel Prescott," and that "his bravery could never be enough acknowledged and applauded." The camp long repeated the story of his self-collected valor; and a historian of the war, who best knew the judgments of the army, has rightly awarded the "highest prize of glory to Prescott and his companions."

The British were unable to continue the pursuit beyond the isthmus. They had already brought their best forces into the field; more than a third of those engaged lay dead or bleeding; and the survivors were

fatigued, and overawed by the courage of their adversaries. The battle put an end to all offensive operations on the part of Gage.

The number of the killed and wounded in his army was, by his own account, at least one thousand and fifty-four. Seventy commissioned officers were wounded, and thirteen were slain. Of these, there were one lieutenant-colonel, two majors, and seven captains. For near half an hour there had been a continued sheet of fire from the provincials; and the action was hot for double that period. The oldest soldiers had never seen the like. The battle of Quebec, which won half a continent, did not cost the lives of so many officers as the battle of Bunker Hill, which gained nothing but a place of encampment.

That Howe did not fall was a marvel. The praises bestowed on his apathetic valor, on the gallantry of Pigot and Rawdon, on the conduct of Clinton, reflected honor on the untrained farmers, who, though inferior in numbers, had tasked the most strenuous exertions of their assailants before they could be dislodged from the defences which they had had but four hours to construct.

The loss of the Americans amounted to one hundred and forty-five killed and missing, and three hundred and four wounded.

Just at the moment of the retreat fell Joseph Warren, the last in the trenches. In him were combined swiftness of thought and resolve, courage, endurance, and manners which won universal love. He opposed the British government, not from interested motives nor from resentment. Guileless and intrepid, he was in truth a patriot.

The events of the day confirmed Washington in his habitual belief that the liberties of America would be preserved. To his English friends Franklin wrote: "Americans will fight; England has lost her colonies forever."

IX. ADVANCING TOWARD INDEPENDENCE

Last Months of 1775–March 1776

THE enlistments for the army of Washington were embarrassed by the want of funds; he could neither pay off the old army nor assure the punctual payment of the militia. In January 1776, he was left with but about ten thousand dollars, and this small sum was held as a reserve. The Massachusetts council was authorized to lend him fifty thousand pounds; and it was left to Massachusetts, with the aid of Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Hampshire, to keep up the numbers of the army while it remained on her soil.

The troops before Boston were a mixture of recruits and transient militia, requiring a constant renewal of elementary instruction. There was a dearth of bayonets, a want of at least two thousand muskets; the artillery was poor, and was chiefly a gathering from accidental sources. There was

no sufficient store of powder; for members of congress, eager to give profitable occupation to ship-builders among their constituents, reserved what little was obtained for the use of vessels which could not be prepared for sea before more ample stores would arrive; and Washington, anxious as he was "to keep above water in the esteem of mankind," was compelled to conceal his want from the public, from his friends, and even from most of his officers.

To obtain heavy ordnance, Washington, in November 1775, had despatched General Knox to Ticonderoga. In obedience to his minute orders, forty-three cannon, among which one was of twenty-four pounds and eleven of eighteen pounds, with mortars, lead, and flints, were laden upon forty-two exceedingly strong sleds and drawn by eighty yoke of oxen to Cambridge. With a community of thought and purpose and secrecy that made of the army one mind and one will, Washington prepared first to take possession of Dorchester Heights which would give the command of a great part of Boston, and next of Nook Hill in immediate contiguity to the town.

To divert the attention of the British, a heavy cannonade and bombardment of the town was kept up during two nights. Soon after candlelight on the fourth of March the firing was renewed, and was returned with such zeal that a continued roar of cannon and mortars was heard till daylight. As it began, everything was ready. Every man knew his place, and the need of acting with celerity and silence. Eight hundred went in advance as a guard, one half of them taking post on the height nearest Boston, the other at the easternmost point, opposite the castle. They were followed by carts with intrenching tools, and by the working party of twelve hundred, under the command of Thomas, an officer whose great merit on this occasion is the more to be remembered from the shortness of his career. The ground, for eighteen inches deep, was frozen too hard to yield earth readily for the defences; a train of more than three hundred carts, easily drawn by oxen over the frozen marshes, brought bundles of screwed hay, to form a cover for Dorchester neck where it was exposed to a raking fire, and an amazing quantity of gabions and fascines and chandeliers for the redoubts. The drivers, as they goaded on their cattle, suppressed their voices.

The temperature of the night was most favorable for out-door work; the haze that denotes a softening of the air hung round the base of the ridge; above, the moon, which that morning had become full, was shining in cloudless lustre; hundreds of men toiled in stillness with an assiduity that knew nothing of fatigue; the teams were all in motion, making their tour, some three, some four times; beneath, in the town, reposed the British general without special watchfulness or fear; the crowd of ships in the harbor kept their watches unsuspicious of peril; the inhabitants of Boston, emaciated, pining, and as yet little cheered by hope, trembled lest their own houses should be struck; the people that were left in the villages around, chiefly women and children, driven from their beds by the

rattling of their windows, could watch from the hill-tops the flight of every shell, and anxiously waited for daybreak.

At about three in the morning the first working party was relieved. The toil was continued with fresh energy, so that strong redoubts, secure against grape-shot and musketry, crowned each of the two hills; an abattis, constructed of trees felled in the neighboring orchards, protected the foot of the ridge; the top was surrounded by barrels filled with earth and stones, which, as the hillsides were steep and bare of trees and bushes, were, in case of an attack, to be rolled down against the assailing columns. At dawn on the fifth the batteries on both sides ceased to play, and a fearful quiet prevailed. Howe, as he saw the new intrenchments loom in imposing strength, reported that "they must have been the employment of at least twelve thousand men." Some of his officers said: "Perhaps there never was so much work done in so short a space of time," and that their rising as at a word recalled to them the stories in eastern romances of the invisible agency of fairy hands. "If they retain possession of the heights," said Admiral Shuldham, "I cannot keep a ship in the harbor." A council of war saw no choice but to dislodge the New England farmers. Had the British made a sally against the party at Dorchester, the Americans had floating batteries and boats ready to carry four thousand men into Boston. Howe put twenty-four hundred men under the command of Lord Percy to make the attack. When they were seen to embark, the Americans on the heights, expecting an immediate conflict, kindled with joy. But Percy took his transports no farther than the castle; in the afternoon a gale came up from the south, and about midnight drove two or three vessels on shore; rain fell in torrents on the morning of the sixth; a movement against the American lines must have ended in the ruin of the British army. A second council of war advised the instant evacuation of Boston.

There was no time even to propose a capitulation for the safety of the refugees, and the best that could be offered them was a passage in crowded transports from the cherished land of their nativity to the naked shores of Nova Scotia. The British confessed before the world their inability to protect their friends, who had risked everything in their cause. What trust could now be reposed in their promises?

On the eighth, Howe, through the selectmen of Boston, wished to come to an understanding with Washington that the town should be spared, provided he might leave it without molestation. The unauthenticated proposal could meet with no reply from the American commander-in-chief; but, from want of ammunition, he was obliged to use his artillery sparingly, while Howe was hastening his embarkation. A chosen British army, sent at the expense of more than a million pounds sterling to correct revolted subjects and assert the authority of the British parliament, after being imprisoned for many months in the town they were to have crushed, found no safety but in flight.

The British army and more than eleven hundred refugees began their

embarkation at four in the morning, and in less than six hours were put on board one hundred and twenty transports; before ten they were under way, and the citizens of Boston, from every height and every wharf, could see the fleet sail out of the harbor in a line extending from the castle to Nantasket road.

Troops from Roxbury moved into Boston; others from Cambridge crossed in boats. Everywhere appeared marks of hurry in the flight of the British; among other stores, they left behind them two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, of which one half were serviceable; twenty-five hundred chaldrons of sea-coal; twenty-five thousand bushels of wheat; three thousand bushels of barley and oats; one hundred and fifty horses; bedding and clothing for soldiers. British store-ships, ignorant of the retreat, successively entered the harbor without suspicion, and fell into the hands of the Americans; among them a ship which, in addition to carbines, bayonets, gun-carriages, and all sorts of tools necessary for artillery, had on board more than seven times as much powder as Washington's whole stock when his last movement was begun.

On the next day Washington ordered five of his best regiments to march under Heath to New York. On the twentieth the main body of the army made its entry into Boston.

X. *THE RESOLUTION AND THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE*

From the First to the Fourth of July 1776

On the morning of the first of July, the day set apart for considering the resolution of independence, John Adams, confident as if the vote had been taken, invoked the blessing of heaven to make the new-born republic more glorious than any which had gone before. Independence could be obtained only by a great expense of life; but the greater the danger, the stronger was his determination, for he held that a free constitution of civil government could not be purchased at too dear a rate.

At the appointed hour, the members [of Congress], probably on that day fifty in number, appeared in their places; among them, the delegates lately chosen in New Jersey. The great occasion had brought forth superior statesmen—men who joined moderation to energy. Every colony was found to be represented, and the delegates of all but one had received full power of action. Comprehensive instructions, reaching the question of independence without explicitly using the word, had been given by Massachusetts in January, by Georgia on the fifth of February, by South Carolina in March. North Carolina, in the words of Cornelius Harnett, on the twelfth of April, led the way in expressly directing its representatives in congress to concur in a declaration of independence. On the first of May, Massachusetts expunged the regal style from all public proceedings, and

substituted the name of her "government and people;" on the fourth, Rhode Island more explicitly renounced allegiance, and made its delegates the representatives of an independent republic; Virginia on the fifteenth, the very day on which John Adams in congress carried his measure for instituting governments by the sole authority of the people, ordered her delegates at Philadelphia to propose independence, and by a circular letter communicated her resolve to all her sister colonies. The movement of Virginia was seconded almost in her words by Connecticut on the fourteenth of June, New Hampshire on the fifteenth, New Jersey on the twenty-first, the conference of committees of Pennsylvania on the twenty-fourth, Maryland on the twenty-eighth. Delaware on the twenty-second of March had still hoped for conciliation; but on the fifteenth of June she instructed her delegates to concur in forming further compacts between the united colonies, concluding treaties with foreign powers, and adopting such other measures as should be deemed necessary for promoting the liberty, safety, and interests of America. The vote of the eleventh of June showed the purpose of New York; but, under the accumulation of dangers, her statesmen waited a few days longer, that her voice for independence might have the direct authority of her people.

The business of the day began with reading various letters, among others one from Washington, who returned the whole number of his men, present and fit for duty, including the one regiment of artillery, at seven thousand seven hundred and fifty-four. Of near fourteen hundred, the firelocks were bad; more than eight hundred had none at all; three thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, more than half the whole number of infantry, had no bayonets. Of the militia who had been called for, only about a thousand had joined the camp. With this force the general was to defend extensive lines against an army, near at hand, of thirty thousand veterans. An express from Lee made known that fifty-three ships, with Clinton, had arrived before Charleston, of which the safety was involved in doubt.

A more cheering letter, which Chase had forwarded by express from Annapolis, brought the first news of the unanimity of the Maryland convention, whose vote for independence was produced and read.

The order of the day came next, and congress resolved itself "into a committee of the whole to take into consideration the resolution respecting independency." For a few minutes, silence prevailed. In the absence of the mover of the resolution, the eyes of every one turned toward its seconder, John Adams; and the new members from New Jersey requested that the arguments used in former debates might be recapitulated. He had made no preparation for that morning; but for many months independence had been the chief object of his thoughts and his discourse, and the strongest arguments ranged themselves before his mind in their natural order. Of his sudden, impetuous, unpremeditated speech, no minutes ever existed, and no report was made. It is only remembered that he set forth the justice and the necessity, the seasonableness and the advantages of a

separation from Great Britain; he dwelt on the neglect and insult with which their petitions had been treated by the king; and on the vindictive spirit manifested in the employment of German troops whose arrival was hourly expected. He concluded by urging the present time as the most suitable for resolving on independence, in as much as it had become the first wish and the last instruction of the communities they represented.

A letter from Washington, of the twenty-ninth of June, was read, from which it appeared that Howe and forty-five ships or more, laden with troops, had arrived at Sandy Hook, and that the whole fleet was expected in a day or two. "I am hopeful," wrote the general, "that I shall get some re-enforcements before they are prepared to attack; be that as it may, I shall make the best disposition I can of our troops." Not all who were round him had firmness like his own; Reed, the new adjutant-general, quailed before the inequality of the British and American force, saying: "Had I known the true posture of affairs, no consideration would have tempted me to have taken an active part in this scene." No one knew better than the commander-in-chief the exceedingly discouraging aspect of military affairs; but his serene and unfaltering courage in this hour was a support to congress. His letter was referred to the board of war which they had recently established, and of which John Adams was the president.

On the second day of July there were present in congress probably forty-nine members. Rodney had arrived from Delaware, and, joining Mackean, secured that colony. Dickinson and Morris stayed away, which enabled Franklin, Wilson, and Morton of Pennsylvania, to outvote Willing and Humphreys. The South Carolina members, still uncertain if Charleston had not fallen, for the sake of unanimity, came round; so, though New York was still unable to vote, twelve colonies, with no dissenting one, resolved: "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

At the end of this great day the mind of John Adams heaved like the ocean after a storm. "The greatest question," he wrote, "was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men. When I look back to 1761, and run through the series of political events, the chain of causes and effects, I am surprised at the suddenness as well as greatness of this revolution. Britain has been filled with folly, and America with wisdom. It is the will of heaven that the two countries should be sundered forever; it may be the will of heaven that America shall suffer calamities still more wasting and distresses yet more dreadful. If this is to be the case, the furnace of affliction produces refinement in states as well as individuals; but I submit all my hopes and fears to an overruling Providence, in which, unfashionable as the faith may be, I firmly believe."

The resolution of congress changed the old thirteen British colonies into free and independent states. It remained to set forth the reason for this act, and the principles which the new people would own as their guides. Of the committee appointed for that duty, Thomas Jefferson of Virginia had received the largest number of votes, and was in that manner singled out to draft the confession of faith of the rising empire. He owed this distinction to respect for the colony which he represented, to the consummate ability of the state papers which he had already written, and to that general favor which follows merit, modesty, and a sweet disposition; but the quality which specially fitted him for the task was the sympathetic character of his nature, by which he was able with instinctive perception to read the soul of the nation, and, having collected its best thoughts and noblest feelings, to give them out in clear and bold words, mixed with so little of himself that his country, as it went along with him, found nothing but what it recognised as its own. His profession was that of the law, in which he was methodical, painstaking, and successful; at the same time he pursued it as a science, and was well read in the law of nature and of nations. Whatever he had to do, it was his custom to prepare himself for it carefully; and in public life, when others were at fault, they often found that he had already hewed out the way; so that in council men willingly gave him the lead, which he never appeared to claim, and was always able to undertake. But he rarely spoke in public, and was less fit to engage in the war of debate than calmly to sum up its conclusions. It was a beautiful trait in his character that he was free from envy; he is the constant and best witness to the greatness of John Adams as the advocate and defender of independence. A common object now riveted the two statesmen together. At that period Jefferson, by the general consent of Virginia, stood first among her civilians. Just thirty-three years old, married, and happy in his family, affluent, with a bright career before him, he was no rash innovator by his character or his position; if his convictions drove him to demand independence, it was only because he could no longer live with honor under the British "constitution, which he still acknowledged to be better than all that had preceded it." His enunciation of general principles was fearless, but he was no visionary devotee of abstract theories; the nursling of his country, the offspring of his time, he set about the work of a practical statesman, and the principles which he set forth grew so naturally out of previous law and the facts of the past that they struck deep root and have endured.

From the fulness of his own mind, without consulting one single book, yet having in memory the example of the Swiss and the manifesto of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, Jefferson drafted the declaration, in which, after citing the primal principles of government, he presented the complaints of the United States against England in the three classes of the iniquitous use of the royal prerogative, the usurpation of legislative power over America by the king in parliament, and the measures for enforcing the acts of the British parliament. He submitted the

paper separately to Franklin and to John Adams, accepted from each of them one or two verbal, unimportant corrections, and on the twenty-eighth of June reported it to congress, which, on the second of July, immediately after adopting the resolution of independence, entered upon its consideration.

This immortal state paper was "the genuine effusion of the soul of the country at that time," the revelation of its mind, when, in its youth, its enthusiasm, its sublime confronting of danger, it rose to the highest creative powers of which man is capable. The bill of rights which it promulgates is of rights that are older than human institutions, and spring from the eternal justice.

XI. THE RETREAT FROM LONG ISLAND

August 1776

THE works for the defence of New York Island, including the fortifications in Brooklyn, had been planned by Lee in concert with a New York committee and a committee from congress. Jay thought it proper to lay Long Island waste, burn New York, and retire to the Highlands; but, as it was the maxim of congress not to give up a foot of territory, Washington promised "his utmost exertions under every disadvantage;" "the appeal," he said, "may not terminate so happily as I could wish, yet any advantage the enemy may gain I trust will cost them dear." To protect New York city he was compelled to hold King's Bridge, Governor's Island, Paulus Hook, and the heights of Brooklyn. For all these posts, divided by water, and some of them fifteen miles apart, he had in the first week of August but ten thousand five hundred and fourteen men fit for duty. Of these, many were often obliged to sleep without cover, exposed to the dews. There was a want of good physicians, medicines, and hospitals; more than three thousand lay sick, and their number was increasing.

Of the effective men, less than six thousand had had any experience, and none had seen more than one year's service. Some were wholly without arms; not one regiment of infantry was properly equipped. The regiment of artillery, five hundred and eighty-eight in number, including officers, had no skilled gunners or engineers. Knox, its colonel, had been a Boston bookseller. Most of the cannon in the field-works were of iron, old and honeycombed. The constant arrival and departure of militia made good discipline impossible.

In New York the country people turned out with surprising alacrity, leaving their grain to perish for want of the sickle. The body suddenly levied in New York, the nine regiments from Connecticut, the Maryland regiment and companies, a regiment from Delaware, and two more battalions of Pennsylvania riflemen, raised the number of men fit for duty

under Washington's command to about seventeen thousand; but most of them were fresh from rustic labor, ill-armed or not armed at all.

The New York convention desired that the command of the Hudson might be secured; and, on the recommendation of Putnam and Mifflin, a fort was built on the height now known as Fort Washington, two miles and a half below King's Bridge.

Of the batteries by which New York was protected, the most important was the old Fort George on the south point of the island; a barrier crossed Broadway near the Bowling Green; a redoubt was planted near the river, west of Trinity church; another, that took the name of Bunker Hill, near the site of the present Centre Market. Earthworks were thrown up here and there along the East and Hudson rivers within the settled parts of the town, and at the northern end of the island, on hills overlooking King's Bridge; but many intermediate points, favorable for landing, were defenceless. The regiment of Prescott, who commanded in the battle of Bunker Hill, and one other regiment, were all that could be spared to garrison Governor's Island.

British reinforcements arrived with Clinton and Cornwallis on the first of August, and eleven days later more than twenty-five hundred British troops from England, and more than eighty-six hundred Hessians. Sir Peter Parker brought Campbell and Dunmore, who, with Tryon and Martin, hoped from victory their restoration to their governments. On the fifteenth the Hessians, who were in excellent health after their long voyage, landed on Staten Island.

The plan of attack by General Howe was as elaborate as if he had had to encounter an equal army. A squadron of five ships under Sir Peter Parker was to menace New York and act against the right flank of the American defences; Grant, with two brigades, a regiment of Highlanders, and two companies of New York provincials, was to advance upon the coast-road toward Gowanus; the three German brigades and yagers, stationed half a mile in front of Flatbush, in a line of nearly a mile in length, were to force the direct road to Brooklyn, while at the evening gun Howe and much the larger part of the army, under Clinton, Cornwallis, and Percy, with eighteen field-pieces, leaving their tents and equipage behind, moved from Flatlands across the country through the New Lots, to turn the left of the American outposts.

At three in the morning of the twenty-seventh, the sun rose with an angry red glare, foreboding a change of weather; the first object seen from New York was the squadron of Sir Peter Parker attempting to sail up the bay as if to attack the town; but, the wind veering to the northward, it came to anchor at the change of tide, and the Roebuck was the only ship that fetched high enough to exchange shot with the battery at Red Hook. Relieved from apprehension of an attack on the city, Washington repaired to Long Island; but he rode through the lines only in time to witness disasters which were become inevitable.

The van of the British army under Clinton, guided by tory farmers of

the neighborhood, having captured a patrol of American officers in the night, gained the heights on the first appearance of day. The force with Howe, after passing them without obstruction, and halting to give the soldiers time for refreshment, renewed its march. At half-past eight, or a little later, it reached Bedford, in the rear of the American left, and the signal was given for a general attack. At this moment about four thousand Americans were on the wooded passes in advance of the Brooklyn lines. They were attacked by the largest British army which appeared in the field during the war.

When the cannonading from the main army and the brigades under Grant was heard, the Hessians moved up the ridge, the yagers under Donop and some volunteers going in advance as flanking parties and clearing the way with their small cannon; the battalions followed, with a widely extended front, and in ranks but two deep, using only the bayonet. At first, Sullivan's party fired with nervous rapidity, and too high, doing little injury; then, becoming aware of the danger on their flank and rear, they turned to retreat. The Hessians took possession of their deserted redoubt, its three brass six-pounders, one howitzer, and two baggage-wagons, and chased the fugitives relentlessly through the thickets. The Americans, stopped on their way by British regiments, were thrown back upon the Hessians. For a long time the forest rung with the cries of the pursuers and the pursued, the noise of musketry and artillery, the notes of command given by trumpets and hautboys; the ground was strewn with the wounded and the dead. The Jersey militia fought well, till Johnston, their colonel, was shot in the breast, after showing the most determined courage. Sullivan, seeing himself surrounded, desired his men to shift for themselves. Some of them, fighting with desperate valor, cleaved a passage through the British to the American lines; others, breaking into small parties, hid themselves in the woods, from which they escaped to the lines, or were picked up as prisoners. Sullivan was found by three Hessian grenadiers, hiding in a field of maize.

The contest was over at the east and at the centre. Near the bay Stirling still maintained his position. Lord Howe, having learned that Grant's division, which halted at the edge of the woods, was in want of ammunition, went himself with a supply from his ship, sending his boat's crew with it on their backs up the hill, while further supplies followed from the store-ships. Early in the day Parry, lieutenant-colonel under Atlee, was shot in the head as he was encouraging his men. Parsons left his men, concealed himself in a swamp, and came into camp the next morning by way of the East river. His party were nearly all taken prisoners; among them Jewett of Lyme, captain of volunteers, who after his surrender was run through the body by the officer to whom he gave up his sword.

None remained in the field but Stirling, with the regiment of Maryland and that of Delaware. For nearly four hours they stood in their ranks with colors flying, when, perceiving the main body of the British army

rapidly coming behind him, he gave them the word to retreat. They withdrew in perfect order; twenty marines were brought off as prisoners.

A bleak northeasterly wind sprung up at evening. The British army, whose tents had not yet been brought up, slept in front of the lines at Brooklyn, wrapped in blankets and warmed by fires. Of the patriot army many passed the night without shelter. Their dead lay unburied in the forest; the severely wounded languished where they fell. The captives were huddled together in crowded rooms or prison-ships, cut off from good air and wholesome food, and suffered to waste away and die.

The next morning was chill and lowering. Unable to rely on either of his major-generals, Washington, at the break of day, renewed the inspection of the American works, which from their great extent left many points exposed. The British encampments appeared large enough for twenty thousand men; wherever he passed, he encouraged the soldiers to engage in continual skirmishes. During the morning Mifflin brought over from New York a reinforcement of nearly one thousand men, composed of Glover's regiment of Massachusetts fishermen, and the Pennsylvania regiments of Shee and Magaw, which were "the best disciplined of any in the army." Their arrival was greeted with cheers. In the afternoon rain fell heavily; the lines were at some places so low that men employed in the trenches stood in water; provisions could not be regularly served, and whole regiments had nothing to eat but raw pork and bread; but their commander-in-chief was among them, exposing himself more than any one to the storm, and the sight of their general, enduring hardships equally with themselves, reconciled them to their sufferings. For eight-and-forty hours he gave no moment to sleep, and for nearly all that time, by night and by day, was on horseback in the lines.

All the following night Washington, who was fixed in the purpose "to avoid a general action," kept watch over the British army and his own. In Philadelphia, rumor quadrupled his force; congress expected him to stay the enemy at the threshold, as had been done at Charlestown; but the morning of Thursday showed him that the British had broken ground within six hundred yards of the height now known as Fort Greene, and that they intended to force his lines by regular approaches, which the nature of the ground and his want of heavy cannon extremely favored; all Long Island was in their hands, except only the neck on which he was intrenched, and a part of his camp would soon be exposed to their guns; his men were falling sick from hard service, exposure, and bad food; on a change of wind, he might be encircled by the entrance of the British fleet into the East river. It was no longer safe to delay a retreat, of which the success would depend on preparing for it with impenetrable secrecy.

Through Mifflin, in whom he confided more than in any general on the island and who agreed with him in opinion, he despatched, at an early hour, a written command to Heath, at King's Bridge, "to order every flat-bottomed boat and other craft at his post, fit for transporting troops, down to New York as soon as possible, without the least delay." In like

manner, before noon, he sent Trumbull, the commissary-general, to New York, with orders for Hugh Hughes, the assistant quartermaster-general, "to impress every kind of water-craft, on either side of New York, that could be kept afloat, and had either oars or sails, or could be furnished with them, and to have them all in the East river by dark."

The whole American army who were on Long Island, with their provisions, military stores, field-artillery, and ordnance, except a few worthless iron cannon, landed safely in New York.

"Considering the difficulties," wrote Greene, "the retreat from Long Island was the best effected retreat I ever read or heard of."

XII. THE RETREAT THROUGH THE JERSEYS

November 17–December 13, 1776

Earl Cornwallis took the command in New Jersey. His first object was Fort Lee, which lay on the narrow ridge between the Hudson and Hackensack rivers. Drop after drop of sorrow was fast falling into the cup of Washington. On the seventeenth of November he gave orders to Lee with his division to join him, but the orders were wilfully slighted. In the following weeks they were repeated constantly, mixed with reasoning and entreaty, and were always disobeyed with stolid and impertinent evasions.

In the night of the nineteenth two battalions of Hessian grenadiers, two companies of yagers, and the eight battalions of the English reserve, at least five thousand men, marched up the east side of the Hudson, and the next morning, about daybreak, crossed with their artillery to Closter landing, five miles above Fort Lee. Greene had placed on the post neither guard nor watch, being certain in his own mind that the British would not make their attack by that way; so that the nimble seamen were unmolested as they dragged the cannon for near half a mile up the narrow, steep, rocky road, to the top of the palisades. Receiving a report of the near approach of the enemy, Greene sent an express to the commander-in-chief, and, having ordered his troops under arms, took to flight with more than two thousand men, leaving blankets and baggage, except what his few wagons could bear away, a large amount of provisions, camp-kettles on the fire, above four hundred tents standing, and all his cannon except two twelve-pounders, but no military stores. With his utmost speed he barely escaped being cut off; but Washington, first ordering Grayson, his aide-de-camp, to renew the summons for Lee to cross the river, gained the bridge over the Hackensack by a rapid march, and covered the retreat of the garrison, so that less than ninety stragglers were taken prisoners. The main body of those who escaped were without tents, or blankets, or camp utensils, but such as they could pick up as they went along.

To prevent being hemmed in on the narrow peninsula between the Hackensack and Passaic rivers, which meet in Newark bay, orders were

given on the twenty-first for moving beyond the Passaic. The governor of New Jersey was reminded that the enlistment of the flying camp belonging to that state, Pennsylvania, and Maryland was near expiring, so that the enemy could be stopped only by the immediate uprising of the militia. At Newark, where Washington arrived on the night of the twenty-second, he maintained himself for five days, devising means to cover the country, and awaiting the continental force under Lee and volunteers of New Jersey.

On the twenty-third he sent Reed, who was a native of New Jersey, to the legislature of that state then at Burlington, and Mifflin to congress. Reed, who had been charged to convey to the New Jersey government "a perfect idea of the critical situation of affairs, the movements of the enemy, and the absolute necessity of further and immediate exertions," shrinking from further duty, returned his commission to the president of congress; but a cold rebuke from Washington drove him, at the end of four days, to retract his resignation, though he could not overcome his reluctance at "following the wretched remains of a broken army."

Congress called on the associators in Philadelphia and the nearest four counties to join the army, if but for six months; begged blankets and woollen stockings for the soldiers; and wrote North and South for troops and stores. The state of Pennsylvania was paralyzed by disputes about its new constitution; but Mifflin successfully addressed the old committee of safety and the new assembly; he reviewed and encouraged the city militia; with Rittenhouse in the chair, and the general assembly and council of safety in attendance, he spoke to the people of Philadelphia in town-meeting with fervor, and was answered by acclamations. All this while the British officers were writing home from New York: "Lord Cornwallis is carrying all before him in the Jerseys; peace must soon be the consequence of our success." On the twenty-eighth the advanced guard of Cornwallis reached Newark, just as it was left by the rear of the Americans.

At Brunswick, where the American army arrived on the evening of the twenty-eighth, it found short repose. Lee, though importuned daily, and sometimes twice a day, lingered on the east of the Hudson; Pennsylvania had no government; the efforts of congress were ineffective; and the appeal of the governor of New Jersey to its several colonels of militia could not bring into the field one full company. All this while Washington was forced to hide his weakness and bear loads of censure from false estimates of his strength. To expressions of sympathy from William Livingston he answered: "I will not despair." As he wrote these words, on the last day of November, he was parting with the New Jersey and Maryland brigades, which formed nearly half his force and claimed their discharge now that their engagement expired; while the brothers, Lord and Sir William Howe, were publishing a new proclamation of pardon and amnesty to all who within sixty days would promise not to take up arms against the king.

On the first of December, just as Washington was leaving Brunswick, he renewed his urgency with Lee: "The enemy mean to push for Philadelphia. I must entreat you to hasten your march, or your arrival may be too late." On the evening of that day Cornwallis entered Brunswick. Washington, as he retreated, broke down a part of the bridge over the Raritan, and a sharp cannonade took place across the river, in which it is remembered that an American battery was commanded by Alexander Hamilton. With but three thousand men, he marched by night to Princeton. Leaving Stirling and twelve hundred men at that place to watch the motions of the enemy, he went with the rest to Trenton, where he found time to counsel congress how to provide resources for the campaign of the next year. Having transferred his baggage and stores beyond the Delaware, he faced about with such troops as were fit for service. But, on the sixth, Cornwallis was joined by Howe and nearly a full brigade of fresh troops. Washington, on his way to Princeton, met the detachment of Stirling retreating before a vastly superior force; he therefore returned with his army to Trenton, and crossed the Delaware.

No hope remained to the United States but in Washington. His retreat of ninety miles through the Jerseys, protracted for eighteen or nineteen days, in winter, often in sight and within cannon-shot of his enemies, his rear pulling down bridges and their van building them up, had for its purpose to effect delay till midwinter and impassable roads should offer their protection. The actors, looking back upon the crowded disasters which fell on them, hardly knew by what springs of animation they had been sustained.

XIII. TRENTON

December 11–26, 1776

THE British posts on the eastern side of the Delaware drew near to Philadelphia; rumor reported ships-of-war in the bay; the wives and children of the inhabitants were escaping with their papers and property; and the contagion of panic broke out in congress. On the eleventh of December they called on the states to appoint, each for itself, a day of fasting and humiliation; on the twelfth, after advice from Putnam and Mifflin, they voted to adjourn to Baltimore. It is on record that Samuel Adams, whom Jefferson has described as "exceeded by no man in congress for depth of purpose, zeal, and sagacity," mastered by enthusiasm and excitement which grew with adversity, vehemently opposed a removal.

At New York, where all was mirth and jollity, Howe met the messenger who, in return for the victory on Long Island, brought him encomiums from the minister and honors from the king. The young English officers were preparing to amuse themselves by the performance of plays at the theatre for the benefit of the widows and children of sufferers by

the war. The markets were well supplied, balls were given to satiety, and the dulness of evening parties was dispelled by the faro-table, where subalterns competed with their superiors and ruined themselves by play. Howe fired his sluggish nature by wine and good cheer; his mistress spent his money prodigally, but the continuance of the war promised him a great fortune. The refugees grumbled because Lord Howe would not break the law by suffering them to fit out privateers; and they envied the floods of wealth which poured in upon him from his eighth part of prize-money on captures made by his squadron. As the fighting was over, Cornwallis sent his baggage on board the packet for England. The brothers gave the secretary of state under their joint hands an assurance of the conquest of all New Jersey; and every one in New York was looking out for festivals on the investiture of Sir William Howe as knight of the Bath. His flatterers wrote home that, unless there should be more tardiness in noticing his merit, the king would very soon use up all the honors of the peerage in rewarding his victories.

The day arrived for the concerted attack on the British posts along the Delaware; and complete success could come only from the exact co-operation of every part. Gates wilfully turned his back on danger, duty, and honor. He disapproved of Washington's station above Trenton: the British would secretly construct boats, pass the Delaware in his rear, and take Philadelphia; Washington ought to retire to the south of the Susquehannah. Eager to intrigue with congress at Baltimore for the chief command in the northern district, Gates, with Wilkinson, rode away from Bristol. Griffin, flying before Donop, had abandoned New Jersey; Putnam would not think of conducting an expedition across the river.

At nightfall General John Cadwalader, who was left in sole command at Bristol, marched to Dunk's ferry; it was the time of the full moon, but the clouds were thick and dark. For about an hour that remained of the ebb-tide the river was passable in boats, and Reed, who just then arrived from a visit to Philadelphia, was able to get over with his horse; but the tide, beginning to rise, threw back the ice in such heaps on the Jersey shore that, though men on foot still could cross, neither horses nor artillery could reach the land. Sending word that it was impossible to carry out their share in Washington's plan, and leaving the party who had crossed the river to return as they could, Reed sought shelter within the enemy's lines at Burlington. Meanwhile, during one of the worst nights of December, the men waited with arms in their hands for the floating ice to open a passage; and, only after the vain sufferings of many hours, returned to their camp. Cadwalader and the best men about him were confident that Washington, like themselves, must have given up the expedition. Ewing did not even make an effort to cross at Trenton; and Moylan, who set off on horseback to overtake Washington and share the honors of the day, became persuaded that no attempt could be made in such a storm, and stopped on the road for shelter.

At that hour an American patrol of twenty or thirty men, led by Cap-

tain Anderson to reconnoitre Trenton, made a sudden attack upon the post of a Hessian subaltern, and wounded five or six men. The alarm was sounded, the Hessian brigade put under arms, and a part of Rall's regiment sent in pursuit. On their return, they reported that they could discover nothing; the attack, like those which had been made repeatedly before, was held to be of no importance. The post was strengthened; additional patrols were sent out; but every apprehension was put to rest; and Rall, till late into the night, sat by his warm fire, in his usual revels, while Washington was crossing the Delaware.

"The night," writes Thomas Rodney, "was as severe a night as ever I saw;" the frost was sharp, the current difficult to stem, the ice increasing, the wind high, and at eleven it began to snow. It was three in the morning of the twenty-sixth before the troops and cannon were all over; and another hour passed before they could be formed on the Jersey side. A violent north-east storm of wind and sleet and hail set in as they began their nine miles' march to Trenton, against an enemy in the best condition to fight. The weather was terrible for men clad as the Americans were, and the ground slipped under their feet. For a mile and a half they had to climb a steep hill, from which they descended to the road that ran for about three miles between hills and through forests of hickory, ash, and black oak. At Birmingham the force was divided; Sullivan continued near the river, and Washington passed up into the Pennington road. While Sullivan, who had the shortest route, halted to give time for the others to arrive, he reported to Washington by one of his aids that the arms of his party were wet. "Then tell your general," answered Washington, "to use the bayonet, and penetrate into the town." The return of the aide-de-camp was watched by the soldiers; and hardly had he spoken when those who had bayonets fixed them without waiting for a command.

It was now broad day. The slumber of the Hessians had been undisturbed; their patrols reported that all was quiet; and the night-watch of yagers had turned in, leaving the sentries at their seven advanced posts, to keep up the communication between their right and left wings. The storm beat violently in the faces of the Americans; the men were stiff with cold and a continuous march of fifteen miles; but now that they were near the enemy, they thought of nothing but victory. Washington's party began the battle with an attack on the outermost picket on the Pennington road; the men with Stark, who led the van of Sullivan's party, gave three cheers, and with the bayonet rushed upon the enemy's picket near the river. A company came out of the barracks to protect the patrol; but, astonished at the fury of the charge, they all, including the yagers, fled in confusion, escaping across the Assanpink, followed by the dragoons and the party which was posted near the river bank. Washington entered the town by King and Queen streets, now named after Warren and Greene; Sullivan moved by the river-road into Second street, cutting off the way to the Assanpink bridge; and both divisions pushed forward with such equal ardor as never to suffer the Hessians to form completely. The two cannon

which stood in front of Rall's quarters were from the first separated from the regiment to which they belonged. The Americans were coming into line of battle, when Rall made his appearance, received a report, rode up in front of his regiment, and cried out: "Forward, march; advance, advance," reeling in the saddle like one not yet recovered from a night's debauch. Before his own regiment could form in the street a party pushed on rapidly and dismounted its two cannon, with no injury but slight wounds to Captains William Washington and James Monroe. Under Washington's own direction, Forest's American battery of six guns was opened upon two regiments at a distance of less than three hundred yards. His position was near the front, a little to the right, a conspicuous mark for musketry; but he remained unhurt, though his horse was wounded under him. The moment for breaking through the Americans was lost by Rall, who drew back the Lossberg regiment and his own, but without artillery, into an orchard east of the town, as if intending to reach the road to Princeton by turning Washington's left. To check this movement, Hand's regiment was thrown in his front. By a quick resolve the passage might still have been forced; but the Hessians had been plundering ever since they landed in the country; and, loath to leave behind the wealth which they had amassed, they urged Rall to recover the town. In the attempt to do so, his force was driven by the impetuous charge of the Americans farther back than before; he was himself struck by a musket-ball; and the two regiments were mixed confusedly and almost surrounded. Riding up to Washington, Baylor could now report: "Sir, the Hessians have surrendered."

Until that hour the life of the United States flickered like a dying flame. "But the Lord of hosts heard the cries of the distressed, and sent an angel for their deliverance," wrote the praeses of the Pennsylvania Lutherans. "All our hopes," said Lord George Germain, "were blasted by the unhappy affair at Trenton." That victory turned the shadow of death into the morning.

XIV. ASSANPINK AND PRINCETON

December 26, 1776–January 1777

AFTER snatching refreshments from the captured stores, the victorious troops, worn out by cold, rain, snow, and storm, the charge of nearly a thousand prisoners, and the want of sleep, set off again in sleet driven by a north-east wind, and, passing another terrible night at the ferry, recrossed the Delaware. But Stirling and one half of the soldiers were disabled, and two men were frozen to death.

An hour before noon on the twenty-seventh Cadwalader at Bristol heard of Washington at Trenton, and took measures to cross into New Jersey. Hitchcock's remnant of a New England brigade could not move

for want of shoes, stockings, and breeches; but these were promptly supplied from Philadelphia. Donop, on hearing of the defeat of Rall, had precipitately retreated by way of Crosswicks and Allentown to Princeton, abandoning his stores and his sick and wounded at Bordentown, and leaving Burlington to be occupied by the detachment under Cadwalader.

Washington on the twenty-seventh communicated to Cadwalader his scheme for driving the enemy to the extremity of New Jersey. Intending to remain on the east side of the Delaware, he wrote urgent letters to Macdougall and Maxwell to collect troops at Morristown; for, said he, "if the militia of Jersey will lend a hand, I hope and expect to rescue their country." To Heath, who was receiving large reinforcements from New England, he sent orders to render aid by way of Hackensack. Through Lord Stirling he entreated the governor of New Jersey to convene the legislature of that state, and make the appointments of their officers according to merit. He took thought for the subsistence of the troops, which, when they should all be assembled, would form a respectable force. On the twenty-ninth, while his army, reduced nearly one half in effective numbers by fatigue in the late attack on Trenton, was again crossing the Delaware, he announced to congress his purpose "to pursue the enemy and try to beat up more of their quarters, and, in a word, in every instance, adopt such measures as the exigency of our affairs requires and our situation will justify."

On New Year's morning Robert Morris went from house to house in Philadelphia, rousing people from their beds to borrow money of them; and early in the day he sent Washington fifty thousand dollars, with the message: "Whatever I can do shall be done for the good of the service; if further occasional supplies of money are necessary, you may depend upon my exertions either in a public or private capacity." Washington brought with him scarcely more than six hundred trusty men, and in the choice of measures, all full of peril, he resolved to concentrate his forces at Trenton. Obedient to his call, the volunteers joined him in part on the first of January; in part, after a night-march, on the second; yet making collectively a body of less than five thousand men, of whom three fifths or more were just from their families and warm houses, ignorant of war.

On the second of January 1777, Cornwallis, leaving three regiments and a company of cavalry at Princeton, "advanced upon" the Americans with the flower of the British army, just as Washington had expected. The air was warm and moist, the road soft, so that their march was slow. From Maidenhead, where they were delayed by skirmishers, and where one brigade under Leslie remained, they pressed forward with more than five thousand British and Hessians. At Five Mile Run they fell upon Hand and his riflemen, who continued to dispute every step of his progress. At Shabbakonk creek, troops secreted within the wood on the flanks of the road embarrassed them for two hours. On the hill less than a mile above Trenton they were confronted by about six hundred musketeers and two skilfully managed field-pieces, supported by a detachment under

Greene. This party, when attacked by artillery, withdrew in good order.

At four in the afternoon Washington took command of the rear of the army, and, while Cornwallis sought to outflank him, detained the British until those of his own army who had passed the Assanpink gained time to plant their cannon beyond the rivulet. The enemy, as they advanced, were worried by musketry from houses and barns. Their attempt to force the bridge was repulsed. The Americans had all safely passed over; the Assanpink could not be forded without a battle, for beyond it stood the main body of the American army, silent in their ranks and already protected by batteries. Late as it was in the day, Simcoe advised at once to pass over the Assanpink to the right of "the rebels" and bring on a general action; and Sir William Erskine feared that, if it were put off, Washington might get away before morning. But the sun was nearly down; the night threatened to be foggy and dark; the British troops were worn out with skirmishes and a long march over heavy roads; the attitude of the American army was imposing. Cornwallis sent messengers in all haste for the brigade at Maidenhead, and for two of the three regiments at Princeton, and put off the fight till the next morning. The British army, sleeping by their fires, bivouacked on the hill above Trenton, while their pickets were pushed forward along the Assanpink, to watch the army of Washington. Confident in their vigilance, the general officers took their repose.

Not so Washington. From his slow retreat through the Jerseys, and his long halt in the first week of December at Trenton, he knew the by-ways leading out of the place, and the roads to Brunswick, where the baggage of the British troops was deposited. He first ascertained by an exploring party that the path to Princeton on the south side of the Assanpink was unguarded. He was aware that there were but few troops at Princeton, and that Brunswick had retained but a small guard for its rich magazines. He therefore followed out the plan which had existed in germ from the time of his deciding to re-enter New Jersey, and prepared to turn the left of Cornwallis, overwhelm the party at Princeton, and push on if possible to Brunswick, or, if there were danger of pursuit, to seek the high ground on the way to Morristown. When it became dark he ordered the baggage of his army to be removed noiselessly to Burlington.

Soon after midnight, sending word to Putnam to occupy Crosswicks, Washington "marched his army round the head of the creek into the Princeton road." The wind veered to the north-west; the weather suddenly became cold; and the by-road, lately difficult for artillery, was soon frozen hard. Guards were left to replenish the American camp-fires which flamed along the Assanpink for more than half a mile, and the drowsy British night-watch surmised nothing.

Arriving about sunrise in the south-east outskirts of Princeton, Washington and the main body of the army wheeled to the right by a back road to the colleges, while Mercer was detached toward the west, with about three hundred and fifty men, to break down the bridge over Stony brook,

on the main road to Trenton. Two British regiments were already on their march to join Cornwallis; the seventeenth with three companies of horse, under Mawhood, was more than a mile in advance of the fifty-fifth, and had already passed Stony brook. On discovering in his rear a small body of Americans, apparently not larger than his own, he recrossed the rivulet, and, forming a junction with a part of the fifty-fifth and other detachments on their march, hazarded an engagement with Mercer. The parties were nearly equal in numbers; each had two pieces of artillery; but the English were fresh from undisturbed repose, while the Americans were suffering from a night-march of eighteen miles. Both parties moved toward high ground that lay north of them, on the right of the Americans. A heavy discharge from the English artillery was returned by Neil from two New Jersey field-pieces. After a short but brisk cannonade, the Americans, climbing over a fence to confront the British, were the first to use their guns; Mawhood's infantry returned the volley, and soon charged with their bayonets; the Americans, for the most part riflemen without bayonets, gave way, abandoning their cannon. Their gallant officers, loath to fly, were left in their rear, endeavoring to call back the fugitives. In this way fell Haslet, the brave colonel of the Delaware regiment; Neil, who stayed by his battery; Fleming, the gallant leader of all that remained of the first Virginia regiment; and other officers of promise; and the able General Mercer, whose horse had been disabled under him, was wounded, knocked down, and then stabbed many times with the bayonet. Just then Washington, who had turned at the sound of the cannon, came upon the ground by a movement which intercepted the main body of the British fifty-fifth regiment. The Pennsylvania militia, supported by two pieces of artillery, were the first to form their line. "With admirable coolness and address," Mawhood attempted to carry their battery; the way-worn novices began to waver; on the instant, Washington, from "his desire to animate his troops by example," rode within less than thirty yards of the British, and reined in his horse with its head toward them. Each party at the same moment gave a volley, but Washington remained untouched. Hitchcock, for whom a burning hectic made this day nearly his last, brought up his brigade; and the British, seeing Hand's riflemen beginning to turn their left, fled over fields and fences up Stony brook. The action, from the first contact with Mercer, did not last more than twenty minutes. Washington on the battleground took Hitchcock by the hand and thanked him for his service. Mawhood left two brass field-pieces, which, from want of horses, the Americans could not carry off. He was chased three or four miles, and many of his men were taken prisoners.

The fifty-fifth British regiment, after resisting gallantly the New England troops of Stark, Poor, Patterson, Reed, and others, retreated with the fortieth to the college; and, when pieces of artillery were brought up, escaped across the fields into a back road toward Brunswick. The British lost on that day about two hundred killed and wounded, and two hundred and thirty prisoners; the American loss was small, except of officers.

At Trenton, on the return of day, the generals were astonished at not seeing the American army; the noise of cannon at Princeton first revealed whither it was gone. In consternation for the safety of the magazines at Brunswick, Cornwallis roused his army and began a swift pursuit. His advanced party from Maidenhead reached Princeton just as the town was left by the American rear. It had been a part of Washington's plan as he left Trenton to seize Brunswick, which was eighteen miles distant; but many of his brave soldiers, such is the concurrent testimony of English and German officers as well as of Washington, were "quite barefoot, and were badly clad in other respects;" all were exhausted by the service of two days and a night, from action to action, almost without refreshment; and the army of Cornwallis was close upon their rear. So, with the advice of his officers, after breaking up the bridge at Kingston over the Millstone river, Washington made for the highlands, and halted for the night at Somerset court-house. There, in the woods, worn-out men sank down on the frozen ground and fell asleep.

The example and the orders of Washington roused the people around him to arms. On the fifth, the day of his arrival at Morristown, a party of Waldeckers, attacked at Springfield by an equal number of the New Jersey militia under Oliver Spencer, were put to flight, losing forty-eight men, of whom thirty-nine were prisoners. On the same day, at the approach of George Clinton with troops from Peekskill, the British force at Hackensack saved their baggage by a timely flight. Newark was abandoned; Elizabethtown was surprised by Maxwell, who took much baggage and a hundred prisoners.

The eighteenth, which was the king's birthday, was chosen for investing Sir William Howe with the order of the Bath. But it was become a mockery to call him a victorious general; and both he and Germain had a foresight of failure, for which each of them was preparing to throw the blame on the other.

In New Jersey all went well. On the twentieth, General Philemon Dickinson, with about four hundred raw troops, forded the Millstone river, near Somerset court-house, and defeated a foraging party, taking a few prisoners, sheep and cattle, forty wagons, and upward of a hundred horses of the English draught breed. Washington made his head-quarters at Morristown; and there, and in the surrounding villages, his troops found shelter. The largest encampment was in Spring valley, on the southern slope of Madison Hill; the outposts extended to within three miles of Amboy; and, though there was but the phantom of an army, the British in New Jersey were confined to Brunswick, Amboy, and Paulus Hook.

Under the last proclamation of the brothers, two thousand seven hundred and three Jerseymen, besides eight hundred and fifty-one in Rhode Island, and twelve hundred and eighty-two in the rural districts and city of New York, subscribed a declaration of fidelity to the British king; on the fourteenth of January, just as the period for subscription was about to expire, Germain, who grudged every act of mercy, sent orders to the

Howes not to let "the undeserving escape that punishment which is due to their crimes, and which it will be expedient to inflict for the sake of example to futurity." Eleven days after the date of this order, Washington, the harbinger and champion of union, was in a condition to demand, by a proclamation in the name of the United States, that those who had accepted British protections "should withdraw within the enemy's lines, or take the oath of allegiance to the United States of America." The indiscriminate rapacity of the British and Hessians, their lust, their unrestrained passion for destruction, united the people of New Jersey in courage and the love of liberty.

The result of the campaign was inauspicious for Britain. New England, except the island of Rhode Island, all central, northern, and western New York except Fort Niagara, all the country from the Delaware to Florida, were free.

XV. THE WINTER AT VALLEY FORGE

November 1777–April 1778

When at last Washington was joined by troops from the northern army, a clamor arose for the capture of Philadelphia. Protected by the Schuylkill and the Delaware, the city could be approached only from the north, and on that side a chain of fourteen redoubts extended from river to river. Moreover, the army by which it was occupied, having been reinforced from New York by more than three thousand men, exceeded nineteen thousand. Four American officers voted in council for an assault upon the lines of this greatly superior force; but the general, sustained by eleven, disregarded the murmurs of congress and rejected "the mad enterprise."

With quickness of eye he selected in the woods of Whitemarsh strong ground for an encampment, and there, within fourteen miles of Philadelphia, awaited the enemy, of whose movements he received exact and timely intelligence. On the severely cold night of the fourth of December the British, fourteen thousand strong, marched out to attack the American lines. Before daybreak on the fifth their advance party halted on a ridge beyond Chestnut Hill, eleven miles from Philadelphia, and at seven their main body formed in one line, with a few regiments as reserves. The Americans occupied thickly wooded hills, with a morass and a brook in their front. Opposite the British left wing a breastwork defended the only point where the brook could be easily forded. At night the British force rested on their arms. Washington passed the hours in strengthening his position; and though, according to Kalb who was present, he had but seven thousand really effective men, he wished for an engagement. Near the end of another day Howe marched back to Germantown, and on the next, as if intending a surprise, suddenly returned upon the American left, which he made preparations to assail. Washing-

ton delivered in person to each brigade his orders on the manner of receiving their enemy, exhorting to a reliance on the bayonet. All day long, and until eight in the evening, Howe kept up his reconnoitring, but found the American position everywhere strong by nature and by art. Nothing occurred but a sharp action on Edge Hill between light troops under Gist and Morgan's riflemen and a British party led by General Grey. The latter lost eighty-nine in killed and wounded; the Americans, twenty-seven, among them the brave Major Morris of New Jersey. On the eighth, just after noon, the British suddenly marched by the shortest road to Philadelphia. Their loss in the expedition exceeded one hundred. The rest of the season Howe made no excursions except for food or forage; and Washington had no choice but to seek winter-quarters for his suffering soldiers; while Gates, with Conway and Mifflin, formed a cabal to drive Washington into retirement and put Gates in his place.

The problem which Washington must next solve was to keep together through the cold winter an army without tents, and to confine the British to the environs of Philadelphia. There was no town which would serve the purpose. Valley Forge, on the Schuylkill, but twenty-one miles from Philadelphia, admitted of defence against the artillery of those days, and had more than one route convenient for escape into the interior. The ground lay between two ridges of hills, and was covered by a thick forest. As his men moved toward the spot, they were in need of clothes and blankets and shoes, as well as tents, and were almost as often without provisions as with them. On the nineteenth they arrived at Valley Forge, with no covering. From his life in the woods, Washington could see in the trees a town of log cabins, built in regular streets, and affording shelter enough to save the army from dispersion. The order for their erection was received by officers and men as impossible of execution; and they were astonished at the ease with which, as the work of their Christmas holidays, they changed the forest into huts thatched with boughs in the order of a regular encampment.

Washington was followed to Valley Forge by letters from congress transmitting the remonstrance of the council and assembly of Pennsylvania against his going into winter-quarters. To this reproof Washington, on the twenty-third, after laying deserved blame upon Mifflin for neglect of duty as quartermaster-general, replied: "For the want of a two days' supply of provisions, an opportunity scarcely ever offered of taking an advantage of the enemy that has not been either totally obstructed or greatly impeded. Men are confined to hospitals, or in farmers' houses for want of shoes. We have this day no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked. Our whole strength in continental troops amounts to no more than eight thousand two hundred in camp fit for duty. Since the fourth instant our numbers fit for duty from hardships and exposures have decreased nearly two thousand men. Numbers still are obliged to sit all night by fires. Gentlemen reprobate the going into winter-quarters as

much as if they thought the soldiers were made of stocks or stones. I can assure those gentlemen that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent."

While the shivering soldiers were shaping the logs for their cabins, the clamor of the Pennsylvanians continued; and, the day after Christmas, Sullivan, who held with both sides, gave his written advice to Washington to yield and attack Howe in Philadelphia, "risking every consequence in an action."

The next year opened gloomily at Valley Forge. To the touching account of the condition of the army, congress, which had not provided one magazine for winter, made no response except a promise to the soldiers of one month's extra pay, and a renewal of authority to take the articles necessary for their comfortable subsistence. On the fifth of January 1778, Washington renewed his remonstrances: "It will never answer to procure supplies of clothing or provision by coercive measures. Such procedures may give a momentary relief, but, if repeated, besides spreading disaffection, jealousy, and fear among the people, never fail, even in the most veteran troops under the most rigid and exact discipline, to raise in the soldiery a disposition to plunder, difficult to suppress, and not only ruinous to the inhabitants, but, in many instances, to armies themselves. I regret the occasion that compelled us to the measure the other day, and shall consider it among the greatest of our misfortunes if we should be under the necessity of practicing it again." Still, congress did no more than, on the tenth and twelfth of January, appoint Gates and Mifflin, with four or five others, to repair to head-quarters and concert reforms.

Even so late as the eleventh of February, Dana, one of the committee, reported that men died for the want of straw or other bedding to raise them from the cold, damp earth. Inoculation was for a like reason delayed. Almost every species of camp-transportation was performed by men who, without a murmur, yoked themselves to little carriages of their own making, or loaded their fuel and provisions on their backs. Sometimes fuel was wanting, when for want of shoes and stockings they could not walk through the snow to cut it in the neighboring woods. Some brigades had been four days without meat. For days together the army was without bread. There was danger that the troops would perish from famine or disperse in search of food.

All this time the British soldiers in Philadelphia were well provided for, and the officers quartered upon the inhabitants. The days were spent in pastime, the nights in entertainments. By a proportionate tax on the pay and allowances of each officer, a house was opened for daily resort and for weekly balls, with a gaming-table, and a room devoted to the

players of chess. Thrice a week dramas were enacted by amateur performers. The curtain painted by André was greatly admired. The officers, among whom all ranks of the British aristocracy were represented, lived in open licentiousness. At a grand review, an English girl, mistress of a colonel and dressed in the colors of his regiment, drove down the line in her open carriage with great ostentation. The pursuit of pleasure was so eager that an attack in winter was not added to the trials of the army at Valley Forge, even though at one time it was reduced to five thousand men.

XVI. THE LAST CAMPAIGN OF THE AMERICAN WAR

1781

Sir Henry Clinton persevered in the purpose of holding a station in the Chesapeake bay; and, on the second of January 1781, [Benedict] Arnold, with sixteen hundred men, appeared by his order in the James river. The commonwealth of Virginia having sent its best troops and arms to the more southern states, Governor Jefferson promptly called the whole militia from the adjacent counties; but, in the region of planters with slaves, there were not freemen enough at hand to meet the invaders. Arnold offered to spare Richmond if he might unmolested carry off its stores of tobacco; the proposal being rejected with scorn, on the fifth and sixth its houses and stores, public and private, were set on fire. Washington used his knowledge of the lowlands of Virginia to form for the capture of Arnold a plan of which the success seemed to him certain. From his own army he detached about twelve hundred men of the New England and New Jersey lines under the command of Lafayette, and asked the combined aid of the whole French fleet at Newport and a detachment from the land forces under Rochambeau. But d'Estouches, the French admiral, had already sent out a sixty-four-gun ship and two frigates, and did not think it prudent to put to sea with the residue of the fleet. The ships-of-war, which arrived safely in the Chesapeake, having no land troops, could not reach Arnold; but, on their way back to Rhode Island, they captured a British fifty-gun frigate. Washington, on the sixth of March, met Rochambeau and d'Estouches in council on board the flag-ship of the French admiral at Newport, and the plan of Washington, for a combined expedition of the French fleet and land forces into Virginia, was adopted.

On the twenty-sixth of March, General Phillips, who brought from New York a reinforcement of two thousand picked men, took the command in Virginia. All the stores of produce which its planters in five quiet years had accumulated had been carried off or destroyed. Their negroes, so desired in the West Indies, formed the staple article of plunder.

By a courier from Washington Lafayette received information that Virginia was to become the centre of active operations, and was in-

structed to defend the state as well as his means would permit. His troops, who were chiefly from New England, dreaded the climate of lower Virginia, and, besides, were destitute of everything; yet when Lafayette, from the south side of the Susquehannah, in an order of the day, offered leave to any of them to return to the North, not one would abandon him. At Baltimore he borrowed two thousand pounds sterling, supplied his men with shoes and hats, and bought linen, which the women of Baltimore made into summer garments. Then, by a forced march of two hundred miles, he arrived at Richmond on the twenty-ninth of April, the evening before Phillips reached the opposite bank of the river. Having in the night been joined by Steuben with militia, Lafayette was able to hold in check the larger British force. The line of Pennsylvania was detained in that state week after week for needful supplies; while Clinton, stimulated by Germain's praises of the activity of Cornwallis, sent another considerable detachment to Virginia.

On the thirteenth of May, General Phillips died of malignant fever. Arnold, on whom the command devolved, though only for seven days, addressed a letter to Lafayette, who returned it, refusing to correspond with a traitor. Arnold rejoined by threatening to send to the Antilles all American prisoners, unless a cartel should be immediately concluded. On the twentieth Cornwallis arrived at Petersburg, and ordered Arnold back to New York.

Cornwallis now found himself where he had so persistently desired to be—in Virginia, at the head of seven thousand effective men, with not a third of that number to oppose him by land, and with undisputed command of the water. "Wanting a rudder in the storm," said Richard Henry Lee, "the good ship must inevitably be cast away;" and he proposed to send for General Washington immediately and invest him with "dictatorial powers." But Jefferson reasoned: "The thought alone of creating a dictator is treason against mankind, giving to their oppressors a proof of the imbecility of republican government in times of pressing danger. The government, instead of being braced for greater exertions, would be thrown back." As governor of Virginia, speaking for its people and representing their distresses, he wrote to Washington: "Could you lend us your personal aid? The presence of their beloved countryman would restore full confidence, and render them equal to whatever is not impossible. Should you repair to your native state, the difficulty would then be how to keep men out of the field."

The French government declined to furnish means for the siege of New York. After the arrival of its final instructions, Rochambeau, attended by Chastellux, in a meeting with Washington at Weathersfield on the twenty-first of May, settled the preliminaries of the campaign. The French land force was to march to the Hudson river, and, in conjunction with the American army, be ready to move to the southward. De Grasse was charged anew on his way to the North to enter the Chesapeake. In the direction of the war for the coming season there would be union; for

congress had lodged the highest power in the northern and southern departments in the hands of Washington, and France had magnanimously placed her troops under his command.

Before his return, the American general called upon the governors of the New England states, "in earnest and pointed terms," to complete their continental battalions, to hold bodies of militia ready to march in a week after being called for, and to adopt effective modes of supply. Governor Trumbull of Connecticut cheered him with the opinion that he would obtain all that he needed.

In June the French contingent, increased by fifteen hundred men newly arrived in ships-of-war, left Newport for the Hudson river. The inhabitants crowded around them on their march, glad to recognise in them allies and defenders. The rights of private property were scrupulously respected, and the petty exigencies of local laws good-naturedly submitted to.

Cornwallis began his career on the James river in Virginia by seizing horses, which were of the best breed, and mounting five or six hundred men. He then started in pursuit of Lafayette, who, with about one thousand continental troops, was posted between Wilton and Richmond, waiting for reinforcements from Pennsylvania. The youthful major-general warily kept to the north of his pursuer; and on the seventh of June made a junction with Wayne not far from Raccoon ford. Small as was his force, he compared the British in Virginia to the French in the German kingdom of Hanover at the time of the seven years' war, and confidently predicted analogous results. Cornwallis advanced as far as the court-house of the Virginia county of Hanover, then crossed South Anna, and, not encountering Lafayette, encamped on the James river, from the Point of Fork to a little below the mouth of Byrd creek. For the next ten days his headquarters were at Elk Hill, on a plantation belonging to Jefferson.

From his camp on Malvern Hill, Lafayette urged Washington to march to Virginia in force; and he predicted in July that, if a French fleet should enter Hampton Roads, the English army must surrender. On the eighth of the same month Cornwallis, in reply to Clinton, reasoned earnestly against a defensive post in the Chesapeake: "It cannot have the smallest influence on the war in Carolina: it only gives us some acres of an unhealthy swamp, and is forever liable to become a prey to a foreign enemy with a temporary superiority at sea." Thoroughly disgusted with the aspect of affairs in Virginia, he asked leave to transfer the command to General Leslie, and go back to Charleston. Meantime, transport ships arrived in the Chesapeake; and, in a letter which he received on the twelfth, he was desired by his chief so to hasten the embarkation of three thousand men that they might sail for New York within forty-eight hours; for, deceived by letters which were written to be intercepted, he believed that the enemy would certainly attack that post.

The engineers of Cornwallis, after careful and extensive surveys, reported unanimously that a work on Point Comfort would not secure ships

at anchor in Hampton Roads. To General Phillips, on his embarkation in April, Clinton's words had been: "With regard to a station for the protection of the king's ships, I know of no place so proper as Yorktown." Nothing therefore remained but, in obedience to the spirit of Clinton's orders, to seize and fortify York and Gloucester. Cornwallis accordingly, in the first week of August, embarked his troops successively, and evacuating Portsmouth, transferred his force to Yorktown and Gloucester. Yorktown was then but a small village on a high bank, where the long peninsula dividing the York from the James river is less than eight miles wide. The water is broad, bold, and deep; so that ships of the line may ride there in safety. On the opposite side lies Gloucester, a point of land projecting into the river and narrowing till it becomes but one mile wide. These were occupied by Cornwallis, and fortified with the utmost diligence; though, in his deliberate judgment, the measure promised no honor to himself and no advantage to Great Britain.

On the other hand, Lafayette, concentrating his forces in a strong position at a distance of about eight miles, indulged in the happiest prophecies.

On the very day on which Cornwallis took possession of York and Gloucester, Washington, assured of the assistance of de Grasse, turned his whole thoughts toward moving with the French troops under Rochambeau and the best part of the American army to the Chesapeake. While hostile divisions and angry jealousies increased between the two chief British officers in the United States, on the American side all things conspired happily together. De Barras, who commanded the French squadron at Newport, wrote as to his intentions: "De Grasse is my junior; yet, as soon as he is within reach, I will go to sea to put myself under his orders." The same spirit insured unanimity in the mixed council of war. The rendezvous was given to de Grasse in Chesapeake bay; and, at the instance of Washington, he was to bring with him as many land troops as could be spared from the West Indies.

In the allied camp all was joy. The enthusiasm for political freedom took possession not of the French officers only, but of the soldiers. Every one of them was proud of being a defender of the young republic. On the fifth of September they encamped at Chester. Never had the French seen a man penetrated with a livelier or more manifest joy than Washington when he there learned that, on the last day but one in August, the Count de Grasse, with twenty-eight ships of the line and nearly four thousand land troops, had entered the Chesapeake, where, without loss of time, he had moored most of the fleet in Lynnhaven bay, blocked up York river, and, without being in the least annoyed by Cornwallis, had disembarked at James Island three thousand men under the command of the Marquis de Saint-Simon. Here, too, prevailed unanimity. Saint-Simon, though older in military service as well as in years, placed himself and his troops as auxiliaries under the orders of Lafayette, because he was a major-general in the service of the United States. The combined army in their

encampment could be approached only by two passages, which were in themselves difficult and were carefully guarded, so that Cornwallis could not act on the offensive, and found himself effectually blockaded by land and by sea.

One more disappointment awaited Cornwallis. Lord Sandwich, after the retirement of Howe, gave the naval command at New York to officers without ability; and the aged Arbuthnot was succeeded by Graves, a coarse and vulgar man, of mean ability and without skill in his profession.

There was no want of information at New York, yet the British fleet did not leave Sandy Hook until the day after de Grasse had arrived in the Chesapeake. Early on the fifth of September, Graves discovered the French fleet at anchor in the mouth of that bay. De Grasse, though eighteen hundred of his seamen and ninety officers were on duty in James river, ordered his ships to slip their cables, turn out from the anchorage ground, and form the line of battle. The action began at four o'clock in the afternoon, and continued till about sunset. The British sustained so great a loss that, after remaining five days in sight of the French, they returned to New York. On the first day of their return voyage they evacuated and burned The Terrible, a ship of the line, so much had it been damaged in the engagement. De Grasse, now undisturbed master of the Chesapeake, on his way back to his anchoring ground captured two British ships, each of thirty-two guns, and he found de Barras safely at anchor in the bay.

Leaving the allied troops to descend by water from Elk river and Baltimore, Washington, with Rochambeau and Chastellux, riding sixty miles a day, on the evening of the ninth reached his "own seat at Mount Vernon." It was the first time in more than six years that he had seen his home. From its natural terrace above the Potomac his illustrious guests commanded a noble river, a wide and most pleasing expanse of country, and forest-clad heights, which were soon to become the capital of the united republic.

Two days were given to domestic life. On the fourteenth the party arrived at Williamsburg, where Lafayette, recalling the moment when in France the poor rebels were held in light esteem, and when he nevertheless came to share with them all their perils, had the pleasure of welcoming Washington as generalissimo of the combined armies of the two nations.

One peril yet menaced Washington. Count de Grasse, hearing of a reinforcement of the fleet at New York, was bent on keeping the sea, leaving only two vessels at the mouth of the York river. Against this Washington, on the twenty-fifth, addressed the plainest and most earnest remonstrance: "I should esteem myself deficient in my duty to the common cause of France and America, if I did not persevere in entreating you to resume the plans that have been so happily arranged." The letter was taken by Lafayette, who joined to it his own explanations and reasonings; and de Grasse, though reluctant, was prevailed upon to remain within the capes.

The troops from the North having been safely landed at Williamsburg, on the twenty-eighth the united armies marched for the investiture of Yorktown, drove everything on the British side before them, and lay on their arms during the night.

The fortifications of Yorktown, which were nothing but earthworks freshly thrown up, consisted on the right of redoubts and batteries, with a line of stockade in the rear, which supported a high parapet. Over a marshy ravine in front of the right a large redoubt was placed. The morass extended along the centre, which was defended by a stockade and batteries. Two small redoubts were advanced before the left. The ground in front of the left was in some parts level with the works, in others cut by ravines; altogether very convenient for the besiegers. The space within the works was exceedingly narrow, and, except under the cliff, was exposed to enfilade.

The twenty-ninth was given to reconnoitring and forming a plan of attack and approach. The French entreated Washington for orders to storm the exterior posts of the British; in the course of the night before the thirtieth, Cornwallis ordered them all to be abandoned, and thus prematurely conceded to the allied armies ground which commanded his line of works in a very near advance, and gave great advantages for opening the trenches.

In the night before the sixth of October, everything being in readiness, trenches were opened at six hundred yards' distance from the works of Cornwallis—on the right by the Americans, on the left by the French; and the labor was executed in friendly rivalry, with so much secrecy and dispatch that it was first revealed to the enemy by the light of morning. Within three days the first parallel was completed, the redoubts were finished, and batteries were employed in demolishing the embrasures of the enemy's works and their advanced redoubts. On the night before the eleventh the French battery on the left, using red-hot shot, set on fire the frigate Charon, of forty-four guns, and three large transport ships which were entirely consumed.

On the eleventh, at night, the second parallel was begun within three hundred yards of the lines of the besieged. This was undertaken so much sooner than the British expected, that it could be conducted with the same secrecy as before; and they had no suspicion of the working parties till daylight discovered them to their pickets.

All day on the fourteenth the American batteries were directed against the abattis and salient angles of two advanced redoubts of the British, both of which needed to be included in the second parallel; and breaches were made in them sufficient to justify an assault. That on the right near York river was garrisoned by forty-five men, that on the left by thrice as many. The storming of the former fell to the Americans under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Hamilton; that of the latter to the French, of whom four hundred grenadiers and yagers of the regi-

ments of Gatinois and of Deux Ponts, with a large reserve, were intrusted to Count William de Deux Ponts and to Baron de l'Estrade.

At the concerted signal of six shells consecutively discharged, the corps under Hamilton advanced in two columns without firing a gun—the right composed of his own battalion, led by Major Fish, and of another commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Gimat; the left, of a detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, destined to take the enemy of reverse and intercept their retreat. All the movements were executed with exactness, and the redoubt was at the same moment enveloped and carried in every part. Lieutenant Mansfield conducted the vanguard with coolness and punctuality, and was wounded with a bayonet as he entered the work. Captain Olney led the first platoon of Gimat's battalion over the abattis and palisades, and gained the parapet, receiving two bayonet wounds in the thigh and in the body, but not till he had directed his men to form. Laurens was among the foremost to climb into the redoubt, making prisoner of Major Campbell, its commanding officer. Animated by his example, the battalion of Gimat overcame every obstacle by their order and resolution. The battalion under Major Fish advanced with such celerity as to participate in the assault. Incapable of imitating precedents of barbarity, the Americans spared every man that ceased to resist; so that the killed and wounded of the enemy did not exceed eight. The conduct of the affair brought conspicuous honor to Hamilton.

Precisely as the signal was given, the French on the left, in like manner, began their march in the deepest silence. At one hundred and twenty paces from the redoubt they were challenged by a German sentry from the parapet; they pressed on at a quick time, exposed to the fire of the enemy. The abattis and palisades, at twenty-five paces from the redoubt, being strong and well preserved, stopped them for some minutes and cost them many lives. So soon as the way was cleared by the brave carpenters, the storming party threw themselves into the ditch, broke through the fraises, and mounted the parapet. Foremost was Charles de Lameth, who had volunteered for this attack, and who was wounded in both knees by two different musket-balls. The order being now given, the French leaped into the redoubt and charged the enemy with the bayonet. At this moment the Count de Deux Ponts raised the cry of "Vive le roi," which was repeated by all of his companions who were able to lift their voices. De Sireuil, a very young captain of yagers who had been wounded twice before, was now wounded for the third time and mortally. Within six minutes the redoubt was mastered and manned; but in that short time nearly one hundred of the assailants were killed or wounded.

On that night "victory twined double garlands around the banners" of France and America. Washington acknowledged the emulous courage, intrepidity, coolness, and firmness of the attacking troops. Louis XVI. distinguished the regiment of Gatinois by naming it "the Royal Auvergne."

By the unwearied labor of the French and Americans, both redoubts were included in the second parallel in the night of their capture. Just

before the break of day of the sixteenth the British made a sortie upon a part of the second parallel and spiked four French pieces of artillery and two of the Americans; but, on the quick advance of the guards in the trenches, they retreated precipitately. The spikes were easily extracted; and in six hours the cannon again took part in the fire which enfiladed the British works.

On the seventeenth, Cornwallis, who could neither hold his post nor escape, proposed to surrender. On the eighteenth, Colonel Laurens and the Viscount de Noailles as commissoners on the American side met two high officers of the army of Cornwallis, to draft the capitulation. All the troops were to be prisoners of war; all public property was to be delivered up. Runaway slaves and the plunder taken by officers and soldiers in their marches through the country might be reclaimed; with this limitation, private property was to be respected. All royalists were left to be dealt with according to the laws of their own countrymen; but Cornwallis, in the packet which took his dispatches to Sir Henry Clinton, was suffered silently to send away such persons as were most obnoxious.

Of prisoners, there were seven thousand two hundred and forty-seven regular soldiers, the flower of the British army in America, beside eight hundred and forty sailors. The British loss during the siege amounted to more than three hundred and fifty. Two hundred and forty-four pieces of cannon were taken, of which seventy-five were of brass. The land forces and stores were assigned to the Americans, the ships and mariners to the French. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the nineteenth, Cornwallis remaining in his tent, Major-General O'Hara marched the British army past the lines of the combined armies and, not without signs of repugnance, made his surrender to Washington. His troops then stepped forward decently and piled their arms on the ground.

The English soldiers affected to look at the allied army with scorn; their officers conducted themselves with decorum, yet felt most keenly how decisive was their defeat.

Nor must impartial history fail to relate that the French provided for the siege of Yorktown thirty-six ships of the line; and that while the Americans supplied nine thousand troops, the contingent of the French consisted of seven thousand.

There was no day before it or after it like that on which the elder Bourbon king, through his army and navy, assisted to seal the victory of the rights of man and to pass from nation to nation the lighted torch of freedom.

When the letters of Washington announcing the capitulation reached congress, that body, with the people streaming in their train, went in procession to the Dutch Lutheran church to return thanks to Almighty God. Every breast swelled with joy. In the evening Philadelphia was illuminated with greater splendor than ever before. Congress voted honors to Washington, to Rochambeau, and to de Grasse, with special thanks to the officers and troops. The promise was given of a marble column

to be erected at Yorktown, with emblems of the alliance between the United States and his most Christian majesty.

The Duke de Lauzun, chosen to take the news across the Atlantic, arrived in twenty-two days at Brest, and reached Versailles on the nineteenth of November. The king, who had just been made happy by the birth of a dauphin, received the glad news in the queen's apartment. The very last sands of the life of the Count de Maurepas were running out; but he could still recognise de Lauzun, and the tidings threw a halo round his death-bed. No statesman of his century had a more prosperous old age or such felicity in the circumstances of his death. The joy at court penetrated the people, and the name of Lafayette was pronounced with veneration. "History," said Vergennes, "offers few examples of a success so complete." "All the world agree," wrote Franklin to Washington, "that no expedition was ever better planned or better executed. It brightens the glory that must accompany your name to the latest posterity."

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

by

CHARLES A. BEARD
MARY R. BEARD

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CHARLES A. BEARD

1874–

MARY R. BEARD

1876–

CHARLES A. BEARD was born in Knightstown, Indiana, in 1874. Two years later, in Indianapolis, Indiana, was born Mary Ritter, who ultimately joined him as wife and collaborator. Both the Beards attended De Pauw University, Mary Ritter being graduated in 1897 and Charles Beard the following year. Both pursued graduate studies at Columbia University, Charles having first spent a year each at Oxford and Cornell. In 1900 Mary Ritter and Charles A. Beard were married. They traveled abroad together to lecture at Oxford University's labor college, known as Ruskin, and to become acquainted with British labor and its problems.

For many years Charles A. Beard was identified with Columbia University. In 1904 he received his Ph.D. degree from that institution and subsequently served as adjunct professor, associate professor, and professor of politics. Leaving Columbia in 1917, Professor Beard became director of the Training School for Public Service in New York, a post which he filled until called to Japan in 1922 to serve as adviser to the Institute for Municipal Research in Tokyo. After the earthquake in 1923 Professor Beard became adviser to the Japanese Minister of Home Affairs, Viscount Goto, in planning the rebuilding of the city. Some years later, in 1927–1928, he was called to Yugoslavia to fill a similar advisory role.

Professor Beard's early interest in European history found expression in a collaboration with James Harvey Robinson in the writing of *The Development of Modern Europe,* the

two volumes of which were issued in 1907 and 1908. However, he soon directed his interest to the field of American history and politics, producing in 1910 *American Goverment and Politics,* and in 1912 *American City Government.* While rearing her family, Mrs. Beard maintained an active interest in the American labor movement and in the part played by women in American public life. In 1913 there appeared the volume entitled *American Citizenship,* a work of collaboration between husband and wife. Two years later Mary Beard produced *Woman's Work in the Municipalities,* followed, in 1920, by *A Short History of the American Labor Movement.* Meanwhile, Professor Beard's *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* (1913), *The Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy* (1915), and *The Economic Basis of Politics* (1922) recorded a growing preoccupation with the influence of economic factors upon the formation of American political institutions and behavior.

The *History of the United States* by Charles and Mary Beard, published in 1921, introduced a period of fruitful collaboration between husband and wife in the writing, or rewriting, of American history. With the publication of the two-volume *Rise of American Civilization* in 1927 the high attainment possible to that collaboration was realized. Years of thought, scholarly search, writing experience, and intellectual compatibility produced a work that was consistent in thesis and plan. Cause and effect linked the historical narrative. A variety of fresh illustrative material enlivened an account presented in a style marked by vigor and clarity. The study of the influence of material factors in shaping the pattern of American life and the ultimate effect of those forces upon American political thought and action assumed, in this work, a new dignity and authority. The work was immediately popular and its popularity has endured. These factors have determined its selection as the only contemporary work to be contained in this volume. Subsequent to the publication of the two volumes abridged herein, the Beards have added two more to their account of American civilization, *America in Midpassage* (1939), and *The American Spirit* (1942). In 1944 they published *A Basic History of the United States.*

As the reader follows the clear and unfaltering narrative represented in the following abridgment, he will recognize the qualities which justified the inclusion of *The Rise of American Civilization* in this collection of masterworks. The lucidity of the account is the product of matured literary craftsmanship, of a firm grasp of the historical materials, and

of well-defined ideas. The thesis illuminates the facts, the facts illustrate and support the thesis. The arguments are persuasive. The material factors of the American environment did give powerful motivation and direction to the development of civilization in America, they do explain the consequences described by the Beards, and both the causes and the effects noted are real facts of American history. They are not the only facts nor the only factors which contributed to the results observed. The forces of political and social tradition, of religious and philosophic thought, of emotional and cultural atmospheres also played their parts in shaping the civilization of America. But in limiting the focus of their interest to the material aspects of American life the Beards have disclosed the pervasive influence of economics in a historical narrative that will long be read with enjoyment and enlarged understanding.

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

I. POPULISM AND REACTION

NEARLY nine years after the battle of Lexington, to be exact, on December 4, 1783, General Washington bade farewell to his officers in the great room of Fraunces' Tavern in New York City. When the simple but moving ceremony was over, the Commander marched down the streets through files of soldiers and throngs of civilians to the barge at Whitehall Ferry that was to bear him across the Hudson on his way home to Mount Vernon. Cannon boomed, bells in the church steeples clashed, crowds cheered as the tall Virginia gentleman stood in the boat, bared his gray head, and bowed his final acknowledgments.

When his familiar form faded away on the Jersey shore, the multitudes in the city turned to celebrating the triumph of the Revolution. The last of the British soldiers had disappeared down the bay a few days before and the last symbols of British dominion, except in the distant frontier forts, had passed as in a dream. America was now an independent republic. Those who had assumed leadership in this stirring drama found themselves in a course far beyond all the headlands they had seen in the fateful hours when the quarrel with the mother country was impending. Undoubtedly a few bold thinkers had early envisaged independence as the outcome of revolt but their little designs had not encompassed its full import. Thus do the achievements of people outrun their conscious purposes.

In the march of events, profound social and political changes had come to pass. Seven years of war, waged by an improvised Continental Congress without traditions, authority or strength, had thrown all economic functions into confusion and disorganized society in every direction. In colonial times the prosperity of the people depended largely upon the exchange of raw materials for manufactured products in British markets, a traffic that supplied American farmers and artisans with most of the implements and tools used in agriculture and industry, enriched American merchants, brought a steady stream of British capital to these shores, and furnished nearly all the refinements for the homes of the

upper classes. This commerce the outbreak of the Revolution ruined—except for the smuggling and trading with the enemy that went on in spite of the war—and the British blockade prevented the opening of new channels sufficient to take its place.

Moreover, the armed struggle itself disrupted over wide areas the ordinary processes of agriculture and industry upon which the people relied for their living, put an intolerable drain upon the slender resources of the backwoods civilization, destroyed by fire and pillage properties of immense value, afforded the occasion for a serious confiscation and transfer of estates, tore cities and communities asunder, introduced varied and fluctuating currencies which made the orderly transaction of business impossible, and delayed the payments of debts while depreciating the medium for discharging them. At the same time it proscribed and drove from the country a large part of the governing class—British executives, judges, merchants, capitalists, and owners of property in general who remained loyal to the Crown.

In many, if not all, respects, the immediate outcome of the Revolution, radical as it was, displayed the deeper purposes of the intransigent leaders who engineered it, especially the dynamic personalities of the second social rank nearest the fighting populace; for they wanted to rid themselves entirely of British political, economic, and judicial interference. When the conflict opened, the thirteen colonies were mere provinces of the British empire under whose dominion they had been forbidden to emit bills of credit, to make paper money legal tender in the payment of debts, and to restrain foreign and intercolonial commerce. Under British authority their industry and trade had been regulated in the interest of British merchants and manufacturers, subduing American agriculture to the rules prescribed by the capitalist process in London. Under the same authority, control over the western lands had been wrested from the grip of American pioneers and politicians and vested in Crown officials. To make secure the economic sovereignty, a highly centralized scheme of judicial and administrative supremacy held the legislatures of the colonies strictly within the bounds of business propriety. In short, while the colonists had been gaining strength in local government, their powers had been limited and the higher functions of diplomacy, defence, and ultimate social control had rested in British hands.

This was the system which the Revolutionists overthrew, pulling down the elaborate superstructure and making the local legislatures, in which farmers had the majorities, supreme over all things. No Crown, no royal governor, no board of trade in London, no superior judge could now defeat the desires of agrarians. They had demanded autonomy; they achieved independence.

Having rid themselves of a great, centralized political and economic machine, the radical leaders realized their ideal in a loose association of sovereign states; in the Articles of Confederation, their grand ideals were fairly mirrored. The sole organ of government set up by that in-

strument was a Congress composed of delegates from each state, elected by the legislatures, and paid from the state treasury, if paid at all. Enjoying no independent and inherent powers drawn directly from the people, this government was the creature of the states and the victim of the factional disputes that filled the local theaters of politics. It was in effect little more than a council of diplomatic agents engaged in promoting thirteen separate interests, without authority to interfere with the economic concerns of any. In determining all vital questions, the states were equal: each had one vote; Delaware was as powerful as Virginia, Rhode Island, the peer of Massachusetts.

The functions essential to any government of substance—the powers which the colonists had resisted when exercised by the British Crown and Parliament—were, naturally enough, withheld from the Congress which the revolutionists created under the Articles of Confederation. As a matter of course, the solemn duty of defending the country was laid upon it: it could declare war, raise an army, and provide a navy; but it could not draft a single soldier or sailor; it could only ask the states to supply quotas of men according to a system of apportionment. Even if the Congress could have raised the men by this process, it could never have been sure of the materials necessary to support them.

It had power, no doubt, to appropriate money but no authority to levy upon the strong box or economic resources of any citizen. For every penny that went into the common treasury, it had to ask the local legislatures. When it determined the amount of money needed for any fiscal period or for any specific purpose, it apportioned the total among the thirteen states on the basis of the value of the lands and improvements in each, leaving the legislatures free to decide how the quotas assigned were to be met—or not met at all, according to the mood of the party in control at the time. In fact, therefore, the Congress had to assume the rôle of a beggar, hat in hand, at the capitals of the several commonwealths. In practice it experienced what beggars usually do: more rebuffs than pleasant receptions.

If such was the weakness of the Confederation with respect to those prime considerations, military power and money, it is not strange to find the same incompetence in other spheres. Conforming to colonial agrarian traditions, the Congress was given no control over currency and banking, such as the government of Great Britain had exercised in America before independence; on the contrary, these vital economic functions were left to the discretion of the individual states. Nor could the Congress regulate trade among the states or with other countries; England had done too much of that.

Although it could make treaties with foreign countries affecting commercial matters, the Congress had no power to enforce its agreements against the will of recalcitrant states—in fact, no control over the latter in any important respect.

To the eight years of government under these Articles of Confed-

eration, the term "critical period" has been applied and it has become the fashion to draw a doleful picture of the age, to portray the country sweeping toward an abyss from which it was rescued in the nick of time by the heroic framers of the Constitution. Yet an analysis of the data upon which that view is built raises the specter of skepticism. The chief sources of information bearing on this thesis are the assertions and lamentations of but one faction in the great dispute and they must, therefore, be approached with the same spirit of prudence as Whig editorials on Andrew Jackson or Republican essays on Woodrow Wilson.

Undoubtedly the period that followed the close of the Revolutionary War was one of dissolution and reconstruction; that is the story of every great social dislocation. Still there is much evidence to show that the country was in many respects steadily recovering order and prosperity even under the despised Articles of Confederation. If seven of the thirteen states made hazardous experiments with paper money, six clung to more practical methods and two or three of those that had embarked on unlimited inflation showed signs of turning back on their course. While a few states displayed a heartless negligence in paying their revolutionary debts, others gave serious attention to the matter.

No doubt shipping in New England and manufacturing in general suffered from the conflicting tariff policies, domestic and foreign, which followed the war, but, at the opening of 1787, Benjamin Franklin declared that the prosperity of the nation was so great as to call for thanksgiving. According to his judgment, the market reports then showed that the farmers were never better paid for their produce, that farm lands were continually rising in value, and that in no part of Europe were the laboring poor in such a fortunate state. Admitting that there were economic grievances in some quarters, Franklin expressed a conviction that the country at large was in a sound condition.

Nevertheless, when the best possible case is made for the critical period, there remain standing in the record of those years certain impressive facts that cannot be denied or explained away. Beyond all question the financiers had grounds for complaint. Though the principal of the continental debt was slightly reduced under the confederation, the arrears of interest increased nearly fourfold and the unpaid interest on the foreign obligations piled steadily higher. In an equally chaotic condition were the current finances. The Congress in due course made requisitions on the states to pay its bills, but it was fortunate if it received in any year one-fourth of the amount demanded, and during the last fourteen months of its life less than half a million in paper money was paid into the treasury—not enough to meet the interest on the foreign debt alone.

Hence all who held claims against the confederacy had sufficient cause for discontent. Holders of government bonds, both original subscribers who had made sacrifices and speculators who had bought up depreciated paper by the ream, had good reasons for desiring a change

in the existing form of government. To them were added the soldiers of the late revolutionary army, especially the officers whose bonus of full pay for five years still remained in the form of paper promises.

Industry and commerce as well as government finances were in a state of depression. When peace came and the pent-up flood of British goods burst in upon the local market, greatly to the joy of the farmers and planters, American manufacturers, who had built up enterprises of no little importance during the suspension of British trade, found their monopoly of domestic business rudely broken. Nothing but a protective tariff, they thought, could save them from ruin.

In an equally unhappy position were the domestic merchants. They had at hand no national currency uniform in value through the length and breadth of the land—nothing but a curious collection of coins uncertain in weight, shaven by clippers, debased by counterfeiters, and paper notes fluctuating as new issues streamed from the press. Worse than the monetary system were the impediments in the way of interstate commerce. Under local influences legislatures put tariffs on goods coming in from neighboring states just as on foreign imports, waged commercial wars of retaliation on one another, raised and lowered rates as factional disputes oscillated, reaching such a point in New York that duties were levied on firewood from Connecticut and cabbages from New Jersey.

If a merchant surmounted the obstacles placed in his way by anarchy in the currency and confusion in tariff schedules and succeeded in building up an interstate business, he never could be sure of collections, for he was always at the mercy of local courts and juries—agencies that were seldom tender in dealing with the claims and rights of distant creditors as against the clamors of their immediate neighbors. While the Articles of Confederation lasted there was no hope of breaching such invincible barriers to the smooth and easy transaction of interstate business.

In short, the financial, creditor, commercial, and speculating classes in the new confederate republic were harassed during the critical period just as such classes had been harassed by rebellious patriots on the eve of the Revolution. From every point of view, as they saw the matter, they had valid reasons for wanting to establish under their own auspices on American soil a system of centralized political, judicial, and economic control similar in character to that formerly exercised by Great Britain. They wanted debts paid, a sound currency established, commerce regulated, paper money struck down, and western lands properly distributed; they desired these things quite as much as the governing classes of England had desired them in colonial times. No more than the stoutest Tory of London or Boston did they relish agrarian politics; commerce simply could not thrive in that economic atmosphere.

In the commonwealth of Massachusetts a conservative party of merchants, shippers, and money lenders had managed by a hard won battle to secure in 1780 a local constitution which gave their property special defenses in the suffrage, in the composition of the Senate, and in the

qualifications of office holders administering the law. Heavy taxes were then levied to pay the revolutionary debt of the state, a large part of which had passed into the hands of speculators. And just when this burden fell on the people, private creditors in their haste to collect outstanding accounts deluged the local courts with lawsuits and foreclosures of farm mortgages.

The answer to this economic pressure was a populist movement led by a former soldier of the Revolution, Daniel Shays. Inflamed by new revolutionary appeals, resurgent agrarians now proposed to scale down the state debt, strike from the constitution the special privileges enjoyed by property, issue paper money, and generally ease the position of debtors and the laboring poor in town and country. Indeed, there were dark hints that the soldiers who had fought for independence would insist that property owners must sacrifice their goods for the cause. In various guises the agitation continued until in 1786 it culminated in an armed uprising known as Shays' Rebellion.

Although the insurrection was crushed, it sent alarms throughout the higher social orders of America. If Jefferson was unmoved because he thought that a little bloodshed was occasionally necessary to keep alive the spirit of agrarian liberty, Washington was thoroughly frightened. On hearing the news, he redoubled his efforts to obtain a stronger constitution—one that would afford national aid in suppressing such local disturbances. There was even talk of a counter-revolution, a military dictatorship supported by funds from merchants.

In foreign relations there were perils as menacing as the difficulties of domestic administration. When John Adams, as minister of the United States, appeared at the Court of the King he met a frosty reception, made several degrees chillier by constant reminders that the government he represented was really impotent. If he hinted that British soldiers should be withdrawn from the western part of the United States or that the ports of the British West Indies should be opened once more to American ships on favourable terms, he was reminded that his fellow countrymen had not paid the debts due British merchants and he was shown acts of Parliament which, not without reason, treated Americans as aliens.

Though nominally isolated in the New World, the confederacy was bounded on the landward side by immense territories belonging to England and Spain, both countries that had been contending for mastery in America for two hundred years. At any moment a new storm might break, involving the weak republic at the very threshold of its career. Even the most case-hardened agrarians could not avoid seeing the possibility of renewed strife among the European powers—which came in 1793—the dangers of foreign intervention in domestic politics, and the perils of disruptive rivalry among the states. If they were indifferent to the demands of public creditors, financiers, and merchants clamoring for relief, they could not ignore the menaces from foreign quarters. Such

were the circumstances in which rose and flourished a movement for a drastic revision of the Articles of Confederation.

Among the many historic assemblies which have wrought revolutions in the affairs of mankind, it seems safe to say that there has never been one that commanded more political talent, practical experience, and sound substance than the Philadelphia convention of 1787. In all, sixty-two delegates were formally appointed by the states; fifty-five attended the sessions with more or less regularity; and thirty-nine signed the final draft of the new Constitution. On the list were men trained in war and diplomacy, skilled in legislation and administration, versed in finance and commerce, and learned in the political philosophy of their own and earlier times. Seven had been governors of states and at least twenty-eight had served in the Congress of the union either during the Revolution or under the Articles of Confederation. Eight had been signers of the Declaration of Independence. At the head stood Washington, who, with one voice, was chosen president of the convention. Among those who sat under him were such men as the two Morrises, the two Pinckneys, Madison, Hamilton, Franklin, Rutledge, Gerry, Ellsworth, Wilson, Randolph, Wythe, Dickinson, and Sherman, nearly all of whom represented the conservative wing of the old revolutionary party.

At all events none of the fiery radicals of 1774 was present. Jefferson, then serving as the American minister in Paris, was out of the country; Patrick Henry was elected but refused to attend because, he said, he "smellt a rat"; Samuel Adams was not chosen; Thomas Paine left for Europe that very year to exhibit an iron bridge which he had designed and to wage war on tyranny across the sea. So the Philadelphia assembly, instead of being composed of left-wing theorists, was made up of practical men of affairs—holders of state and continental bonds, money lenders, merchants, lawyers, and speculators in the public land—who could speak with knowledge and feeling about the disabilities they had suffered under the Articles of Confederation. More than half the delegates in attendance were either investors or speculators in the public securities which were to be buoyed up by the new Constitution. All knew by experience the relation of property to government.

When the convention assembled late in May, 1787, there arose at once the question whether the proceedings should be thrown open to the general public or be held behind closed doors. The body was small, oratory was evidently out of place, and none of the members was especially eager to appeal to the gallery. As realistic statesmen, they knew that negotiation and accommodation would be more effective in the attainment of their ends than Ciceronian eloquence and tattered passion. It was well understood that the dissensions bound to arise in the convention would be magnified if irresponsible partisans on the outside learned about them and continually prodded the delegates with popular agitations. It was also known how sharply the country at large was divided over the problems to be solved and how easily timid members might be

frightened into voting against their own judgment by the demands of excited constituents.

So, without much argument, the members resolved that the proceedings of the convention should be secret and no one permitted to give out in any form any information respecting its deliberations. In harmony with this decision they likewise agreed that no official record of the debates should be kept, that nothing should be set down in black and white save a bare minute of the propositions before the house and the votes cast for and against them. In their anxiety for security the delegates took every precaution against publicity; they even had a discreet colleague accompany the aged Franklin to his convivial dinners with a view to checking that amiable gentleman whenever, in unguarded moments, he threatened to divulge secrets of state.

Having come to accomplish results rather than to chop logic, the majority of the members accepted the liberal view of the matter and refused to be bound by the letter of the existing law. They did not amend the Articles of Confederation; they cast that instrument aside and drafted a fresh plan of government. Nor did they merely send the new document to the Congress and then to the state legislatures for approval; on the contrary they appealed over the heads of these authorities to the voters of the states for a ratification of their revolutionary work. Finally, declining to obey the clause of the Articles which required unanimous approval for every amendment, they frankly proposed that the new system of government should go into effect when sanctioned by nine of the thirteen states, leaving the others out in the cold under the wreck of the existing legal order, in case they refused to ratify.

After listening carefully to the debates for several weeks, Madison noted that the real division in the convention was between the planting interests of the South founded on slave labor and the commercial and industrial interests of the North—startling foresight discerning "the irrepressible conflict" which filled half a century with political controversy and tested the Constitution in the flames of a social revolution.

In all there were only six slave states, counting little Delaware, and they had neither wealth nor population comparable to the resources of the seven commercial states. Climate, soil, tradition, and labor supply seemed destined to make them producers of foodstuffs and raw materials to be exchanged in favorable markets for manufactured goods. Therefore, it was their prime concern to ship at the lowest possible freight rates in vessels sailing under any flag and to buy and sell on the most advantageous terms anywhere on earth. Weaker in number, they feared that the proposed Congress, dominated by a mere numerical majority, might lay an undue burden of customs duties and taxes upon them—the shifting of taxes being one of the grand devices of politics for the transfer of wealth from one class to another. They were also afraid that Congress, under capitalistic influences, would enact tariff legislation and navigation laws injurious to their enterprise.

On the other hand, the trading and industrial interests of the North, languishing under free trade, under financial disorders, and under English discriminations, saw their only hope for prosperity in protective tariffs and favorable commercial legislation. The issue was definite and familiar. It had been made clear in the contest with Great Britain when Parliament sought to restrain colonial legislatures and colonial trade with reference to the profits of British merchants, shippers, and manufacturers. It was to cut athwart the history of centuries to come.

Disputes arising from this inherent conflict of interests ran throughout the proceedings of the convention even when questions apparently remote from the main issue were on the carpet. Especially were they animated on matters of representation and taxation, those sore points in the revolutionary struggle. Anxious to secure a strategic position in the new government through the largest possible strength in the lower house, southern planters proposed to count slaves as people in distributing Representatives on the population basis. At the same time, aware that their states had fewer inhabitants than the commercial commonwealths of the North, the planters urged that direct taxes be apportioned only on the basis of the free white population. For equally obvious reasons most of the Northern delegates wanted just the opposite of these two propositions. So on this issue a compromise was the last resort. Adopting a well-known expedient the convention agreed on treating three-fifths of the slaves as people for both reckonings, representation and direct taxation.

In framing the provisions relative to the regulation of commerce, the same clash of opinion appeared. If the new government was to have the power to control trade and make treaties with foreign nations, it might prohibit the importation of slaves and enter into commercial agreements detrimental to the planting interest. Here also an accommodation was evidently imperative and it took the form of two provisions: the importation of slaves was not to be forbidden before the lapse of twenty years and a two-thirds vote in the Senate was to be required for the ratification of treaties. An additional concession was made to the South in the clause providing for the return of fugitives bound to servitude—all the more readily because this was highly useful in the North where the restoration of runaway servants was also acceptable to masters.

During the arguments that sprang from the clash of economic interests, the ethics of slavery itself was broached though at no time did it rise to the position of a leading issue. Taking advantage of the occasion several members of the convention denounced chattel bondage in uncompromising language. Gouverneur Morris, of Pennsylvania, condemned it as a nefarious institution and a curse to the states in which it prevailed. Mason, of Virginia, a slaveholder himself, seeing nothing but evil in it, declared that it discouraged the arts and industry, led the poor to despise honest labor, and checked the immigration of whites whose work gave strength and riches to the land.

The voice of defense, raised in reply, came from the Far South. Spokesmen from South Carolina insisted that the whole economic life of their state rested on slavery and that, owing to the appalling death rate in the rice swamps, continuous importation was necessary. With cold optimism Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, advised moderation. "The morality or wisdom of slavery," he said, "are considerations belonging to the states. What enriches a part enriches the whole. . . . As population increases, poor laborers will be so plenty as to render slaves useless."

Technically, Ellsworth was right, for slavery as an institution was not before the convention but some decision had to be made with respect to the importation of Negroes. On this point, too, conciliation was found expedient. Virginia and North Carolina, already overstocked, were prepared to end the traffic in African slaves but South Carolina was adamant. She must have new supplies by importation or she would not federate; hence the clause postponing action at least until 1808. These were the great compromises of the Constitution.

II. THE RISE OF NATIONAL PARTIES

THE controversy over the ratification of the federal Constitution had not died away when the country was summoned to take part in a contest over the election of men to direct the new government.

When the results of the poll were all in and the new government was organized, it was patent to everyone that the men who had made the recent constitutional revolution were carrying on the work they had begun in 1787. Washington, the chairman of the constitutional convention, was unanimously chosen President of the United States. Of the twenty-four Senators in the first Congress under the Constitution, eleven had helped to draft "the new charter of liberty." In the House of Representatives was a strong contingent from the body of framers and ratifiers, with the "father of the Constitution," James Madison, in the foreground. The Ark of the Covenant was evidently in the house of its friends; or, to put the matter in another way, the machinery of economic and political power was mainly directed by the men who had conceived and established it. And very soon the executive and judicial departments were filled with leaders who had taken part in framing or ratifying the Constitution.

For the most important post in his administration, namely, that of the Treasury, Washington chose Robert Morris, a member of the convention; when that gentleman declined, he turned to another colleague, Alexander Hamilton, a giant of Federalism. For the office of Attorney General, the President selected the spokesman of the Virginia delegation at the Philadelphia assembly, Edmund Randolph. As Secretary of War, he appointed another ardent advocate of the Constitution, General Knox, of Massachusetts. Only one high administrative command went to a statesman whose views on the new government were, to say the least, uncer-

tain; Thomas Jefferson, who had been in Paris during the formation and adoption of the Constitution, was made Secretary of State in charge of foreign affairs. In the judicial department, there was not a single exception: all the federal judgeships created under the Judiciary Act of 1789, high and low, were given to men who had helped to draft the Constitution or had supported it in state conventions or in the ratifying campaigns. In his appointments to minor places in the government Washington was equally discreet; after attempting to conciliate a few opponents by offering them positions, he flatly declared that he would not give an office to any man who attacked the principles of his administration.

The first government was thus in no sense a coalition. When the paper document of Philadelphia became a reality, it lived on in the reason and will of the men who had constructed and adopted it. It was they who enacted the laws, enforced the decrees, raised the army, and collected the taxes, and so made the new Constitution an instrument of power in the direction of national economy and in the distribution of wealth. In their hands mere words on parchment were transformed into an engine of sovereign compulsion that could not be denied anywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land.

While creating the offices of the new government in detail and endowing them with the powers required to give effect to its decisions, Congress was well aware that it was necessary to soften some of the opposition to the new régime with measures of conciliation. The directors of federal affairs knew by what narrow margin the approval of the Constitution had been wrung from a reluctant people. They saw North Carolina and Rhode Island still outside the Union and unrepentant. They had before them a large number of amendments proposed by several of the state conventions and they were assured by any number of the critics that promises to carry some of the demands into immediate effect had been made in winning the votes necessary to ratification. All these amendments, as Congress could not fail to see, showed a fear of the federal government and suggested restraints on its authority. Although some were harmless enough, others betrayed the spirit of Daniel Shays, who, if vanquished, was by no means dead.

To allay, if not remove, the temper expressed in several of the propositions, Madison, therefore, presented in the House of Representatives, and the first Congress adopted, a series of amendments to the Constitution, ten of which were soon ratified and in 1791 became a part of the law of the land. Among other things, these amendments stipulated that Congress should make no law respecting the establishment of religion, abridging freedom of speech or press, or the right of the people to assemble peaceably and petition the government for a redress of grievances. Indictment by grand jury and trial by jury were guaranteed to all persons charged by federal officers with serious crimes. Finally, to soften the wrath of provincial politicians, it was announced in the Tenth Amendment that all powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitu-

tion or withheld by it from the states were reserved to the states respectively or to the people.

This overt declaration of the obvious was supplemented seven years later by the Eleventh Amendment, written in the same spirit, forbidding the federal judiciary to hear any case in which a state was sued by a citizen. Assured by the friendly professions of the national government and constrained by economic necessity, North Carolina joined the Union in November, 1789, and Rhode Island in May of the following year.

With the machinery of administration in operation and professions respecting natural rights duly made, the directors of the federal government were free to devote themselves to prime questions of financial, commercial, and industrial legislation. In fact, while the philosophers were discussing the constitutional amendments, Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, was formulating the great system and the collateral reports forever associated with his name. First upon his program was the funding of the entire national debt, domestic and foreign, principal and interest, at face value, approximating altogether $50,000,000; in other words, old bonds and certificates were to be called in and new securities issued. A part of this enormous sum was to bear interest at six per cent and a part at three per cent, while the interest on the remainder was to be deferred for ten years.

In the second place, Hamilton proposed that the national government assume at face value the revolutionary obligations of the states, amounting to about $20,000,000, and add them to the debt carried by the general treasury. In this fashion he intended to make secure the financial standing of the United States and force all the public creditors to look to the federal government rather than the states for the payment of the sums due them. To provide a capstone for his financial structure, Hamilton advocated the creation of a national bank in which the government and private investors were to be represented. Three-fourths of the capital stock of this institution was to consist of new six per cent federal bonds and the rest of specie. With a view to assisting the government and the security holders in buoying up the public credit, that is, the prices of federal bonds, provision was to be made for a sinking fund from which the Treasury could buy its securities in the market from time to time.

To sustain this magnificent paper edifice erected on the taxing power of the federal government, duties were to be laid on imports in such a manner as to encourage and protect American industry and commerce. Finally, the public lands in the West, which the Crown of Britain had once sought to wrest from colonial politicians, were to be sold and the securities of the federal government were to be accepted in payment.

It required no very profound economic insight to grasp the import of the Hamiltonian program: holders of the old debt—continental and state—were simply to exchange their depreciated paper at face value for new bonds bearing interest and guaranteed by a government that possessed ample taxing power. Prime public securities, such as were now to

be issued, would readily pass as money from hand to hand, augmenting the fluid capital of the country and stimulating commerce, manufacturing, and agriculture. If the government bonds failed to realize all expectations in the line of capital expansion, notes issued by the United States bank were to supply the deficiency. At last American business enterprise, which had suffered from the want of currency and credit, was to be abundantly furnished with both and at the same time protected against foreign competion by favorable commercial legislation. Naturally those who expected to reap the benefits from Hamilton's system were delighted with the prospects. On the other hand, since the whole financial structure rested on taxation, mere owners of land and consumers of goods, on whom most of the burden was to fall, got it into their heads that they were to pay the bills of the new adventure.

As the issues raised by Hamilton's projects came before the people one by one, the tide of political passion rose higher and higher. It was well known that a large part, perhaps the major portion, of the old bonds, state and continental, had passed from the hands of the original purchasers into the coffers of shrewd and enterprising speculators. After the adoption of the Constitution became certain, far-sighted financiers sent agents all over the country, especially into the southern states, with bags of precious specie, bought enormous quantities of depreciated paper at a low figure—sometimes ten or fifteen cents on the dollar—and effected a great concentration of public securities in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. Inevitably the cupidity of those who had risked their money in this speculation and the anguish of those who had sold their original certificates at merely nominal prices furnished the fuel for an explosion when Hamilton's fiscal plans appeared on the political carpet.

During the prolix and hot-tempered debates that marked the passage of Hamilton's measures through Congress, the country gradually divided into two parties, which grew steadily in coherence of organization and in definiteness of program. To speak more concretely, the antagonism between agriculture and business enterprise that had been so marked in colonial times and had found tense expression during the contest over the Constitution now bore fruit in regular political parties, each with a complete paraphernalia of leaders, caucuses, conventions, names, symbols, and rhetorical defense mechanisms. Candidates were nominated, policies proclaimed, newspapers edited, and spoils distributed with reference to the fortunes of one group or the other. All the passions that go with war were enlisted in contests that eventuated in a counting of heads.

As these two party factions in one form or another have continued to divide the nation, statesmen and theorists have felt called upon to expound the causes of such political antagonisms. Some agree with Macaulay in tracing the origins of party to instinctive differences among people. In every country, that celebrated Whig once declared, there is a party of order and a party of progress; the former, conservative in temper, clings to established things, while the latter, adventurous in spirit, is eager to

make experiments. Long afterward a literary critic, Brander Matthews, applied the Macaulay doctrine of innate ideas to American politics; "intuitive Hamiltonians," he said, believe in government by the well-born, while "intuitive Jeffersonians" love and trust the common people. Still another explanation of American parties, one more commonly accepted by Fourth of July orators, is that formulated by James Bryce in The American Commonwealth: our parties originally sprang from differences of opinion concerning the nature and functions of the Union; one exalts federal authority, the other cherishes the rights of the states.

In reality, however, none of these simple explanations does more than skim the surface of politics. None throws any light on the origins of the innate tendencies, for example. With reference to that point all are as cryptic as the statement that God made Federalists and Republicans. Why did one group of politicians take a liberal view of the Constitution and another a narrow view? Whence came the intuitions that divide men? Have they existed since the dawn of history? Why did some trust the people and others fear them? Was it an accident that a New York lawyer stood at the head of the party which despised the masses and a Virginia slave owner led the party which professed democratic faith in the multitude?

The answers to these questions, as far as they are forthcoming at all, lie in the professions of politicians, reported in congressional debates, newspapers, letters, and partisan pamphlets of the Hamiltonian epoch, and if such evidence is to be accepted in court, the causes of the party division were more substantial than matters of temperament or juristic theory. By the time the partisan battle began to rage in full fury, the Federalists had a positive record of achievement to which they could point with pride and assurance. They had restored the public credit by funding the continental and state obligations at face value, incidentally enriching thousands of good Federalists in the process. They had protected American industry and shipping by appropriate economic discriminations against foreign enterprise.

In establishing a national bank and a mint for the coinage of metals, they had provided a uniform national currency for the transaction of business. They had devised a scheme of taxation easily yielding adequate revenues to sustain the huge national debt and all the capitalistic undertakings which rested upon that solid foundation. They had erected a system of national courts in which citizens of one state could effectively collect claims against citizens of other states and they had made it impossible for debtors to outwit their creditors through the medium of paper money and similar methods of impairing the obligation of contracts. They had begun to build an army and a navy, making the American nation so respected abroad that foreign powers no longer dared to treat its ministers with contempt, and giving the flag such substantial significance that the Yankee skipper felt proud and secure under it no matter whether he rode into the waters of European ports, traded rum for Negroes along the

African coast, or exchanged notions in Canton for tea and silks. That was an accomplishment measurable in terms of national honor and pride as clearly as in the outward and visible signs of economic prosperity.

Opponents of this general program, taking at first the negative title of Anti-Federalists and later the more euphonious name of Republicans, by no means attacked the idea of exalting American credit and improving the standing of the country among the nations of the earth. In detail, however, they dissented, with varying emphasis, from the propositions contained in the Federalist economic program. They wished to discharge the national debt but not in such a fashion as to enrich speculators or impose a heavy burden of taxation on the masses. Especially were they tender of the people engaged in agriculture. A permanent funded debt and a national bank founded on it, they complained, would tax the farmers and planters to sustain an army of bond holders and stock jobbers.

Speaking on this theme for southern citizens, one Anti-Federalist warned the House of Representatives that his constituents "will feel that continued drain of specie which must take place to satisfy the appetites of basking speculators at the seat of Government. . . . Connecticut manufactures a great deal. Georgia manufactures nothing and imports everything. Therefore, Georgia, although her population is not near so large, contributes more to the public treasury by impost." When the proposal to establish a national bank was before Congress, the same agrarian orator lamented in a similar strain that "this plan of a National Bank is calculated to benefit a small part of the United States, the mercantile interest only; the farmers, the yeomanry, will derive no advantage from it." When the unwrought-steel schedule of the tariff bill was under consideration, Lee, of Virginia, declared that "it would operate as an oppressive though indirect tax upon agriculture, and any tax, whether direct or indirect, upon this interest at this juncture would be unwise and impolitic."

Far from being the mere froth of excited politicians, this view represented the matured convictions of leaders given to deliberation and analysis. In several letters addressed confidentially to Washington, Jefferson expounded the economic grievances of his faction. He argued that the national debt had been unnecessarily increased; that the United States Bank had been created as a permanent engine of the moneyed interest for influencing the course of government; and that "the ten or twelve per cent annual profits paid to the lenders of this paper medium are taken out of the pockets of the people who would have had without interest the coin it is banishing; that all capital employed in paper speculation is barren and useless, producing like that on a gaming-table no accession to itself and is withdrawn from commerce and agriculture where it would have produced addition to the common mass; that it nourishes our citizens in habits of vice and idleness instead of industry and morality; that it has furnished effectual means of corrupting such a portion of the Legislature as turns the balance between the honest voters whichever way it is directed." Of all the mischiefs which Jefferson saw in the Federalist sys-

tem, "none is so afflicting and fatal to every honest hope as the corruption of the legislature." Of course, Jefferson expressed his alarm over the liberal way in which the Constitution had been construed by the men who formulated and enacted Federalist policies into law, but the gravamen of his complaint was that Hamilton's economic measures exploited one section of society for the benefit of another.

Yet it is difficult to see why holders of government bonds were to be denounced for voting in favor of measures affecting their concerns while slave owners were to be pardoned for voting down the Quaker memorials against slavery presented to Congress on March 23, 1790. In fact, Jefferson himself frankly stated that he wanted "the agricultural interest" to govern the country and presumably to pursue policies advantageous to that social group. At bottom, accordingly, the dispute between parties was over economic measures rather than over questions of political propriety. On both sides the logicians were equally able and equally sincere; hence it seems reasonable to conclude that neither interpretation of the Constitution, liberal or strict, flowed with the force of exigent mathematics from the language of the instrument itself.

Nevertheless, the politicians and statesmen of the period made much of their appeals to correct views of the Constitution. Leaders of the Federalist party had been largely responsible for the framing and adoption of that document; they understood it; and they demonstrated with a great show of learning that it authorized whatever they wanted it to sanction. The opposition employed the same appeal—for contrary ends. "It is unconstitutional," was the cry that rose daily from the Anti-Federalist ranks as they sought to dethrone Hamiltonism. "Let us return to the Constitution!" exclaimed John Taylor when closing a vitriolic indictment of the Secretary's program and policies.

III. AGRICULTURAL IMPERIALISM AND THE BALANCE OF POWER

If the philosophical Jefferson and his official family thought that they could settle down in political power to the enjoyment of peace, light taxes, and arcadian pleasures, they were soon disillusioned. The agricultural interest, which they so proudly represented, was no provincial estate sufficient unto itself. On the contrary, it depended for its prosperity upon the sale of its produce in the markets of the Old World while its advance guard on the frontier cherished imperial designs upon the neighboring dominions of England and Spain.

Therefore American agriculture vibrated in its fortunes with every turn in the European balance of power, never more precisely than in the third year of Jefferson's administration when the fury of the Napoleonic tempest was again unleashed across the sea. No theory of isolation could protect it from the shock of a struggle for empire that extended from

London to Ceylon, from Moscow to Mexico City, from Copenhagen to Cape Town, encircling the globe with fire. America as well as Europe was set afloat. Within a few years the Republicans in control of the federal government, buffeted by gales from abroad and by passions at home, were exercising powers greater than any ever claimed by Hamilton and defending the constitutionality of laws which they had once rejected. And in this swift whirl of fact and philosophy, their opponents, the Federalists, were forced into a narrow and crabbed provincialism that made Jefferson's juristic argument against the United States Bank seem broad and generous in comparison.

It has long been the fashion of historians to cite this reversal of fortunes in demonstrating the mutability of human affairs and the hollowness of political professions. Do not the items stand written clearly in the bond? The Republicans had proclaimed their unshakable faith in a narrow interpretation of the Constitution; in 1803 they purchased Louisiana—an act which Jefferson himself called a violation of the supreme law; a few years later they invoked the power of regulating commerce to justify a measure abolishing it and a "force bill" carrying that embargo into effect. Celebrating the virtues of agriculture, they had scorned the arts of trade; yet they vowed that their war on Great Britain was made with a view to upholding American commercial rights upon the high seas. They had opposed a national Bank and a protective tariff; but, at the close of their experiment in war, they resorted to both expedients in spite of their legal scruples.

And on the other side was the record of the Federalists. They had proclaimed their steadfast faith in a liberal view of the Constitution; but they could find no warrant in the parchment for the Louisiana purchase or the embargo. They had taken pride in cherishing the arts of trade; yet they voted against the war on England which was supposed to sustain the inviolability of American commerce. The reversal of politics, considered in terms of political rhetoric, seemed to be absolute.

Considered, however, in economic terms, it was a reversal of means not ends. If the purchase of Louisiana was unconstitutional, it at least added millions of acres of rich farming lands to be developed by Jefferson's beloved "agricultural interest." In the sphere of politics it also meant, as the Federalists said, the overbalancing of "the commercial states" by agricultural commonwealths. If in form the war on England was declared for commercial motives, it was in reality conceived primarily in the interests of agriculture.

This fact the scholarly researches of Julius W. Pratt have demonstrated in a convincing fashion. Agriculture just as shipping suffered from British depredations, for American exports were, in the main, not manufactures but the produce of farms and plantations. The men who voted in 1812 for the declaration of war on England represented the agrarian constituencies of the interior and their prime object was the annexation of Florida and Canada. Hence the opposition of the commercial sections

to an armed conflict waged for the purpose of adding more farmers and planters to the overbalancing majority was at bottom no deep mystery.

Nor was the reversal of the Republican position on finance shrouded in obscurity. The second United States Bank, established by that party, did not grow out of a desire to draw the banking fraternity to the support of the government as in Hamilton's time but in truth sprang from a struggle to free the federal treasury from abject dependence on eastern financial interests and rescue the currency from the chaos created by the war. And finally, the protective tariff adopted by the Republicans in 1816 was defended by the spokesman of the planting interest, John C. Calhoun, on the ground that tariff schedules, when properly made, would provide a home market for cotton, corn, and bacon. At that time New England banks, strong enough to stand alone, welcomed no new rival in the hands of Jeffersonian politicians; and New England capitalists, largely engrossed in the carrying trade, did not look with favor on customs duties that promised to cut it down. If reference be had, therefore, to the substance of things desired, some of the ambiguity of jurisprudence seems to be removed and the continuity of economic forces once more demonstrated.

The first great stroke of Republican policy in the sphere of foreign relations, namely, westward expansion by the purchase of the Louisiana territory in 1803, was no bolt out of the blue either for the planters and farmers of the West or for Jefferson, who professed to cherish their interests. A decade before that event there were hundreds of American pioneers in the Spanish territory beyond the Mississippi; near the close of the eighteenth century the bishop of Louisiana reported that "the Americans had scattered themselves over the country almost as far as Texas and corrupted the Indians and Creoles by the example of their own restless and ambitious temper." Already promoters in the West had their eyes fixed on Mexico and were blowing up colorful dreams of imperial annexations to be realized in that direction.

Already the war in Europe had forced the fate of the West upon the attention of the federal government. The first phase of that struggle had opened, as we have seen, in 1793, while Thomas Jefferson was still serving as Secretary of State under President Washington, in a strategic post of observation from which he discovered many things. Especially did he grasp the meaning of the fact that, in the general scramble for spoils among the powers of the Old World, England might wrest Louisiana from the feeble grasp of the Spanish monarch—a menace to the United States to be avoided at all costs. Though he retired from the State Department in 1793, Jefferson retained his keen interest in the advancing frontier and continued to appreciate its importance.

During the intervening years until his inauguration as President, events flowed swiftly in the regions beyond the Alleghenies as a steady stream of settlers moved westward with the sun. Kentucky was admitted to the Union as a state in 1792 and Tennessee in 1796, both of them good agricultural communities that gave electoral votes to Jefferson in 1800.

Ohio, then rapidly filling up, was to have a voice in the next presidential election. The whole West was vibrant with prospects of great agricultural enterprise and the leaders who directed affairs in the Mississippi Valley knew what they wanted. They were unanimous in their resolve that the Mississippi must be kept open to American trade all the way to the Gulf of Mexico; and those with the largest imagination, as we have just said, were prepared for imperial undertakings beyond the mighty river. If Jefferson was inclined to hold back and deal timidly with foreign powers, he could not escape the firm pressure of his frontier constituents. In fact the very existence of the western farmers and planters, to say nothing of handsome earnings, depended upon the navigation of the Mississippi without let or hindrance.

Down the river to New Orleans they floated their tobacco, corn, hemp, wheat, pork, and lumber for shipment to the towns on the eastern seaboard or the markets of the Old World. To them this outlet to the sea was as important as the harbor of Boston to the merchants of that metropolis. For their bulky produce, transportation over muddy roads across the mountain barrier was almost prohibitive in its cost. Tea, coffee, cloth, and nails might come to them that way but, before the age of steamboats and improved roads, farm produce had to find a less expensive and more practical route. Therefore, in their search for a livelihood, in their quest for profitable enterprise, the men on the frontier were compelled to keep open the port of New Orleans. Moreover, if their restless spirit of migration was not to be quenched forever on the east bank of the Mississippi, then their next march would carry them beyond the borders of the existing American dominion. By 1800 Kentucky had grown too civilized for Daniel Boone; and signs of the onward surge were clearly evident.

Accordingly, the frontiersmen watched with eagle eyes the fortunes of the King of Spain to whom at the close of the Seven Years' War in 1763 had fallen the prize of Louisiana. While he controlled New Orleans, there was little to fear. No doubt he resented the constant activity of Americans on the banks of the Mississippi; no doubt he grew angry when he read in the reports of his governors that these aggressive aliens looked greedily upon his untilled lands; but he was powerless to hold them in check.

In the summer of 1802 a crisis was precipitated: a royal order from Spain in July closed the port of New Orleans to American produce. Hard on the heels of this news came a confirmation of the rumor that Napoleon had really wrested Louisiana from Spain. At any time, therefore, the French flag might be raised on the American border; for a temporary lull in the European War—effected by the treaty of Amiens signed in the spring of that year—promised the Corsican an opportunity to tempt fortune next in the New World. In a few months "the scalers of the Alps and the conquerors of Venice" might appear in New Orleans, Natchez, and St. Louis. Their capacity for action was notorious.

Immediately the West was ablaze with excitement and alarm. Immediately a turbulent call to arms resounded along the frontier; expeditions were organized to prevent the landing of French troops; the legislators of Kentucky passed resolutions of protest against "invasion," pledging their lives and fortunes to sustain their rights; petitions for immediate aid flooded in upon the philosopher in the White House. Whatever his inclination, Jefferson was thus made aware that willful and irascible leaders in the West would open New Orleans by force if the federal government could not open it by negotiation.

If Jefferson's natural love of tranquillity and his affection for a strict construction of the Constitution had been ten times as great, the clamor of the West would have compelled him to act. He knew a political storm when he saw it on the horizon; so he urged his ebullient frontier constituents to restrain their ardor until he could try the resources of diplomacy.

Then he set the machinery in motion at Paris, thinking all the time of the produce dammed up at New Orleans rather than of the expansion of America in the abstract. The crisis, he evidently thought, was to be considered in terms of corn, tobacco, and bacon. "The cession of Louisiana and the Floridas by Spain to France," he wrote to Livingston, the American minister in Paris, "works sorely in the United States. It completely reverses all the political relations of the United States and will form a new epoch in our political course. . . . There is on the globe one single spot the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans through which the produce of three-eighths of our territory must pass to market." Spain might have retained it in her weakening hands for years, he went on to say, but the occupation of New Orleans by France would be a menace that could not be ignored. Thus driven by realities Jefferson instructed Livingston to sound Napoleon on the possibility of buying New Orleans and also the Florida territory east of the Mississippi—on the assumption that the latter had gone to France with the Louisiana region.

With characteristic abruptness, Napoleon decided to sell to the United States every inch of the territory so recently wrung from Spain and instructed his minister of foreign affairs to open negotiations for that purpose. A few hours later Livingston was suddenly confronted by the astounding offer of the whole Louisiana domain. For a moment he was bewildered because he had no orders authorizing him to buy an empire; but his courage being equal to the occasion, he accepted the proposal. Monroe, who appeared on the scene at this moment, added his approval; and on April 30, 1803, the treaty of cession was signed by the negotiators. According to its terms, the Louisiana Territory, as received from Spain, was to be transferred to the United States in return for $11,250,000 in six per cent bonds plus the discharge of certain claims held by American citizens against France—a purchase price amounting to $15,000,000 in all. When the deed was done Livingston exclaimed that the action would in time transform vast solitudes into flourishing communities, reduce Eng-

land from her still dominant position in American affairs, and give the United States a position of first rank among the great powers of the earth.

IV. NEW AGRICULTURAL STATES

DURING the years between the inauguration of George Washington and the retirement of James Monroe, the "agricultural interest" was enlarging its area, multiplying its adherents, and increasing its wealth. When the first President of the United States took the oath of office in Wall Street, there were thirteen states in the Union; within a little more than three decades nine new commonwealths had been erected in the Valley of the Mississippi—Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, and Missouri—and two on the outskirts of New England—Vermont and Maine. In the same eventful period the population of the country multiplied nearly three times; at its close there were more inhabitants in Kentucky and Tennessee than in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Vermont combined. With the movement of peoples and the rise of new communities went of course a westward shift in the center of political gravity.

At the end of Monroe's administration Virginia, mother of Presidents, had to yield the scepter. Four years afterward Massachusetts was also forced to abdicate when her conservative son, John Quincy Adams, who had won the palm by an accident in the grand scramble of 1824, was swept from the White House before the flood of western Democrats headed by Andrew Jackson of Tennessee. The political forces of agriculture which had driven from power Hamilton's party of finance, commerce, and industry in 1800 had now been made apparently invincible by recruits from the frontier.

No wonder the statesmen of "wealth and talents" were in despair as they read the handwriting on the wall. At the Hartford convention a decade before, the assembled Federalists had prophesied that the admission of new western states would destroy the delicate balance between the planting and the commercial sections, that the planting interest allied with the western farmers would for a time govern the country, and that finally the western states, multiplied in number and augmented in population, would control the interests of the whole. To ward off this disaster the soothsayers of calamity had then offered ingenious paper projects in the form of constitutional amendments but words could not stifle the earth hunger of the multitudes nor bar the gates to them.

Through the years the tide of migration rolled westward, leaving in its wake widespreading farms and plantations whose owners, organized in political communities, worked hard at getting and using their full share of political power in the government of the nation. And their labors were not without reward. Of the fourteen Presidents of the United States elected between the passing of John Quincy Adams and the coming of

Theodore Roosevelt, all except four were either born in the Mississippi Valley or were, as residents, from early life identified with its people and its interests.

This westward migration—far greater in volume than the invasion that peopled the hills of New England and the lowlands of Virginia—was in one respect distinguished from other significant movements of colonizing races. The English settlements of the Atlantic seaboard were established under the patronage of powerful companies or semi-feudal proprietors encompassed by the protecting arm of a strong and watchful government. In striking contrast, the movement that carried American civilization beyond the Appalachians was essentially individualistic. No doubt, land companies helped to blaze the westward way, but they were few in number and their rôle in the process of occupation was relatively unimportant, especially after the initial steps were taken. It must be conceded also that little associations of neighbors from time to time detached themselves from the older Atlantic communities and went in groups over the mountains, but their adventures, like the undertakings of corporations, were mere eddies in the swarming migration that filled the continental empire. In the main, the great West was conquered by individuals or, to speak more accurately, by families.

When pioneers from English communities on the coast first began to open paths toward the Mississippi, the western region was a wilderness in which several seaboard colonies had conflicting legal rights under charters and grants from kings of England. Though the claimants, for many reasons, including the royal proclamation of 1763 closing the frontier to easy settlement, did little to develop their estate, its value was appreciated, if not by the commonalty, at least by statesmen and by investors with an eye to fortunate land speculations.

By no accident, accordingly, on the outbreak of the Revolution, George Rogers Clark, at the head of an armed expedition, was dispatched into the West for the purpose of wresting from the Ohio country the grip of England. As contemplated, the stroke was effective. While negotiating the treaty of peace with Great Britain at the close of the war for independence, the American delegation was able to clinch the achievement by fixing the western boundary of the United States at the Mississippi River.

Meanwhile, a lively contest arose in America over the fruits of victory. The politicians in control of the states that had claims, good and bad, naturally wanted to direct the disposal of the western lands and to recoup from that source at least some of the expenses of the struggle against Britain. But the politicians in other states, bitterly resenting this monopoly, declared that the Northwest had been won by common sacrifices and demanded equal shares in the fruits of victory. Finally, after much wrangling the principle of national ownership was adopted and the several claimants, sometimes with specific reservations, ceded their holdings to the United States.

The government to which this huge domain was transferred, namely, the Congress created by the Articles of Confederation, though too feeble to execute any grand plan of colonization, prepared the way for individual and corporate action by creating some of the conditions necessary to effective occupation. By two remarkable ordinances enacted in 1784 and 1785 it set momentous precedents for the Northwest Territory.

In the first of these decrees the Congress enunciated the fateful principle that the territories to be organized in the West should be ultimately admitted to the Union as states enjoying all the rights and privileges of the older commonwealths—not kept in the position of provinces in another Roman Empire ruled by pro-consuls from the capital. The second ordinance made provision for the official surveys which were to carve out farms, towns, counties, and states on a rectangular, or checker-board, pattern. With respect to actual settlement the Congress also arranged for the sale of lands so that pioneers and speculators could acquire holdings by lawful procedure and acquire titles of unimpeachable validity.

The rolling tide of migration that swept across the mountains and down the valleys, spreading out through the forests and over the prairies, advanced in successive waves. In the vanguard was the man with the rifle—grim, silent, and fearless. He loved the pathless forest, dense and solitary, carpeted by the fallen leaves of a thousand years and fretted by the sunlight that poured through the Gothic arches of the trees, where the wild beast slunk through the shadows, where the occasional crash of a falling branch boomed like thunder, and where the camp fire at night flared up into the darkness of knitted boughs as the flaming candles on the altar of a cathedral cast their rays high into the traceries of the vaulted roof.

Unsocial as the rifleman was in his hunting habits, he generally had a family on or near the frontier. With the aid of his wife and children, he threw up a rude shelter, often open on one side like the cabin in which Lincoln's mother died. He girdled and killed a few trees near by and laid a rail fence around his lot. There the family planted a "truck patch" of corn, beans, turnips, cabbage, and potatoes. While the hunter was searching for game in the forests or fishing in some neighboring stream, the wife and children vigorously hoed among the tangled roots and tough grasses of the garden. When autumn came the crops were harvested; the corn was stored in a rough crib; the cabbages, turnips, and potatoes, bedded in straw, were buried in great mounds from which the winter's supply could be taken. Wood for the big fireplace of sticks and clay came from the forest's edge. In all its phases the mode of living was crude but it was far removed even so from the depths of primitive culture.

In the wake of the man with a rifle came the seekers of permanent homes. In the Northwest, and usually in the Southwest, the leader in this next phase of occupation was the man with a plow, or, to speak more correctly, the family with established habits of domestic economy—the farming group who understood and loved the steady and sober industry

of the field, the housewife who was a mistress of the thousand arts that created comfort, security, and refinement, and the rollicking children who made the frontier ring with merriment and who helped to enrich their parents as they grew in years. Immigrants of this type soon built a fourth side to their abode and set in glass windows; within a short time they substituted well-constructed frame or brick dwellings for their first log cabins. They cleared broad acres for tilling and combined with their neighbors to open roads through the woods, fling rude bridges across streams, and build churches and schoolhouses.

As the settlements of the county expanded into compact farms they made provision for local government, erecting a courthouse and log jail and choosing officers to administer rough and ready justice in civil and criminal cases. Before the first generation was ready to surrender to the children, the county seat had usually grown into a thriving village where, as a traveler through the Ohio country in 1836 declared, "broadcloths, silks, leghorns, crapes, and all the refinements, luxuries, elegancies, frivolities, and fashions are in vogue." A few of the more ingenious men developed into manufacturers and millers on a small scale; business enterprise with all its implications commenced.

To the south of the Ohio River, the settlers who followed the hunters were generally white farmers, akin in spirit and purpose to those who peopled the Northwest Territory. But close behind these home builders, especially into the wider valleys and broader plains, came masters with their slaves, buying up, uniting, and enlarging the holdings of their forerunners. In this way one of the distinctions that marked the old South from the Northwest was widely carried into the lower Mississippi Valley. Though, as southern observers were wont to say, western masters were shrewder and less punctilious than the grand gentlemen of the Virginia and Carolina lowlands, they were all united by ties of common interest, particularly on points touching their "peculiar institution."

The economy of the new West, essentially agricultural, rested mainly upon a system of freehold farms. In the lower Mississippi Valley and in the Missouri country, it is true, the planters with their slaves early pushed out toward the frontier; but in large sections of Alabama, Tennessee, and Kentucky, and all through the Northwest Territory, where slavery was forbidden, the small farmer reigned supreme. In this immense domain sprang up a social order without marked class or caste, a society of people substantially equal in worldly goods, deriving their livelihood from one prime source—labor with their own hands on the soil.

For a long time there were in that vast region no merchant princes such as governed Philadelphia and Boston, no powerful land-owning class comparable to the masters of Hudson Valley manors. Even the slave owners of the gulf states, though sometimes richer than their brethren on the seaboard, were many years in acquiring the magnificent pretensions that characterized the gentry of Virginia and South Carolina. Sugar makers and cotton growers of the Southwest gave their section no Wash-

ingtons, Randolphs, Madisons, and Monroes. Jefferson Davis belonged to the second generation of Mississippi planters and by the time he grew to manhood his class was marching swiftly to its doom.

V. THE APPROACH OF THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT

HAD the economic systems of the North and the South remained static or changed slowly without effecting immense dislocations in the social structure, the balance of power might have been maintained indefinitely by repeating the compensatory tactics of 1787, 1820, 1833, and 1850; keeping in this manner the inherent antagonisms within the bounds of diplomacy. But nothing was stable in the economy of the United States or in the moral sentiments associated with its diversities.

Within each section of the country, the necessities of the productive system were generating portentous results. The periphery of the industrial vortex of the Northeast was daily enlarging, agriculture in the Northwest was being steadily supplemented by manufacturing, and the area of virgin soil open to exploitation by planters was diminishing with rhythmic regularity—shifting with mechanical precision the weights which statesmen had to adjust in their efforts to maintain the equilibrium of peace. Within each of the three sections also occurred an increasing intensity of social concentration as railways, the telegraph, and the press made travel and communication cheap and almost instantaneous, facilitating the centripetal process that was drawing people of similar economic status and parallel opinions into coöperative activities. Finally the intellectual energies released by accumulating wealth and growing leisure—stimulated by the expansion of the reading public and the literary market—developed with deepened accuracy the word-patterns of the current social persuasions, contributing with galvanic effect to the consolidation of identical groupings.

The fact that free-soil advocates waged war only on slavery in the territories was to Jefferson Davis conclusive proof of an underlying conspiracy against agriculture. He professed more respect for the abolitionist than for the free-soiler. The former, he said, is dominated by an honest conviction that slavery is wrong everywhere and that all men ought to be free; the latter does not assail slavery in the states—he merely wishes to abolish it in the territories that are in due course to be admitted to the Union.

With challenging directness, Davis turned upon his opponents in the Senate and charged them with using slavery as a blind to delude the unwary: "What do you propose, gentlemen of the Free-Soil party? Do you propose to better the condition of the slave? Not at all. What then do you propose? You say you are opposed to the expansion of slavery. . . . Is the slave to be benefited by it? Not at all. It is not humanity that influences you in the position which you now occupy before the coun-

try. . . . It is that you may have an opportunity of cheating us that you want to limit slave territory within circumscribed bounds. It is that you may have a majority in the Congress of the United States and convert the Government into an engine of northern aggrandizement. It is that your section may grow in power and prosperity upon treasures unjustly taken from the South, like the vampire bloated and gorged with the blood which it has secretly sucked from its victim . . . You desire to weaken the political power of the southern states; and why? Because you want, by an unjust system of legislation, to promote the industry of the New England states, at the expense of the people of the South and their industry."

Such in the mind of Jefferson Davis, fated to be president of the Confederacy, was the real purpose of the party which sought to prohibit slavery in the territories; that party did not declare slavery to be a moral disease calling for the severe remedy of the surgeon; it merely sought to keep bondage out of the new states as they came into the Union—with one fundamental aim in view, namely, to gain political ascendancy in the government of the United States and fasten upon the country an economic policy that meant the exploitation of the South for the benefit of northern capitalism.

But the planters were after all fighting against the census returns, as the phrase of the day ran current. The amazing growth of northern industries, the rapid extension of railways, the swift expansion of foreign trade to the ends of the earth, the attachment of the farming regions of the West to the centers of manufacture and finance through transportation and credit, the destruction of state consciousness by migration, the alien invasion, the erection of new commonwealths in the Valley of Democracy, the nationalistic drive of interstate commerce, the increase of population in the North, and the southward pressure of the capitalistic glacier all conspired to assure the ultimate triumph of what the orators were fond of calling "the free labor system." This was a dynamic thrust far too powerful for planters operating in a limited territory with incompetent labor on soil of diminishing fertility. Those who swept forward with it, exulting in the approaching triumph of machine industry, warned the planters of their ultimate subjection.

Seward knew from experience that a political party was no mere platonic society engaged in discussing abstractions. "A party," he said, "is in one sense a joint stock association, in which those who contribute most direct the action and management of the concern. The slaveholders contributing in an overwhelming proportion to the capital strength of the Democratic party, they necessarily dictate and prescribe its policy. The inevitable caucus system enables them to do this with a show of fairness and justice." This class of slaveholders, consisting of only three hundred and forty-seven thousand persons, Seward went on to say, was spread from the banks of the Delaware to the banks of the Rio Grande; it possessed nearly all the real estate in that section, owned more than three million other "persons" who were denied all civil and political rights, and

inhibited "freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of the ballot box, freedom of education, freedom of literature, and freedom of popular assemblies. . . . The slaveholding class has become the governing power in each of the slaveholding states and it practically chooses thirty of the sixty-two members of the Senate, ninety of the two hundred and thirty-three members of the House of Representatives, and one hundred and five of the two hundred and ninety-five electors of the President and Vice-President of the United States."

Becoming still more concrete, Seward accused the President of being "a confessed apologist of the slave-property class." Examining the composition of the Senate, he found the slave-owning group in possession of all the important committees. Peering into the House of Representatives he discovered no impregnable bulwark of freedom there. Nor did respect for judicial ermine compel him to spare the Supreme Court. With irony he exclaimed: "How fitting does the proclamation of its opening close with the invocation: 'God save the United States and this honorable court. . . .' The court consists of a chief justice and eight associate justices. Of these five were called from slave states and four from free states. The opinions and bias of each of them were carefully considered by the President and Senate when he was appointed. Not one of them was found wanting in soundness of politics, according to the slaveholder's exposition of the Constitution, and those who were called from the free states were even more distinguished in that respect than their brethren from the slaveholding states."

Having described the gigantic operating structure of the slavocracy, Seward drew with equal power a picture of the opposing system founded on "free labor." He surveyed the course of economy in the North—the growth of industry, the spread of railways, the swelling tide of European immigration, and the westward roll of free farmers—rounding out the country, knitting it together, bringing "these antagonistic systems" continually into closer contact. Then he uttered those fateful words which startled conservative citizens from Maine to California—words of prophecy which proved to be brutally true—"the irrepressible conflict."

This inexorable clash, he said, was not "accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators and therefore ephemeral." No. "It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces." The hopes of those who sought peace by appealing to slave owners to reform themselves were as chaff in a storm. "How long and with what success have you waited already for that reformation? Did any property class ever so reform itself? Did the patricians in old Rome, the noblesse or clergy in France? The landholders in Ireland? The landed aristocracy in England? Does the slaveholding class even seek to beguile you with such a hope? Has it not become rapacious, arrogant, defiant?" All attempts at compromise were "vain and ephemeral." There was accordingly but one supreme task before the people of the United States—the task of confounding and overthrowing "by one decisive blow the betrayers of the Constitution and

freedom forever." In uttering this indictment, this prophecy soon to be fulfilled with such appalling accuracy, Seward stepped beyond the bounds of cautious politics and read himself out of the little group of men who were eligible for the Republican nomination in 1860.

Given an irrepressible conflict which could be symbolized in such unmistakable patterns by competent interpreters of opposing factions, a transfer of the issues from the forum to the field, from the conciliation of diplomacy to the decision of arms was bound to come. Each side obdurately bent upon its designs and convinced of its rectitude, by the fulfillment of its wishes precipitated events and effected distributions of power that culminated finally in the tragedy foretold by Seward. Those Democrats who operated on historic knowledge rather than on prophetic insight, recalling how many times the party of Hamilton had been crushed at elections, remembering how the Whigs had never been able to carry the country on a clean-cut Webster-Clay program, and counting upon the continued support of a huge array of farmers and mechanics marshaled behind the planters, imagined apparently that politics—viewed as the science of ballot enumeration—could resolve the problems of power raised by the maintenance of the Union.

And in this opinion they were confirmed by the outcome of the presidential campaign in 1852, when the Whigs, with General Winfield Scott, a hero of the Mexican war, at their head, were thoroughly routed by the Democratic candidate, General Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire. Indeed the verdict of the people was almost savage, for Pierce carried every state but four, receiving 254 out of 296 electoral votes. The Free-Soil party that branded slavery as a crime and called for its prohibition in the territories scarcely made a ripple, polling only 156,000 out of more than three million votes, a figure below the record set in the previous campaign.

With the Whigs beaten and the Free-Soilers evidently a dwindling handful of negligible critics, exultant Democrats took possession of the Executive offices and Congress, inspired by a firm belief that their tenure was secure. Having won an overwhelming victory on a definite tariff for revenue and pro-slavery program, they acted as if the party of Hamilton was for all practical purposes as powerless as the little band of abolitionist agitators. At the succeeding election in 1856 they again swept the country —this time with James Buchanan of Pennsylvania as their candidate. Though his triumph was not as magisterial as that of Pierce it was great enough to warrant a conviction that the supremacy of the Democratic party could not be broken at the polls.

During these eight years of tenure, a series of events occurred under Democratic auspices, which clinched the grasp of the planting interest upon the country and produced a correlative consolidation of the opposition. One line of development indicated an indefinite extension of the slave area; another the positive withdrawal of all government support from industrial and commercial enterprise. The first evidence of the new course came in the year immediately following the inauguration of Pierce.

In 1854, Congress defiantly repealed the Missouri Compromise and threw open to slavery the vast section of the Louisiana Purchase which had been closed to it by the covenant adopted more than three decades before. On the instant came a rush of slavery champions from Missouri into Kansas determined to bring it into the southern sphere of influence. Not content with the conquest of the forbidden West, filibustering parties under pro-slavery leaders attempted to seize Cuba and Nicaragua and three American ministers abroad flung out to the world a flaming proclamation, known as the "Ostend Manifesto," which declared that the United States would be justified in wresting Cuba from Spain by force—acts of imperial aggression which even the Democratic administration in Washington felt constrained to repudiate.

Crowning the repeal of the Missouri Compromise came two decisions of the Supreme Court giving sanction to the expansion of slavery in America and assuring high protection for that peculiar institution even in the North. In the Dred Scott case decided in March, 1857, Chief Justice Taney declared in effect that the Missouri Compromise had been void from the beginning and that Congress had no power under the Constitution to prohibit slavery in the territories of the United States anywhere at any time. This legal triumph for the planting interest was followed in 1859 by another decision in which the Supreme Court upheld the fugitive slave law and all the drastic procedure provided for its enforcement. To the frightened abolitionists it seemed that only one more step was needed to make freedom unconstitutional throughout the country.

These extraordinary measures on behalf of slavery were accompanied by others that touched far more vitally economic interests in the North. In 1859, the last of the subsidies for trans-Atlantic steamship companies was ordered discontinued by Congress. In 1857, the tariff was again reduced, betraying an unmistakable drift of the nation toward free trade. In support of this action, the representatives of the South and Southwest were almost unanimous and they gathered into their fold a large number of New England congressmen on condition that no material reductions should be made in duties on cotton goods. On the other hand, the Middle States and the West offered a large majority against tariff reduction so that the division was symptomatic.

Immediately after the new revenue law went into effect an industrial panic burst upon the country, spreading distress among businessmen and free laborers. While that tempest was running high, the paper money anarchy let loose by the Democrats reached the acme of virulence as the notes of wildcat banks flooded the West and South and financial institutions crashed in every direction, fifty-one failing in Indiana alone within a period of five years. Since all hope of reviving Hamilton's system of finance had been buried, those who believed that a sound currency was essential to national prosperity were driven to the verge of desperation. On top of these economic calamities came Buchanan's veto of the Homestead bill which the impatient agrarians had succeeded in getting through

Congress in a compromise form—an act of presidential independence which angered the farmers and mechanics who regarded the national domain as their own inheritance.

To this confusion in party affairs, the intellectual and religious ferment of the age added troublesome factional disputes. A temperance element, strong enough to carry prohibition in a few states, was giving the politicians anxiety in national campaigns. A still more formidable cabal, the Know Nothing, or American Party, sprang up in the current opposition to foreigners, the papacy, infidelity, and socialism. Combining the functions of a party and a fraternal order, it nominated candidates for office and adopted secret rites, dark mysteries, grips, and passwords which gave it an atmosphere of uncertain vitality. Members were admitted by solemn ceremony into full fellowship with "The Supreme Order of the Star-spangled Banner," whose "daily horror and nightly specter was the pope." When asked about their principles, they replied mysteriously: "I know nothing." Appealing to deep-seated emotions, this movement showed strength in many localities and was only dissolved by the smashing energy of more momentous issues.

The signal for a general realignment of factions and parties was given by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill of 1854 repealing the Missouri Compromise. In fact, while that measure was pending in Congress a coalescing movement was to be observed: northern Whigs persuaded that their old party was moribund, Democrats weary of planting dominance, and free-soilers eager to exclude slavery from the territories began to draw together to resist the advance of the planting power. In February of that year, a number of Whigs and Democrats assembled at Ripon, Wisconsin, and resolved that a new party must be formed if the bill passed.

When the expected event occurred, the Ripon insurgents created a fusion committee and chose the name "Republican" as the title of their young political association. In July, a Michigan convention composed of kindred elements demanded the repeal of the Kansas-Nebraska act, the repeal of the fugitive slave law, and the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. This convention also agreed to postpone all differences "with regard to political economy or administrative policy" and stay in the field as a "Republican" party until the struggle against slavery extension was finished. All over the country similar meetings were mustered and the local cells of the new national party rose into being. Meanwhile the old Whigs who wanted peace and prosperity were floating about looking for any drifting wreckage that might hold them above the waves.

As the election of 1856 approached, the Republicans made ready to enter the national field. After a preliminary conference at Pittsburgh, they held a national convention at Philadelphia and nominated for the presidency, John C. Frémont, the Western explorer, a son-in-law of Benton, the faithful Jacksonian Democrat. In their platform they made the exclusion of slavery from the territories—and of necessity its economic and

political implications—the paramount issue. So restricted, the platform offered no prizes to regular Whigs, no tariff, banking, or currency reforms; rather did it appeal to the farmers of the Jeffersonian school—men who were not slave owners and did not expect to enter that class, men who were determined to keep slavery out of the territories and to make the federal domain an estate for free farmers.

Lest there be some misunderstanding, they made it clear throughout their campaign that they were not trying to revive the Federalist or the Whig party. They were conscious of the fact that the name "Republican" of which they boasted was the device chosen by Jefferson for his embattled farmers and used by his followers until they fell under the sway of Jackson. "There is not a plank in our platform," exclaimed one of the Republican orators from Wisconsin before the great accommodation of 1860, "which does not conform to the principles of Jefferson; the man who, of all others, has ever been regarded as the true representative of the Republican party of this country. He was its representative in the Congress of 1776. He was its leader and representative in 1800; he was its true representative in 1812; he is the true representative of the Republican party to-day. We stand, Sir, upon his doctrines and we fight for his principles. We stand upon no sectional platform; we present no sectional issues . . . and we are coming to take possession of this government, to administer it for the whole country, North and South; and suffer monopolists neither of the North or the South to control its administration and so shape its action as to subserve the interests of the aristocratic few." On this platform those who opposed the plutocracy of the East and the planting aristocracy of the South could easily unite.

Replying to the Republican challenge the Democratic organization granted to its pro-slavery wing almost every demand. In its platform of 1856 it reiterated as a matter of course its fixed agricultural creed: no protective tariffs, no national banks, no industrial subsidies, and no Hamiltonian devices. It then commended the bargain of 1850, endorsed slavery as an institution, approved the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and proposed that the new states to be admitted to the Union should come in with or without slavery as their constitutions might provide. In exchange the northern wing received honorific compensation in the nomination of James Buchanan of Pennsylvania. The South thus got the platform; the North, the candidate.

Defied by the Democrats in front and menaced by the Republicans on the left, the old Whigs, who hated the bother of slavery agitation and merely wanted to get government support for business enterprise, were sorely perplexed. They saw their southern brethren drawn away by the Democratic gift of the Kansas-Nebraska bill and yet they could not find in the Republican platform a promise of protection for industry or a pledge of currency reform. On the face of things, a combination with either of these political associations was impossible and so the Whigs decided to tempt the fates again and alone. At a convention held in Balti-

more, they condemned "geographical parties," expressed a reverence for the Constitution and the Union, and nominated Millard Fillmore, a man "eminent for his calm and pacific temperament." As Fillmore had already been blessed by the American, or Know Nothing, party, there was some prospect of effecting a formidable bloc under his leadership.

When the votes were counted in the autumn of 1856, it was clear that a great majority of the people were opposed to anti-slavery agitation in every form. Not only was Buchanan elected by a safe margin on a strong slavery program; he and Fillmore together polled nearly three million votes against less than half that figure cast for Frémont. In other words, Garrison had been at work for a quarter of a century when, by a decision of more than two to one, even the mildest plank in the anti-slavery platform was overwhelmingly repudiated by the country at large. Still Frémont's poll revealed an immense gain in the number of free-soilers as compared with their trivial strength at previous contests, demonstrating in a striking manner that the fight for the possession of the territories, with all it implied in terms of political and economic power at Washington, could not be avoided. Especially did it show the Whigs that they would have to work out a new combination of forces if they expected to get business enterprise on an even keel again.

Fortunately for them, the way to the solution of their problem was pointed out by the election returns: Fillmore had received 874,000 votes, a number which, added to Frémont's total, would have elected a candidate. Given these figures, the question of how to unite free-soil farmers and timid apostles of prosperity became therefore the supreme issue before the political leaders who took their bearings after the storm of 1856 in the hope of finding some method of ousting the Democrats at the next tourney. Neither group could win without the other; the union of either with the planting aristocracy was impossible. Obviously an accommodation—a readjustment of the balance of power—and the right kind of candidate offered to Whigs and free-soil Republicans the only assurance of ultimate victory.

All the while the conflict was growing more furious. Advocates of protection, taking advantage of the panic which followed the tariff revision, organized a stirring campaign to wean workingmen from their allegiance to a free-trade Democracy. Advocates of a sound currency protested against the depreciated notes and the wildcat banks that spread ruin through all sections of the land. The abolitionists maintained their fusillade, Garrison and Phillips, despite their pessimism, resting neither day nor night. Going beyond the bounds of mere agitation, the slavery faction of Missouri in its grim determination to conquer Kansas for bondage and northern abolitionists in their equally firm resolve to seize it for freedom convulsed the country by bloody deeds and then by bloody reprisals. In a powerful oration, "The Crime against Kansas," done in classical style but bristling with abuse of the slavery party, Charles Sumner threw Congress into a tumult in 1856 and provided a text for the free-

soilers laboring to wrest the government from the planting interest. Before the public excitement caused by this speech had died away, the attention of the nation was arrested by a series of debates between Lincoln and Douglas held in Illinois in 1858—debates which set forth in clear and logical form the program for excluding slavery from the territories and the squatter-sovereignty scheme for letting the inhabitants decide the issue for themselves.

Then came the appalling climax in 1859 when John Brown, after a stormy career in Kansas, tried to kindle a servile insurrection in the South. In the spring of that year, Brown attended an anti-slavery convention from which he went away muttering: "These men are all talk; what we need is action—action!" Collecting a few daring comrades he made a raid into Harper's Ferry for the purpose of starting a slave rebellion. Though his efforts failed, though he was quickly executed as a "traitor to Virginia," the act of violence rocked the continent from sea to sea.

In vain did the Republicans try to treat it as the mere work of a fanatic and denounce it as "among the gravest of crimes." In vain did Lincoln attempt to minimize it as an absurd adventure that resulted in nothing noteworthy except the death of Brown. It resounded through the land with the clangor of an alarm bell, aggravating the jangling nerves of a people already excited by fears of a race war and continued disturbances over the seizure of slaves under the fugitive slave act—disorders which sometimes assumed the form of menacing riots.

The turmoil in the country naturally found sharp echoes in the halls of Congress. Buchanan's policy of aiding the slavery party in its efforts to get possession of Kansas and the taunting action of the free-soilers in their determination to save it for liberty, gave abundant occasions for debates that grew more and more acrimonious. Indeed the factions in Congress were now almost at swords' points, passion in argument and gesture becoming the commonplace of the day.

When Senator Sumner made a vehement verbal attack on Senator Butler of South Carolina in 1856, Preston Brooks, a Representative from the same state and a relative of the latter, replied in terms of physical force, catching Sumner unawares and beating his victim senseless with a heavy cane. Though the act was not strictly chivalrous—for Sumner, wedged in between his chair and his desk, could not defend himself—admiring South Carolinians gave Brooks a grand banquet and presented him with a new cane bearing the words: "Use knockdown arguments." On both sides of the Senate chamber all the arts of diplomacy were discarded, and the meanest weapons of personal abuse brought into play. Douglas called Sumner a perjurer who spat forth malignity upon his colleagues. The prim, proud Senator from Massachusetts, conscious of possessing a mellow culture, replied by likening Douglas to a "noisome, squat and nameless animal" that filled the Senate with an offensive odor. Things were even worse in the lower house. Without exaggeration did Jefferson Davis exclaim that members of Congress were more like the

agents of belligerent states than men assembled in the interest of common welfare—an utterance that was startlingly accurate—born of prophetic certainty. Every shocking incident on the one side only consolidated the forces on the other. By 1860 leaders of the planting interest had worked out in great detail their economic and political scheme—their ultimatum to the serried opposition—and embodied it in many official documents.

In brief, the federal government was to do nothing for business enterprise while the planting interest was to be assured the possession of enough political power to guarantee it against the reënactment of the Hamilton-Webster program. Incidentally the labor system of the planting interest was not to be criticized and all runaway property was to be returned. Anything short of this was, in the view of the planting statesmen, "subversive of the Constitution."

The meaning of the ultimatum was not to be mistaken. It was a demand upon the majority of the people to surrender unconditionally for all time to the minority stockholders under the Constitution. It offered nothing to capitalism but capitulation; to the old Whigs of the South nothing but submission. Finally—and this was its revolutionary phase—it called upon the farmers and mechanics who had formed the bulk of Jacksonian Democracy in the North to acknowledge the absolute sovereignty of the planting interest. Besides driving a wedge into the nation, the conditions laid down by the planters also split the Democratic party itself into two factions.

During the confusion in the Democratic ranks, the Republicans, in high glee over the quarrels of the opposition, held their convention in Chicago—a sectional gathering except for representatives from five slave states. Among its delegates the spirit of opposition to slavery extension, which had inspired the party assembly four years before, was still evident but enthusiasm on that ticklish subject was neutralized by the prudence of the practical politicians who, sniffing victory in the air, had rushed to the new tent. Whigs, whose affections were centered on Hamilton's program rather than on Garrison's scheme of salvation, were to be seen on the floor. Advocates of a high protective tariff and friends of free homesteads for mechanics and farmers now mingled with the ardent opponents of slavery in the territories. With their minds fixed on the substance of things sought for, the partisans of caution were almost able to prevent the convention from indorsing the Declaration of Independence. Still they were in favor of restricting the area of slavery; they had no love for the institution and its spread helped to fasten the grip of the planting interest on the government at Washington. So the Republican convention went on record in favor of liberty for the territories, free homesteads for farmers, a protective tariff, and a Pacific railway. As the platform was read, the cheering became especially loud and prolonged when the homestead and tariff planks were reached. Such at least is the testimony of the stenographic report.

Since this declaration of principles was well fitted to work a union of

forces, it was essential that the candidate should not divide them. The protective plank would doubtless line up the good old Whigs of the East but tender consideration had to be shown to the Ohio Valley, original home of Jacksonian Democracy, where national banks, tariffs, and other "abominations" still frightened the wary. Without Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, the Republican managers could not hope to win and they knew that the lower counties of these states were filled with settlers from the slave belt who had no love for the "money power," abolition, or anything that savored of them. In such circumstances Seward, idol of the Whig wing, was no man to offer that section; he was too radical on the slavery issue and too closely associated with "high finance" in addition. "If you do not nominate Seward, where will you get your money?" was the blunt question put by Seward's loyal supporters at Chicago. The question was pertinent but not fatal.

Given this confluence of problems, a man close to the soil of the West was better suited to the requirements of the hour than a New York lawyer with somewhat fastidious tastes, obviously backed by fat purses. The available candidate was Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. Born in Kentucky, he was of southern origin. A son of poor frontier parents, self-educated, a pioneer who in his youth had labored in field and forest, he appealed to the voters of the backwoods. Still by an uncanny genius for practical affairs, he had forged his way to the front as a shrewd lawyer and politician. In his debates with Douglas he had shown himself able to cope with one of the foremost leaders in the Democratic party. On the tariff, bank, currency, and homestead issues he was sound. A local railway attorney, he was trusted among businessmen.

On the slavery question Lincoln's attitude was firm but conservative. He disliked slavery and frankly said so; yet he was not an abolitionist and he saw no way in which the institution could be uprooted. On the contrary, he favored enforcing the fugitive slave law and he was not prepared to urge even the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. His declaration that a house divided against itself could not stand had been counterbalanced by an assertion that the country would become all free or all slave—a creed which any southern planter could have indorsed. Seward's radical doctrine that there was a "higher law" than the Constitution, dedicating the territories to freedom, received from the Illinois lawyer disapproval, not commendation.

Nevertheless Lincoln was definite and positive in his opinion that slavery should not be permitted in the territories. That was necessary to satisfy the minimum demands of the anti-slavery faction and incidentally it pleased those Whigs of the North who at last realized that no Hamiltonian program could be pushed through Congress if the planting interest secured a supremacy, or indeed held an equal share of power, in the Union. Evidently Lincoln was the man of the hour: his heritage was correct, his principles were sound, his sincerity was unquestioned, and his ability as a speaker commanded the minds and hearts of his auditors. He

sent word to his friends at Chicago that, although he did not indorse Seward's higher-law doctrine, he agreed with him on the irrepressible conflict. The next day Lincoln was nominated amid huzzas from ten thousand lusty throats.

A large fraction of Whigs and some fragments of the Know Nothing, or American, party, foreseeing calamity in the existing array of interests, tried to save the day by an appeal to lofty sentiments without any definitions. Assuming the name of Constitutional Unionists and boasting that they represented the "intelligence and respectability of the South" as well as the lovers of the national idea everywhere, they held a convention at Baltimore and nominated John Bell of Tennessee and Edward Everett of Massachusetts for President and Vice-President. In the platform they invited their countrymen to forget all divisions and "support the Constitution of the country, the union of the states, and the enforcement of the laws." It was an overture of old men—men who had known and loved Webster and Clay and who shrank with horror from agitations that threatened to end in bloodshed and revolution—a plea for the maintenance of the status quo against the whims of a swiftly changing world.

A spirited campaign followed the nomination of four candidates for the presidency on four different platforms. Huge campaign funds were raised and spent. Besides pursuing the usual strategy of education, the Republicans resorted to parades and the other spectacular features that had distinguished the log-cabin crusade of General Harrison's year. Emulating the discretion of the Hero of Tippecanoe, Lincoln maintained a judicious silence at Springfield while his champions waged his battles for him, naturally tempering their orations to the requirements of diverse interests. They were fully conscious, as a Republican paper in Philadelphia put it, that "Frémont had tried running on the slavery issue and lost." So while they laid stress on it in many sections, they widened their appeal.

In the West, a particular emphasis was placed on free homesteads and the Pacific railway. With a keen eye for competent strategy, Carl Schurz carried the campaign into Missouri where he protested with eloquence against the action of the slave power in denying "the laboring man the right to acquire property in the soil by his labor" and made a special plea for the German vote on the ground that the free land was to be opened to aliens who declared their intention of becoming American citizens. Discovering that the homestead question was "the greatest issue in the West," Horace Greeley used it to win votes in the East. Agrarians and labor reformers renewed the slogan: "Vote yourself a farm."

In Pennsylvania and New Jersey, protection for iron and steel was the great subject of discussion. Curtin, the Republican candidate for governor in the former state, said not a word about abolishing slavery in his ratification speech but spoke with feeling on "the vast heavings of the heart of Pennsylvania whose sons are pining for protection to their labor and their dearest interests." Warming to his theme, he exclaimed: "This

is a contest involving protection and the rights of labor. . . . If you desire to become vast and great, protect the manufactures of Philadelphia. . . . All hail, liberty! All hail, freedom! freedom to the white man! All hail freedom general as the air we breathe!" In a fashion after Curtin's own heart, the editor of the Philadelphia American and Gazette, surveying the canvass at the finish, repudiated the idea that "any sectional aspect of the slavery question" was up for decision and declared that the great issues were protection for industry, "economy in the conduct of the government, homesteads for settlers on the public domain, retrenchment and accountability in the public expenditures, appropriation for rivers and harbors, a Pacific railroad, the admission of Kansas, and a radical reform in the government."

With a kindred appreciation of practical matters, Seward bore the standard through the North and West. Fully conversant with the Webster policy of commercial expansion in the Pacific and knowing well the political appeal of Manifest Destiny, he proclaimed the future of the American empire—assuring his auditors that in due time American outposts would be pushed along the northwest coast to the Arctic Ocean, that Canada would be gathered into our glorious Union, that the Latin-American republics reorganized under our benign influence would become parts of this magnificent confederation, that the ancient Aztec metropolis, Mexico City, would eventually become the capital of the United States, and that America and Russia, breaking their old friendship, would come to grips in the Far East—"in regions where civilization first began." All this was involved in the election of Lincoln and the triumph of the Republican party. Webster and Cushing and Perry had not wrought in vain.

The three candidates opposed to Lincoln scored points wherever they could. Douglas took the stump with his usual vigor and declaimed to throngs in nearly every state. Orators of the Breckinridge camp, believing that their extreme views were sound everywhere, invaded the North. Bell's champions spoke with dignity and warmth about the dangers inherent in all unwise departures from the past, about the perils of the sectional quarrel. When at length the ballots were cast and counted, it was found that the foes of slavery agitation had carried the country by an overwhelming majority. Their combined vote was a million ahead of Lincoln's total; the two Democratic factions alone, to say nothing of Bell's six hundred thousand followers, outnumbered the Republican army. But in the division and uproar of the campaign Lincoln, even so, had won the Presidency; he was the choice of a minority—a sectional minority at that—but under the terms of the Constitution, he was entitled to the scepter at Washington.

VI. THE SECOND AMERICAN REVOLUTION

IN THE spring of 1861 the full force of the irrepressible conflict burst upon the hesitant and bewildered nation and for four long years the clash of arms filled the land with its brazen clangor. For four long years the anguish, the calamities, and the shocks of the struggle absorbed the energies of the multitudes, blared in the headlines of the newspapers, and loomed impressively in the minds of the men and women who lived and suffered in that age. The agony of it hung like a pall over the land. And yet with strange swiftness the cloud was lifted and blown away. Merciful grass spread its green mantle over the cruel scars and the gleaming red splotches sank into the hospitable earth.

It was then that the economist and lawyer, looking more calmly on the scene, discovered that the armed conflict had been only one phase of the cataclysm, a transitory phase; that at bottom the so-called Civil War, or the War between the States, in the light of Roman analogy, was a social war, ending in the unquestioned establishment of a new power in the government, making vast changes in the arrangement of classes, in the accumulation and distribution of wealth, in the course of industrial development, and in the Constitution inherited from the Fathers. Merely by the accidents of climate, soil, and geography was it a sectional struggle. If the planting interest had been scattered evenly throughout the industrial region, had there been a horizontal rather than a perpendicular cleavage, the irrepressible conflict would have been resolved by other methods and accompanied by other logical defense mechanisms.

In any event neither accident nor rhetoric should be allowed to obscure the intrinsic character of that struggle. If the operations by which the middle classes of England broke the power of the king and the aristocracy are to be known collectively as the Puritan Revolution, if the series of acts by which the bourgeois and peasants of France overthrew the king, nobility, and clergy is to be called the French Revolution, then accuracy compels us to characterize by the same term the social cataclysm in which the capitalists, laborers, and farmers of the North and West drove from power in the national government the planting aristocracy of the South. Viewed under the light of universal history, the fighting was a fleeting incident; the social revolution was the essential, portentous outcome.

To be sure the battles and campaigns of the epoch are significant to the military strategist; the tragedy and heroism of the contest furnish inspiration to patriots and romance to the makers of epics. But the core of the vortex lay elsewhere. It was in the flowing substance of things limned by statistical reports on finance, commerce, capital, industry, railways, and agriculture, by provisions of constitutional law, and by the pages of statute books—prosaic muniments which show that the so-called

civil war was in reality a Second American Revolution and in a strict sense, the First.

The physical combat that punctuated the conflict merely hastened the inevitable. As was remarked at the time, the South was fighting against the census returns—census returns that told of accumulating industrial capital, multiplying captains of industry, expanding railway systems, widening acres tilled by free farmers. Once the planting and the commercial states, as the Fathers with faithful accuracy described them, had been evenly balanced; by 1860 the balance was gone.

A few days after Lincoln's election, namely, on November 10, the state legislature of South Carolina, without a dissenting voice, called a popular convention to choose the course appropriate to the emergency. In December the convention met in a thrill of excitement. The galleries and lobbies of the assembly hall were crowded with ladies in gala attire, soldiers in bright new uniforms, judges, editors, and officers, all in high spirits and sanguine as to the outcome. The delegates were nearly all old men or men beyond the middle years, too old to fight but too proud to let the Lincoln menace pass without an answer. Divine blessings were invoked, the issue was submitted to debate, and then by a unanimous vote South Carolina declared her independence. As soon as the momentous verdict was rendered, a shout of triumph ran through the streets of Charleston and the night was made joyous with merrymaking, enlivened by song and wine, dancing and fireworks. Those wiseacres who thought they saw dark shadows in the background slunk away or held their tongues. The jubilee was perfect.

As in the time of the nullification struggle, South Carolina now called upon her neighbors to follow her example; and before Lincoln was inaugurated six of them—Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas—had proclaimed their union with the northern states at an end. Though in Alabama and Georgia a respectable minority was opposed to secession, in the other four states only a few malcontents could be mustered to resist the flushed and confident majority. Having declared their independence, the seceded states, acting on a summons from Mississippi, sent delegates in February, 1861, to Montgomery, Alabama, where a plan of union was adopted and preparations were made for the establishment of a new general government.

This was the posture of affairs when Lincoln took the oath of office on March 4, 1861. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas trembled in the balance. Conventions had been called in these states but they had all refused to take the fatal step, preferring to await the course pursued by the incoming President. In Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee there was a large majority against secession on the issues presented before Lincoln's inauguration. Though they all upheld slavery, their economy was more diversified than that of the cotton belt; they had wide upland sections occupied by small farmers who had no special love for the planting aristocracy at the head of southern affairs.

Even after Fort Sumter fell, when the call for blood was running through the land, there was still a formidable opposition to secession in each of these states. In North Carolina, the federal faction resorted to the tactics of indifference and obstruction; in Virginia, it managed to tear away several disaffected counties, organize them into the new state of West Virginia, and enter the Union as a separate commonwealth; in Tennessee, it furnished thousands of soldiers for the northern army and kept whole counties in constant turmoil. Hence it happened that Lincoln on the day of his coming to power found secession menacing but by no means triumphant. The chemicals for a crisis were prepared but some stroke was necessary to explode them.

From the early days of November, 1860, to March 4, 1861, while planters prepared for the worst, the government at Washington drifted, helpless in the conflicting currents. According to the terms of the Constitution, Lincoln could not be inaugurated until the day lawfully appointed, and so for four critical months the Democratic party, which had been split wide by the campaign and defeated at the polls, continued to hold the reins of power. Its titular leader, President James Buchanan, had no popular mandate to deal with the question of secession. Nor had he any overmastering will of his own in the premises. Obviously bewildered by the stirring events taking place about him, he exclaimed in one breath that the southern states had no right to withdraw from the Union and in the next that he had no power to compel them to retain their allegiance. His Cabinet crumbled away, his host of advisers wrangled among themselves, and inaction seemed to him the better part of valor—at least it could be defended on the ground that nothing should be done to embarrass the incoming President.

On every side were heard the buzzing voices of politicians attempting to forecast the future, effect compromises, soothe angry passions. The Congress which assembled in December had no mandate from the election of the preceding month; the House had been chosen two years earlier and the Senate piecemeal over a period of six years. Congressmen were as perplexed as the President. To the public generally it seemed as if the solid earth were dissolving.

The new President took a positive stand on the nature of the Union: it was perpetual and no state could lawfully withdraw from it. He was equally firm in declaring that he would enforce the Constitution and the statutes against states that sought to violate or defy the law but his tone was conciliatory and he closed with a simple and moving appeal to sentiments of union, peace, and friendship.

Beyond all dispute Lincoln's problems in those tense days were stupendous. He spoke for a minority. He was no dictator standing for a triumphant majority and commissioned to carry out its appointed task. On the contrary he was aware, as southern planters were aware, that the North was torn by factions and he had no way of discovering how the bulk of his own party wanted him to act in the crisis. He knew that the

anti-slavery sentiment in the country, though strong, was limited in its appeal; that, except in the hearts of the abolitionists, it was timid; that the Quakers who professed it were in general against emancipation by war.

Moreover abolitionists were divided on secession. Henry Ward Beecher, when informed that the southern states were withdrawing from the Union, burst forth: "I do not care if they do." Horace Greeley wrote in the Tribune: "If the cotton states shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary one but it exists nevertheless." A wide belt of slave states had not seceded: a single utterance or act by Lincoln savoring of a war on slavery would have sent them all into the arms of the Confederacy. Nor could Lincoln count with certainty on undivided economic support above the Potomac. Ardently as they desired the preservation of the great customs union, northern business interests did not want war, save in the last bitter extremity. With respect to this problem Greeley estimated that southern debtors owed at least $200,000,000 to creditors in New York City alone, drawing from his figures the conclusion that a resort to arms meant general ruin in commercial circles. Unless human experience was as naught, the watchword of the solemn hour was Caution. For good reasons, therefore, all practical men, including Jefferson Davis on the one side and Abraham Lincoln on the other, feverishly sought some middle ground of compromise.

Why was the fatal blow that substituted armed might for negotiation ever struck? According to all outward and visible signs the opposing sections might have stood indefinitely in the posture of expectancy. Why did any one seek to break the spell? In whose brain, in the final analysis, was made the decision which directed the hand to light the powder train and blow up the wall of doubt that divided peace from war? No unanimous verdict on that point has yet been rendered by a court of last resort; one more question of war guilt remains unsolved.

It has been said that Lincoln, by deciding to send relief to Fort Sumter in the harbor of Charleston, splashed blood on his own head. The answer to such a thesis is that the relief sent to the beleaguered fort consisted mainly of provisions for a starving garrison and offered no direct menace to the Confederacy. It has been alleged that the inner leaders of the Confederacy, feeling the ground slipping from under them, thought bloodshed necessary to consolidate their forces and bring the hesitant states into their fold. The answer commonly made to this argument is that President Davis, in his final instructions to General Beauregard, commanding the Confederates at Charleston, spoke merely in general terms about the reduction of Sumter and advised action only if certain conditions of evacuation were rejected.

As a matter of fact, Major Anderson, in charge of Union forces, offered a compromise which should have been sent to Davis for review but Beauregard's aides, spurred on by an ardent secessionist from Vir-

ginia, made the decision on their own account in favor of audacity and at 4:30 on the morning of April 12, started the conflagration by firing on Fort Sumter. This bombardment and the surrender of the fort had just the effect foreseen by the extremists: the South, by striking the first blow and hauling down the Stars and Stripes, kindled the quivering opinion of the North into a devouring flame. Lincoln's call for volunteers and answer of force by force pushed Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas into the Confederacy. The die was cast.

The long conflict which ended in the downfall of the Confederacy thus had many phases. It was waged on land and sea by arms, in the capitals of Europe by diplomacy, and in the sphere of morals by propaganda, publicity, and coercion. Descriptions of the war itself must be entrusted to those who have charted the science of military tactics or mastered the art of depicting tragedy and romance. Since every one of its great battles has been the subject of fierce debate among experts, the layman does well to leave the technical issues to them. In the large, however, the problem for the South was mainly that of defense, although one heroic effort was made to push the war into the enemy's domain by a thrust into Pennsylvania—a thrust parried at Gettysburg in July, 1863. On the other hand, the problem of the North, to state it simply, was one of invasion and conquest. Lincoln's task was that of beating southern armies on their own soil or wearing them down to exhaustion.

Geography, as often happens, gave a distinct turn to the military process. The Appalachian mountains, stretching through the Confederacy into Alabama, divided the theater into two immense sections, in each of which, east and west, were prizes sought by northern armies. If Richmond, the confederate capital, could be taken by a bold stroke, the moral effect would be electric of course. If a wedge could be driven down the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf, the Confederacy would be severed and the southwest cut off from the center of power. Moreover victories in the west were necessary to hold the wavering states of Kentucky and Missouri in line with the Union. All this was patent to Lincoln and his advisers and on such theories they started operations in both areas.

To the armies of the western arena, victory came first. In February, 1862, General Grant captured Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River, offering to his defeated foeman the ultimatum: "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender." At Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, and other points desperate fighting occurred, with varying results, but with an unmistakable drift. Within little more than a year after the fall of Donelson, the Mississippi Valley was open to the Gulf. "The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea!" exclaimed Lincoln when he heard of the surrender of Vicksburg on July 4, 1863. The initiative in the West had passed to the Union commanders who continued to hammer the wedge, making wider and wider the rift between the two sections of the Confederacy. In the autumn of the next year, Sherman was at Atlanta and soon on his devastating march to the

sea. To the complaint against his ruthless severity, he had an emphatic answer: "War is hell!" On Christmas day, Savannah was in his hands; the ocean was open before him.

Contrasted with the successes in the West, Union operations in the East during the first two years of the war presented an almost unbroken series of misfortunes. Hurried into action against better counsels by the popular cry, "On to Richmond," the federal army rushed into the enemy's country in July, 1861, to meet a terrible disaster at Bull Run. For four years periodical advances were made on Richmond without important military results. General after general—McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade—was tried and found wanting; none could administer the fatal blow. Their highest achievements amounted to little more than successful defense. McClellan checked General Lee at Antietam in September, 1862; and Meade paralyzed his northward thrust at Gettysburg in July of the following year; but nothing decisive was accomplished. At last in February, 1864, Lincoln turned to General Grant whom he placed in command of the armies of the Union. After surveying the ground, the new military master, supported by unlimited supplies, commenced a pitiless drive on Lee's army in Virginia. Though every inch of ground was stubbornly contested, the relentless pressure told in the end. Richmond fell, the Confederacy collapsed, Lee surrendered at Appomattox on April 9, 1865. The war was over.

To this outcome the contest on the sea, though less dramatic than that on the land, bore a vital relation. There, too, the task was cut out by remorseless fact: the South, an agricultural region, was largely dependent upon Europe for manufactured goods and in turn had to pay its bills in cotton and other raw materials. Once more, therefore, the sea power loomed large on the horizon of those who weighed national destinies. Quick to perceive it, Lincoln, on April 19, 1861, proclaimed a blockade against southern ports and, to make his order more effective, proceeded to increase the naval forces depleted by neglect. As time moved on, the iron grip of the northern patrol upon the sea-borne trade of the Confederacy grew tense. Only once within the four years was the blockade in serious peril—in the spring of 1862 when the confederate ironclad, the Merrimac, steamed out into Hampton Roads, crushed two federal vessels as if they were paper, and spread consternation far and wide in the Union ranks. At that very moment, however, a northern ironclad, the Monitor, was ready for the test and met it, ending the depredations of the Merrimac. A new epoch in sea fighting was opened; the success of the blockade was assured; the fate of the Confederacy was sealed.

Day and night, through winter and summer, the war vessels of the Union patrolled the coast, performing a relentless routine that was only now and then enlivened by an exciting chase when a blockade runner hove in sight. Though many adventurers, European and southern, equipped swift ships and risked lives and fortunes trying to break the cordon, the unresting vigilance of the federal navy steadily raised the

hazards of the game. In 1860, the value of the cotton exported amounted to about two hundred million dollars; two years later it had fallen to four millions. Correlatively the foreign trade of the Confederacy in commodities of every kind was also cut to trifling proportions. Near the end of its career, the Richmond government could not get enough high-grade paper for its bonds and notes or enough iron to keep up the tracks and rolling stock of its railways. Southern businessmen no doubt showed great energy and capacity in building plants and furnishing supplies but they could not repair the industrial neglect of two centuries during the four years of the war.

The armed combat which called forth so much heroism and sacrifice was accompanied by all those darker manifestations of the human spirit that always mark great wars: corruption in high places, cold and cynical profiteering, extravagance, and heartless frivolity. Before six months had passed, the air of Washington was murky with charges of fraud. "We are going to destruction as fast as imbecility, corruption, and the wheels of time can carry us," said a discouraged Senator. A congressional investigation revealed startling facts: contractors had made fat profits; they had charged outrageous prices; they had deliberately cheated the government by the delivery of inferior goods. The trail led in the direction of the War Department; thereupon Lincoln removed the Secretary, a machine politician from Pennsylvania, and with a touch of poetic justice sent him as minister to the court of the Tsar. An eminent authority estimated that from one-fifth to one-fourth of the money paid out of the federal treasury was tainted with the tricks of swindlers.

Troubles of the same nature plagued the South. Richmond newspapers were full of complaints about robberies by "official rogues." A Georgia editor lamented that "quartermasters and commissaries grew rich by speculation and robbery." In fact allegations of this type became so numerous that the confederate congress enacted a special law against knavery in the bureaus charged with buying war materials. But apparently the disease could not be stamped out; for one competent southern writer attributed the downfall of the Confederacy to the curse of corruption. Men of more moderate temper on both sides ascribed the evils that worried their respective governments more to inefficient administration than to the inordinate rapacity of merchants and capitalists.

Notwithstanding the poverty of the Richmond government, chances to make huge profits and live on the fat of the land were also abundant in the South. Blockade-running presented prizes especially tempting: one ship alone yielded to her owners seven hundred per cent profit before she was captured. Some of the railways paid dividends ranging from thirty to sixty per cent and politicians waxed rich from army contracts. "The passion for speculation," cried President Davis in 1863, "has seduced citizens of all classes from a determined prosecution of the war to a sordid effort to amass money." Though the curtailment of foreign commerce made it difficult to import European finery, editors daily lamented that, while con-

federate soldiers were dying for the lack of medicines, the shops of the cities made more extensive displays of foreign fabrics than ever before.

Over against stories of profiteering and luxurious displays were equally insistent tales of poverty and suffering among the working classes. It is easy to pile up illustrations from the daily press. To be sure, the wages of skilled artisans, especially in the North, rose rapidly and gross figures were often cited to silence the mutter of misery; but a scientific study of the facts long afterward showed conclusively that earnings did not keep pace with commodities and that the loud protests of factory operatives had a basis in reality. As a matter of course also the prices of agricultural produce shot upward but they did not tally in any way with the cost of the manufactured goods which the farmers had to buy. On the whole therefore the balance tipped sharply in favor of the entrepreneur. Prices were not checked by government intervention; loose buying in huge quantities for war purposes tended to push them still higher; while rich winnings escaped heavy taxation to pay current bills. In the general ruin at the end, southern profiteers lost most of their ill-gotten gains but northern capitalism certainly grew fat on Caesar's meat.

All the passions of the war inevitably got into politics, giving intensity to emotions naturally bitter enough. Never for an instant was Lincoln allowed to forget politics, either by his followers or by his opponents. At the outset, he was simply besieged by office-seekers. "I seem like one sitting in a palace, assigning apartments to importunate applicants while the structure is on fire and likely soon to perish in ashes," he said in his direct way a short time after his inauguration; and until the last shadows fell, job hunters asking for places in the administration and in the army tormented his waking hours. Nearly every action, civil or military, had to be taken with reference to politics. No matter what he did, Lincoln came under the censure of editors who had no respect for the bounds of propriety. On one occasion, a New York paper went so far as to inquire: "Mr. Lincoln, has he or has he not an interest in the profits of public contracts?" and then without giving any evidence, answered its own query in the affirmative. Members of his Cabinet esteemed him lightly and thought themselves far wiser than he; one of them, Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, thought it not unworthy of his honor to carry on a lively backstairs campaign to wrest the presidency from Lincoln in 1864.

Attacked on all sides, Lincoln held true to his central idea of saving the Union and when the end of his first term arrived the Republicans decided that they would not "swap horses while crossing a stream." Taking the name Union Party as their title, they renominated Lincoln for President and selected as his associate a southern man, a Unionist from Tennessee, Andrew Johnson. Having to meet this call for an endorsement of the administration, northern Democrats, in their platform, denounced the war as a failure, advocated an immediate peace, and favored a restoration of the federal system—with slavery as before. Choosing as their candidate, General McClellan, who was in their eyes "a military hero," they tried to

carry the country by means of drum and trumpet, expedients that had so often brought victory in the past.

But the answer of the people at the polls was decisive. The Republicans, besides reëlecting Lincoln, returned enough Senators and Representatives to force Congress to adopt the Thirteenth Amendment abolishing slavery forever within the jurisdiction of the United States. The war was to go on, therefore, until peace could be won by the sword. Thus the voters vindicated the great mystic in the White House, disclosing as if by some subtle instinct the fateful mission of their generation.

When at the close of the great tragedy, the statisticians came upon the scene to make their calculations, the world was astounded to read the record of the awful cost in blood and treasure. Comprehensive and accurate figures were not available and the most cautious estimates varied but there were gross totals that staggered the mind. On the northern side, the death roll contained the names of three hundred and sixty thousand men and the list of wounded who recovered two hundred and seventy-five thousand more. On the southern side, about two hundred and fifty thousand men had given their lives to the lost cause and an unknown number had been wounded. According to a conservative reckoning, therefore, six hundred thousand soldiers had paid the last full measure of devotion.

Neither the losses nor the costs of the war, not even the heroic deeds on the field of battle—so lovingly described in a thousand memoirs and histories—were after all the final phases of the great process that flowed through the years of the conflict and transformed American society. From one standpoint they were means to ends, ends that usually outran the purposes and visions of the masses who played their several rôles in that long drama. Viewed in the large, the supreme outcome of the civil strife was the destruction of the planting aristocracy which, with the aid of northern farmers and mechanics, had practically ruled the United States for a generation. A corollary to that result was the undisputed triumph of a new combination of power: northern capitalists and free farmers who emerged from the conflict richer and more numerous than ever. It was these irreducible facts, as already noted, that made the Civil War a social revolution.

And that revolution was thoroughgoing. Beyond a doubt the ruin of the planting class through the sweep of the war was more complete than the destruction of the clergy and the nobility in the first French cataclysm because the very economic foundations of the planting system, including slavery itself, were shattered in the course of events. In wide regions of the South, estates had been devastated by fire and pillage, buildings had decayed, tools and livestock had wasted away. The bonds and notes of the Confederacy had fallen worthless in the hands of their holders and there was little fluid capital available for the restoration of agriculture to its former high position. To pile calamity on calamity, the old debts due northern merchants and capitalists, long overdue indeed, could now be collected by distraint through the medium of the federal courts sustained

by northern bayonets. To complete its ruin, the planting aristocracy was subjected to the military dominion of the triumphant orders ruling through Washington while its own leaders, with some exceptions, were excluded by law from places of trust and influence in their respective states as well as in the national government. Finally the new combination was supported by the emancipated bondmen into whose hands the ballot was thrust by the white victors.

A crucial stroke in this revolution—though by no means as significant as sometimes suggested—was the confiscation or, to use a more euphonious term, the abolition of the planter's property in labor. Whatever may be the ethical view of the transaction, its result was the complete destruction of about four billion dollars' worth of "goods" in the possession of slave owners without compensation—the most stupendous act of sequestration in the history of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. Even that was not drastic enough for some radicals. Extremists wanted to make the execution still more crushing by transferring to the slaves the estates they tilled but this was too much for the temper of those who directed the course of federal affairs in Washington.

While the planting class was being trampled in the dust—stripped of its wealth and political power—the capitalist class was marching onward in seven league boots. Under the feverish stimulus of war the timid army marshaled by Webster in support of the Constitution and Whig policies had been turned into a confident host, augmented in numbers by the thousands and tens of thousands who during the conflict made profits out of war contracts and out of the rising prices of manufactured goods. At last the economic structure of machine industry towered high above agriculture—a grim monument to the fallen captain, King Cotton. Moreover, the bonds and notes of the federal government, issued in its extremity, furnished the substance for still larger business enterprise. And the beneficent government, which had carefully avoided laying drastic imposts upon profits during the war, soon afterward crowned its generosity to capitalists by abolishing the moderate tax on incomes and shifting the entire fiscal burden to goods consumed by the masses.

To measurable accumulations were added legal gains of high economic value. All that two generations of Federalists and Whigs had tried to get was won within four short years, and more besides. The tariff, which the planters had beaten down in 1857, was restored and raised to the highest point yet attained. A national banking system was established to take the place of the institution abolished in 1811 by Jeffersonian Democracy and the second institution destroyed by Jacksonian Democracy in 1836. At the same time the policy of lavish grants from the federal treasury to aid internal improvements so necessary to commerce was revived in the form of imperial gifts to railway corporations; it was in the year of emancipation that the construction of the Pacific railway, opening the overland route to the trade of the Orient, was authorized by the Congress of the United States. With similar decisiveness, the federal land question

which had long vexed eastern manufacturers was duly met; the Homestead Act of 1862, innumerable grants to railways, and allotments to the states in aid of agricultural colleges provided for the disposal of the public domain. As a counter stroke, the danger of higher wages, threatened by the movement of labor to the land, was partially averted by the Immigration Act of 1864—an extraordinary law which gave federal authorization to the importation of working people under terms of contract analogous to the indentured servitude of colonial times.

While all these positive advantages were being won by capitalists in the halls of Congress, steps were taken to restrain the state legislatures which had long been the seats of agrarian unrest. By the Fourteenth Amendment, proclaiming that no state should deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, the Supreme Court at Washington was granted constitutional power to strike down any act of any state or local government menacing to "sound" business policies. Finally the crowning result of the sacrifice, the salvation of the Union, with which so many lofty sentiments were justly associated, assured to industry an immense national market surrounded by a tariff wall bidding defiance to the competition of Europe.

While business enterprise received its share of the advantages accruing from the Second American Revolution, other elements in the combination of power effected in 1860—namely the free farmers of the West and the radical reformers of the East—also had their rewards. On the outbreak of the war, their old opponents on the land question were no longer in a position to dictate. The planters of the South were out of the political lists and northern mill owners, who had feared that free farms would lure away wage-workers, were shown the possibilities of a counterpoise in the promotion of alien immigration. If some were unconvinced by such reasoning, they could at least see that the agrarian element in the Republican party was too strong to be thwarted by the business wing. So eventually in 1862 the hard contest over the public domain came to an end with the passage of the Homestead Act which provided for the free distribution of land in lots of one hundred and sixty acres each to men and women of strong arms and willing hearts, prepared to till the soil. In this action, the appealing slogan, "Vote yourself a farm," was realized and before the ink of Lincoln's signature was dry the rush to the free land commenced.

To northern farmers who had no thought of going to the frontier, the war likewise brought marked advantages. Especially did the Mississippi Valley, former home of agrarian discontent and Jacksonian Democracy, reap immense gains in inflated prices paid for farm produce, in spite of the mounting cost of manufactured goods. At one time wheat rose to more than two dollars and a half a bushel and other commodities followed its flight. From overflowing coffers debt-burdened tillers of the soil who had once raged against the money-power now discharged their obligations in Greenback "legal tenders" received for the fruits of their labor. The

more fortunate farmers collected large returns from rising land values, accumulated capital, and became stockholders in local railway and banking enterprises. For many years a prosperous farming class, tasting the sweets of profit, could look upon the new course of politics and pronounce it good. There was discontent, no doubt, and a reaction against industrialism was bound to come but the political union of 1860, though strained, was never successfully broken.

VII. THE TRIUMPH OF BUSINESS ENTERPRISE

THE Second American Revolution, while destroying the economic foundation of the slave-owning aristocracy, assured the triumph of business enterprise. As if to add irony to defeat, the very war which the planters precipitated in an effort to avoid their doom augmented the fortunes of the capitalist class from whose jurisdiction they had tried to escape. Through financing the federal government and furnishing supplies to its armies, northern leaders in banking and industry reaped profits far greater than they had ever yet gathered during four years of peace. When the long military struggle came to an end they had accumulated huge masses of capital and were ready to march resolutely forward to the conquest of the continent—to the exploitation of the most marvelous natural endowment ever bestowed by fortune on any nation.

History was repeating old patterns in a new and more majestic setting. In the development of every great civilization in the past, there had come to the top groups of rich and enterprising businessmen devoted to commerce, industry, and finance. The sources of their fortunes varied and their modes of acquisition differed from age to age, but they formed a dynamic element in every ancient society that passed beyond the primitive stage of culture and everywhere they advanced with deadly precision on the classes which derived their sustenance from agriculture. In the documents which record the rise of civilization in Egypt, Babylonia, and Persia and in the trading centers of Tyre, Sidon, and Carthage, the immense operations of businessmen can be traced, though priests, singers, poets, philosophers, and courtiers were the chief masters of the written word.

Even in Athens, acclaimed the cultural center of antiquity, the directors of trade and industry played a powerful rôle that can be discerned through the thick layers of clerical and classical tradition.

Nor were the noble Romans from Remus to Cicero merely engaged in demonstrating their excellence in law or their proficiency in arms. Long before the era of the republic had drawn to a close, the forum at the capital had become the center for the greatest network of commerce and finance that the genius of man had yet woven out of economic enterprise. When the ears of antiquarians are correctly attuned, they can hear

the clank of the money-changer's metal above the measured periods of Marcus Aper, Cicero, and Julius Secundus.

As medieval civilization rose on the ruins of the Roman system, businessmen appeared once more at the center of things. The Italian fortunes that fertilized sources of letters and art in Venice, Florence, and Genoa and sustained the Renaissance, which in turn introduced the modern age, were made mainly by trade, barter, and industry.

When again a new epoch was opened by mechanical inventions, when Arkwright, Crompton, Watt, and Stephenson turned the medieval civilization upside down, the businessman rose to heights undreamed by his predecessors.

Compared with their historic forerunners, the triumphant businessmen of America had a freer field and a richer material endowment. Their planting opponents were laid lower in the dust by one revolutionary stroke than the nobility of France or the landed gentry of England by the upheavals which had broken their ranks. In the United States, no royal families, no great landed aristocracy, no heavily endowed clergy owned the forests, plains, and mountains where lay the natural resources so necessary to the development of business. More than one-half of the whole area of the country, to be exact, 1,048,111,608 acres, belonged to the government in 1860—a benevolent government in the hands of friends, ready to sell its holdings for a song, to give them away, or to let them pass by mere occupation. The rest belonged in large part to farmers and could be easily bought, leased, or rented for mineral exploitation. So no ancient titles, parchments, and seals prevented an enterprising individual from getting at the materials for his operations; vast mining royalties did not flow into the coffers of an opposing class to enrich it and give more substance to its power in the state. In short, much of the land for industrial exploitation could be had for the asking or at the price of a little political manipulation; the rest could be obtained in a fairly easy market.

Equally available were willing hands to develop the natural endowment. On the shores of the Old World stood a limitless supply of laborers, reared to manhood and womanhood at the expense of their mother countries, awaiting an opportunity to take part in the American advance; and competing steamship companies were now prepared to bring them across at a mere fraction of the passenger rate imposed by shipmasters in the days of Alexander Hamilton.

The American stage furnished by nature to businessmen for the fulfillment of their customary rôle was magnificent beyond comparison. Counting Alaska, it embraced 3,600,000 square miles—an area nearly equal to that of all Europe. Within the geographical limits of the domain beyond the Mississippi, the entire Roman Empire, so marvelously described in the first chapter of Gibbon's imperishable work, could be comfortably tucked.

There are, of course, good grounds for differences of opinion as to the names to be enrolled first in the peerage of the new industrial age;

yet none will exclude from it Jay Gould, William H. Vanderbilt, Collis P. Huntington, James J. Hill, and Edward H. Harriman of the railway principality; John D. Rockefeller of the oil estate; Andrew Carnegie of the steel demesne; Jay Cooke and J. Pierpont Morgan of the financial seigniory; William A. Clark of the mining appanage; or Philip D. Armour of the province of beef and pork. To draw the American scene as it unfolded between 1865 and the end of the century without these dominant figures looming in the foreground is to make a shadow picture; to put in the presidents and the leading senators—to say nothing of transitory politicians of minor rank—and leave out such prime actors in the drama is to show scant respect for the substance of life.

From a review of the American business peerage, it appears that the eleven men just named had so many things in common that they can be treated collectively. All were of north European stock, mainly English and Scotch-Irish; Gould alone, according to Henry Adams, showing a "trace of Jewish origin." The old planting aristocracy of the South furnished no major barons of business. Of the group here brought under examination only two, Morgan and Vanderbilt, built their fortunes on the solid basis of family inheritances while only one had what may be called by courtesy a higher education: Morgan spent two years in the University of Göttingen. Carnegie began life as a stationary engineer; Jay Cooke as a clerk in a general store in Sandusky; Jay Gould as a surveyor and tanner; Huntington, Armour, and Clark as husky lads on their fathers' farms; Hill as a clerk for a St. Paul steamboat company; Harriman as an office boy in a New York broker's establishment; and Rockefeller as a bookkeeper in Cleveland.

All but Carnegie, who was tinged with skepticism, were apparently church members in good and regular standing. Jay Cooke, his biographer tells us, was "a liberal patron of the Evangelical Christian Church and of those who preached its doctrine." He was a strict and conscientious observer of the Sabbath, displaying during the Civil War a great deal of anxiety about "the laxity of Lincoln and Grant on the Sunday question." In addition to setting apart one-tenth of the profits from his business for charitable uses, Cooke gave bells, steeples, organs, Sunday-school books, rectories, and silver communion services to churches, while bestowing generous subsidies on deserving ministers—at least until he was overwhelmed by bankruptcy. He taught a Sunday-school class at great personal sacrifice and, although he disliked ritualistic controversies, was loyal to the Episcopalian Church unto his death. His faith he summed up in the words: "We must all get down at the feet of Jesus and be taught by no one but Himself." Rockefeller was a no less active and devoted member of his church, the Baptist denomination. Armour gave liberally to a non-sectarian Sunday school. Hill, though a Protestant, settled more than half a million dollars upon a Catholic seminary, thinking that the papal organization was best fitted for the task of bringing immigrant workingmen under civic discipline in America. "What will be their social

view, their political action, their moral status, if that single controlling force should be removed?" he once asked in cautious tones. Morgan seems to have been reticent on religious as well as other matters but his semi-official "Life" shows him contributing generously to the Episcopalian Church of which he was a consistent member.

Above all else, the new economic barons were organizers of men and materials—masters of the administrative art—who saw with penetrating eyes the wastes and crudities of the competitive system in industry and transportation. Possessed of a luminous imagination they could think imperially of world-spanning operations that lifted them above the petty moralities of the village-smith or of the corner-grocer. In coöperation with tireless workers in science and invention, they wrought marvels in large-scale production, bringing material comfort to millions of people who never could have wrung them barehanded from the hills and forests. "Two pounds of ironstone mined upon Lake Superior," to use a single illustration, "and transported nine hundred miles to Pittsburgh; one pound and one-half of coal, mined and manufactured into coke, and transported to Pittsburgh; one half-pound of lime, mined and transported to Pittsburgh; a small amount of manganese ore mined in Virginia and brought to Pittsburgh—and these four pounds of materials manufactured into one pound of steel, for which the consumer pays one cent." With natural pride did Andrew Carnegie, the recorder of this achievement, put it among the wonders of the world. Compared with the complicated Pittsburgh operation, the deeds of the pyramid builders—who merely commanded under the lash armies of slaves to drag by brute force huge blocks of stone into one enormous pile—sink into banalities, inviting respect neither for the intelligence displayed nor for the object in view.

In this development industry had moved swiftly through three stages. The little old-fashioned mill on the river's bank turned by a lumbering water wheel, marking the first step in machine manufacture, had given way to the immense plant driven by engines or turbines of gigantic power. Then in turn the isolated establishment under the ownership of a single master or a few masters had surrendered to the corporation. At the end of the century three-fourths of the manufactured products came from factories owned by associations of stockholders; in each great industry was a network of federated plants under corporate direction; by 1890 combination was the supreme concept of the industrial magnate. Oil products, iron, steel, copper, lead, sugar, coal, and other staples were then in the hands of huge organizations that constituted, if not monopolies, efficient masters of their respective fields. During the following decade, the work of affiliation went forward with feverish haste, culminating in the billion dollar United States Steel Corporation of 1901.

Since generalizations about the barons of capitalist enterprise give but a pale and colorless picture of their cyclopean operations, one concrete and detailed analysis seems worth a volume of miscellanies. And the best example of all is offered by the oil business, for in its develop-

ment is illustrated in clear and vivid outline the whole gigantic process—industrial, political, and legal—which followed the overthrow of the planters and revolutionized the heritage bequeathed by Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson. In the unfolding of this single industry, we see modern science, invention, business acumen, economic imagination, and capacity for world enterprise at work creating material goods and organizing human services to supply not only every nook and cranny of this country but the uttermost parts of the earth with useful commodities of a high standard.

In the record of this industry lies the story of aggressive men, akin in spirit to military captains of the past, working their way up from the ranks, exploiting natural resources without restraint, waging economic war on one another, entering into combinations, making immense fortunes, and then, like successful feudal chieftains or medieval merchants, branching out as patrons of learning, divinity, and charity. Here is a chronicle of highly irregular and sometimes lawless methods, ruthless competition, menacing intrigues, and pitiless destruction of rivals. Private companies organize armed guards and wage pitched battles over the possession of rights of way for pipe lines. Men ordinarily honest are seen slinking about in the cover of night to destroy property and intimidate persons who refuse to obey their orders. Agreements are made with railway companies to obtain secret rebates on shipments of oil and, what is more astounding, rebates on the shipments of rival concerns. Newspapers are purchased; editors are hired to carry on propaganda and to traduce respectable citizens whose sole offense is the desire to handle an independent business. The most astute counsel, occupying conspicuous positions in public service and social esteem, are employed to sustain the rights of defendants in litigation.

In the same chronicle, the relations of economics and politics are unfolded. The sources of attacks on trusts are exposed. Combinations and their enemies are seen operating in legislatures and courts, drawing lawmakers, governors, and judges into one structural pattern. Bribery, intrigue, and threats are matched by blackmail until the closest observer often fails to discover where honor begins and corruption ends. Public policies, lawmaking, and judicial reasoning become unintelligible except in relation to the interests of oil producers, shippers, and refiners.

Meanwhile, as this running warfare goes on from year to year, the production, refining, shipment, and selling of oil concentrate in the hands of one gigantic combination. Legislatures assail it; courts declare it dissolved; but its economic power is steadily augmented. And all through this drama, from the start, dishonesty, chicane, lying, vulgarity, and a fierce passion for lucre are united with an intelligence capable of constructing immense agencies for economic service to the public and a philanthropic spirit that pours out money for charitable, religious, educational, and artistic plans and purposes.

With the high velocity that marked the advance of manufacturing

and the extractive industries, the system of transportation passed through many phases during this period. Naturally the first railroad builders had concentrated their efforts on short lines between important cities, such as Baltimore and Washington, Philadelphia and Reading, Boston and Springfield, New York and New Haven; for the prospects of profitable business on such roads were good, the terrain offered no great obstacles, the capital could be obtained with relative ease. By 1860, nearly all the important cities of the East were connected by one or more tracks and the railway leaders were taking up the next obvious task: that of uniting short lines and forming continental projects. Indeed by that time the chief seaboard cities were already linked with Chicago and St. Louis by various systems and the call for the advance to the Pacific was heard in the land.

This movement the Civil War expedited rather than checked. During the gloomiest days of the conflict, as we have seen, Congress gave a strong impetus to it by authorizing railway companies to bridge the gap between the Atlantic and the Pacific. That undertaking, pushed with lightning speed, heralded still more magnificent adventures. Congress now granted public lands to railway corporations in imperial domains; states, cities, and counties bonded themselves for staggering debts to get rail connections; farmers and merchants along projected lines invested their savings in securities; and European capitalists were induced to take heavy risks. Sustained by lavish financial backing, construction and consolidation swept on at a magic pace up and down the continent.

Fifteen years after the completion of the first road to California, the Southern Pacific had linked New Orleans with the Coast; the Atchison, Topeka and Sante Fé had united the waters of the Mississippi with the Western Ocean; and the Northern Pacific had cut a path from the Great Lakes to Puget Sound. By 1890, America had 163,562 miles of railways, more than all Europe had and indeed nearly half the mileage of the world. At that date, the nominal capital represented by the business had reached a total of almost ten billion dollars or about one-sixth of the estimated national wealth—easily twice the value of all the slaves on whose labor the planting aristocracy of the South had once built its political power. Moreover the process of consolidation had gone so far that seventy-five companies, out of about sixteen hundred, dominated more than two-thirds of all the mileage in the country.

Notwithstanding the high degree of concentration thus attained, there was evidently room for still greater confederacies, promising returns still more colossal to their architects. Besides the lure of larger profits, the casualties of competition were driving railway promoters to seek closer affiliations; rate cutting, rebating, and promoters' wars, coupled with periodical panics, had brought financial difficulties even to the strongest lines. Only one American railroad listed on the London Exchange in 1889 was paying dividends on its common stock; within less than fifteen years more than four hundred companies, representing two and a half billions in capital, had perished in bankruptcy.

It was such calamities, no less than colossal ambitions, that moved the empire builders, like Morgan, Harriman and Hill, to attack the problem of unification, thereby opening a new era in transportation. Certainly it was just such economic anarchy that brought the first of these three giants to the conclusion in 1885 that he must "do something about the railroads" and led him in the short space of seventeen years to gather under his control thirteen systems having a mileage of fifty-five thousand and a capital of three billion. With the same volcanic energy and feudal ruthlessness Harriman united thousands of miles under his sovereignty and was in a fair way to encircle the globe when death overcame him. He made his most daring stroke in combining the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific—more than fifteen thousand miles—and he had his eyes on Siberia when the long shadows closed upon him.

The work of the railway men, like that of the oil magnates, involved political complications; but the former, compelled to deal with organized farmers and manufacturers, were subjected to a control far more stringent than that imposed upon the oil interests. In fact they were harassed almost beyond endurance, so they thought, by the hue and cry of shippers and travelers and threatened on all sides by prosecutions under the Sherman Anti-Trust law enacted in 1890.

Even Morgan and Hill, powerful as they were, could not escape political entanglements. After effecting a vast consolidation of the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy under the Northern Securities Company chartered in New Jersey, they found themselves face to face with the redoubtable Theodore Roosevelt in the White House, a man who genuinely loved a good fight. "If we have done anything wrong," said Morgan to the President, "send your man (meaning Attorney-General Knox) to my man (naming one of his lawyers) and they can fix it up." But Morgan was not now dealing with Grover Cleveland. Roosevelt replied: "That can't be done"; and pressed the suit until the Supreme Court in 1904 by a decision of five to four declared the merger illegal. "It really seems hard," complained Hill on hearing the outcome, "when we look back upon what we have done . . . that we should be compelled to fight for our lives against political adventurers who have never done anything but pose and draw a salary."

Faced always by the danger of dissolution at the hands of the government, subjected to the rule of "reason" in fixing rates, and compelled to deal with national trade unions in arranging wage schedules, promoters and organizers in the railway sphere at length found the range of their activities materially limited. Moreover the collapse of many a grand structure, such as the New York, New Haven and Hartford system, bringing sickening losses to "innocent investors," intensified the rising hostility of the public in every direction and drew the net of official control still tighter. With the pleasures and profits of the game abated and its hazards raised, railway construction and consolidation were brought almost to a standstill.

Yet the evils of disjointed and conflicting lines inadequate to the requirements of national transportation remained painfully manifest—so impressive to the doubting Thomases among manufacturers and farmers that Congress in the Railway Act of 1920 actually sought to encourage more and greater railway federations under government supervision. By that time the capital of the lines, real and fictitious, was set down at more than twenty billion dollars.

With the consolidation of industries and railways and the necessary financial maneuvers went a fundamental shift of economic authority from promoters to financiers. In the old days of petty industry, the master of each plant extended his operations by means of his savings and profits, supplemented occasionally by loans from local bankers. The latter stood, so to speak, on the edge of the industrial realm; the isolated bank, employing neighborhood savings and deposits, served the isolated plant. In those more primitive times, opportunities for investment were limited mainly to government bonds and the stocks of minor canal, turnpike, industrial, shipping, and railway concerns; accumulations of capital were small and the area of speculation, except in public lands, was narrowly bounded. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that local sovereignty in industry should be associated with states' rights in banking politics; that attempts of Federalists and Whigs to force the barriers of tomorrow by creating a permanent national banking system should be effectively blocked by the Democratic party.

Broadly speaking, such was the state of affairs when the Civil War broke rudely in upon the old order, setting in train forces that changed the face of things within a few years. The very financing of the conflict itself taught countless thousands, through public drives and the ownership of "baby bonds," the mysteries of interest and saving while the profits of war manufacturers furnished vast reservoirs of active capital seeking general investment, thus amalgamating local publics into a national public. Far from stopping at the close of the military struggle this process was quickened by the sale of securities for the building of continental railways supported by national credit, which in turn paved the way for the sale of securities issued by distant industrial corporations.

As such transactions multiplied and opportunities to amass new capital by the manipulation of paper increased, the New York Stock Exchange raised its economic forum to the position of an all-American tribunal. Thus localism in finance broke down and the banks of the strategic cities, meeting the new demand, began to operate on a national scale, somewhat as the Bank of the United States was operating when destroyed by Jackson's farmer-labor party. It was to their hoardings, to their stock and bond departments, that promoters of railways and industrial corporations now had to turn for assistance; and in the course of time bankers learned that they could in reality become masters of the economic scene—were in some measure forced to assume that rôle. If industrial magnates could visit them, they could pay visits in return. In

the exchange of courtesies, it was soon discovered that the weapon of the hour was finance and that the possession of the weapon had passed to the bankers.

With financial control, managerial sovereignty was transferred from the operators of industries and railways to the directors of capital accumulations—a fact illustrated in a striking fashion when Morgan brought about the union of fifteen great railway organizations and created a steamship trust, a harvester trust, the United States Steel Corporation, and numerous other combinations less pretentious in scope. By the end of the century the government of American railways and staple industries, with exceptions of course, had been lost by the men who had grown up in the roundhouses and the mills through all the technical processes. On the whole, the high command in the empire of business was now in the hands of great banking corporations, and captains of industry were as a rule no longer evolved by natural selection; they were chosen by the dominant bankers who served as financial guardians.

And these dominant bankers were so united by treaties of alliance and by conversations, to use the language of diplomacy, that the boundaries of their respective dominions were difficult to delimit. In 1911, Morgan's semi-official biographer, after enumerating the giant banks under his sovereignty, placed his total banking power at more than a billion dollars and the assets of the railway and industrial corporations under his paramount influence at ten billions. About the same time, the authority on trusts, John Moody, recorded that two mammoth financial complexes —the Morgan and Rockefeller interests—had gathered under their suzerainty a network of enterprises which constituted "the heart of the business and commercial life of the nation."

Of course there was always warfare on the borders of this new Roman empire; novel industries were continually springing up with the progress of invention; and minor princelings and earls, as long as they restrained their pretensions, enjoyed a high degree of local autonomy. But new enterprises of any moment found it hard, if not almost impossible, to obtain a foothold without paying tribute to the grand seigneurs; certainly no large issue of stocks and bonds could be floated in defiance of their orders.

By the end of the nineteenth century the hegemony of American financiers was supreme at home and they were ready for foreign conquests. It was in 1899 that Morgan and Company floated the first significant foreign loan ever issued in America, the bonds of the Mexican republic. This was followed in two years by a fifty million loan to the government of Great Britain to help pay the expenses of conquering the Boer republics. Soon after this came another opportunity, the Russo-Japanese War; while the Tsar's agents were begging and borrowing in Paris and London, fiscal agents of Tokyo, in dire straits for money, were copiously supplied by New York banking houses until the danger point was reached. So American capital contributed to the extension of English supremacy in

Africa and Japanese supremacy over Manchuria. A little later with the aid of President Roosevelt, China was forced to grant American bankers a share in a fifty million dollar loan negotiated with Germany, France, and England; the House of Morgan floated it. In the meantime American capital directed by New York bankers poured down into the Caribbean, making smooth the path of American dominion there.

Roads from four continents now ran to the new Appian Way—Wall Street—and the pro-consuls of distant provinces paid homage to a new sovereign. The land of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and John Adams had become a land of millionaires and the supreme direction of its economy had passed from the owners of farms and isolated plants and banks to a few men and institutions near the center of its life.

VIII. THE RISE OF THE NATIONAL LABOR MOVEMENT

INHERING in the onward flow of stubborn facts which shook to pieces the planting aristocracy and assured the triumph of business enterprise were the inevitable factors foreseen by southern statesmen—a growing army of wage workers haunted by poverty, an increasing solidarity among skilled craftsmen, and periodical uprisings of labor in industry and politics. While vainly attempting to stem the course of machine production and natural science, Calhoun had warned his countrymen against their fated fruits. "It is useless to disguise the fact," he announced from his place in the Senate while Lincoln was yet a young man. "There is and always has been in an advanced stage of wealth and civilization a conflict between capital and labor. . . . We have, in fact, but just entered upon that condition of society where the strength and durability of our political institutions are to be tested."

Within little more than a decade after Lincoln's death, to be precise in 1877—the very year in which the last northern bayonet was withdrawn from the capital of Calhoun's state—the social order of the victors was threatened by a violent railway strike stretching from Pennsylvania to Texas. More years rolled on and the Congress of the United States, under the command of labor leaders sitting in the gallery with stop watches in their hands, dictated to the owners of railways the hours of work for their trainmen. And a successor of Thomas Jefferson signed the bill.

Business enterprise quickened into life by the demand for military supplies [in the Civil War] called to loom and forge and throttle thousands of new laborers from the farms of America and from the fields and shops of the Old World, unorganized, unacquainted with trade union principles, and frequently accustomed to low economic standards. Financing its armies mainly by bond issues and inflated currency, without taking effective action to control prices in any sphere, the federal government allowed the cost of living to shoot skyward like a rocket. It cannot be denied that wages moved in the direction of prices but they lagged

far behind and at no time during the armed conflict did they fairly correspond with the level of commodities or place labor in the happy realm of those who gathered great fortunes from the necessities of the perilous hour. If the war assured employment, it also raised the cost of everything the workers had to buy and sharpened their struggle for existence.

To meet a crisis of this kind labor was ill-prepared. In 1861, only a few of the standard crafts were organized into unions, amalgamated on a national scale, able to lay down terms in the market place. More than that, there was among the unions so organized no common association to operate throughout the country, no federation of all organized labor to give solidarity to opinion and power to demands. It was not until rising prices began to pinch severely and the closing of the war began to send wages down, that working people, driven by hardships, commenced to draw together in large bodies. Between 1861 and 1865 the number of local unions multiplied nearly fourfold; at the end of the decade, the number of strategic crafts nationally organized had risen to at least thirty, claiming a total strength of more than two hundred thousand enrolled members.

Keeping pace with the prosaic process of forming local and national trade unions, though often unconnected with it, ran a series of industrial struggles which menaced the structure of the capitalist system and seemed about to fulfill at times the prophecy of the planters that another irrepressible conflict would plague the victors. In 1873, while the hero of Appomattox was still President of the United States, a devastating panic arrived, scattering unemployment, poverty, and bitterness of soul in its wake. Late in the following year the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania were terrorized by crimes of violence which threatened the social order of the state. During the boom which accompanied the Civil War those districts had been flooded by unskilled laborers, many of whom were homeless and reckless characters; and mining had been carried on in feverish haste under conditions that made the lot of slaves on Jefferson Davis's plantation seem pleasant by comparison. Though efforts to organize regular unions with a view to raising standards had failed, secret societies, known as the Molly Maguires, sprang up in the leading anthracite centers, followed by numerous outrages in which mine owners, foremen, and bosses were cruelly beaten, in some cases murdered in cold blood.

For months this terror reigned, defeating all attempts to ferret out the guilty, until by prolonged intrigue a detective wormed his way into the inner ring, and in 1875 sprang a deadly trap, revealing the operations of the conspirators, and sending several to the gallows and others to prison. When duly unfolded at the trial of the criminals, the story proved to be a curious mixture of industrial strife and private revenge, forming an important episode in the relations of capital and labor, a phase of a raw and unrelieved war over the distribution of wealth, comparable in its

lawlessness, though more cruel, to the physical contests that took place between capitalists sparring for supremacy in the early days of oil and railway consolidation.

In the midst of the excitement over the Molly Maguires came a far more ominous struggle—a railway strike that involved more than one hundred thousand workers, paralyzed nearly all the lines between the Atlantic coast and the Mississippi, and reached out into allied industries. This explosion, like the upheaval in the anthracite districts, had been long in gathering and before it was over made manifest all the elements common to modern industrial conflicts. It opened in a determined resistance to falling prices. After the collapse of the war inflation in the devastating panic of 1873, railway companies began to reduce wages by successive orders, ending in the summer of 1877 with a horizontal cut of ten per cent, apparently effected by concert. In connection with the wage reductions, many managers, plainly declaring their intention to smash trade unions, adopted the practice of discharging without ceremony all the men who dared to serve on grievance committees. On the other side, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, founded in 1863, made rapid progress in organizing highly skilled engine drivers and in lining up brakemen, conductors, and trackmen until by 1875 it could boast of fifty thousand members, a reserve fund of a million dollars, and many a decree dictated to railway presidents in minor disputes.

To the fuel for a conflagration already collected, a match was applied on July 17, 1877, when some employees of the Baltimore and Ohio, having appealed in vain to the company for relief from a cut in their wages, stopped work and called upon their comrades to prevent the movement of trains. Apparently without prearrangement and without any active direction from the officials of the Brotherhood, the strike spread rapidly all over the East.

Cessation of work was followed by the mobilization of the state militia at strategic centers, and the appearance of the state militia was frequently in turn a herald of open warfare. In Baltimore nine strikers and bystanders were killed soon after the soldiers came upon the scene. In Pittsburgh a regular pitched battle was fought; when the militiamen marched into the midst of the assembled strikers, they encountered a resistance which developed into a guerrilla war ending in several deaths and the destruction of the railway station, roundhouses, and hundreds of freight cars, causing losses running into the millions. The striking workmen of Columbus made a tour of the city, using intimidation to close industrial plants on every side. At Buffalo and Reading, skirmishes with the militia resulted in many casualties. In Chicago, where the police tried to break up a meeting of strikers in the streets, an all-day battle took place in which nineteen persons were killed and a large number wounded. When a huge crowd of labor sympathizers jeered and challenged the police in St. Louis, the latter retaliated by arresting all the trade union delegates mobilized at the central labor hall to discuss the situation. Even

far away on the Pacific Coast were heard echoes of the strife as workers and vigilant committees came into combat.

For two weeks this nation-wide struggle between strikers and soldiers continued, until finally the militia, supplemented at many points by federal troops, succeeded in getting the upper hand. The governor of Pennsylvania, for example, by sending a detachment of armed men over the railway between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and by threatening "a sharp use of the bayonet and musket," set trains in motion to the West. By similar methods in course of time the strike was broken everywhere, forcing most of the workers to resume their places at reduced wages or on the former terms.

This deadly grapple between capital and labor, the most serious and most extensive in the history of the country, exhibited in its progress the gravest aspects of economic warfare. On the one side, the railway managers declared that they would not allow labor to lay down the law to them, asserting that wage reductions were made necessary by the state of business. On their side, labor men replied that they would not submit to dictation by the managers, that their wages were below the point of decent existence, that the railway companies, besides watering their stocks, had been guilty of perpetrating frauds on the public, and that railway directors rode about the country in luxurious private cars proclaiming their inability to pay living wages to hungry working men.

According to a judicious reporter who surveyed the field during this conflict, all the elements usually arrayed against capitalists were found in action: railway strikers, miners, and other industrial workers in various parts of the country whose wages were "oppressively low," trade unionists in general who naturally sympathized with their brethren at war, communists who hoped "for no immediate benefit from the strike unless it should lead to a general social revolution and disruption of property tenures," idle laborers of the tramp class accepting temporary jobs as strike-breakers, and the criminal fringe rejoicing in any disorder offering an opportunity for revenge and robbery. Every engine of agitation was also employed. While the strike was in progress, "knots of men gathered in all the large towns and industrial sections to listen to harangues upon the oppressions of capital, the social revolution, and the labor republic." At a monster mass meeting held under socialist auspices in Tompkins Square, New York City, on the evening of July 25, eight or ten thousand people cheered impassioned speeches by labor orators; and this was followed the next night by a similar gathering in Cooper Union under trade union management.

In the course of the warfare the public was deluged by propaganda. Whenever a fray ended in bloodshed, the press published charges and countercharges of the kind that have since become familiar items in the records of industrial conflicts. According to the employers, the strikers were guilty of starting each riot. According to the strikers, the blame rested on the militia and the proof lay in the fact that nearly all the deaths

were among the ranks of workmen. Popular sympathy for labor was enlisted by pictures of starving women and children. Appeals were made on behalf of the suffering, collections for them were taken at public meetings, and farmers sent food from their fields by the wagon load.

In no small measure the industrial disputes associated with the advance of capitalism were due to the flat refusal of employers to recognize labor organization as an inescapable outcome of the economic process and to accept collective bargaining as a peaceful mode of reaching agreements on hours and wages. During the contest of 1877, the uncompromising resolve of the leading railway managers to brook no interference with their business helped to precipitate the strike and then to embitter the warfare that ensued. The same factor weighed heavily in the Homestead affair of 1892 and still more heavily in the convulsive struggle at Chicago two years afterward. Although the capitalists of nearly every great industry had by that time protected themselves by combinations against falling prices and the stress of competition—against the law of supply and demand—neither they nor their spokesmen were willing, as a rule, to concede to labor the same right or necessity.

In their opposition to collective bargaining, they were supported by many learned economists who, after more or less research, discovered that trade unions violated the natural right of men to buy and sell labor and "other commodities" to the best possible advantage.

To all political economists, however, these infallible dogmas were not as plainly revealed. At Johns Hopkins University, for instance, Richard T. Ely, fresh from long and laborious studies in the Old World, was teaching historical rather than pontifical economics; and in his book on the American labor movement issued in 1886, he seemed to recognize in the formation of trade unions a drift of things quite as decisive as the facts covered by Sumner's prelatical dicta. And one of his associates, John R. Commons, much to the dismay of several college presidents, was distributing the news abroad that the organization of labor was as natural as flowing water —a means of raising the standard of life for the masses and a procedure worthy of approval in polite society.

The way being thus broken, other recruits from the middle classes joined the pioneer professors in asserting that employers should recognize unions and accept the practice of collective bargaining. "I believe in strikes. I believe also in the conservative value of the organization from which strikes come," declared the eminent Episcopal Bishop, Henry Codman Potter, in 1902. Sentiment was suffusing iron law, in spite of all the warnings.

By that time the National Civic Federation, composed of capitalists, labor leaders, and professional people, and dedicated to the fostering of harmony between organized capital and organized labor had begun to function. Marcus A. Hanna, master in industry, finance, and politics, had joined it and was pointing out what seemed to be the handwriting on the wall. Once outlawed and hunted to its lair, trade unionism was now

mounting high on its dusty way toward reputability. The president of the American Federation of Labor had the support of many professors and was dining with magnates in New York. There were Mirabeaus of industrial democracy at the court of capitalism.

IX. THE TRIPLE REVOLUTION IN AGRICULTURE

TRIUMPHANT business enterprise, with its rush and roar of train and mill, its ostentatious display of overtopping riches, and its convulsive struggles with organized labor, gave the dominant tone to the intellectual and moral notes of the nineteenth century's closing decades, leading those who cast horoscopes in the national watchtower to neglect the quiet places of the countryside. Nothing could have been more natural. The great fortunes of the new bourgeois were heaped up in the urban centers where their retainers and vassals gathered to serve them. Of necessity, the culture that wealth attracted and fostered took on the flavor of the metropolis rather than the country house. In the cities were the industries and their hordes of employees, the newspapers, writers, publishers, libraries, parliaments, forums of discussion, and makers of opinion.

What is more, there was not, and never had been, in the United States a landed aristocracy exactly comparable to the social orders of that type in other civilizations. But in America, as we have said, there never had been any such class dominant throughout the country. Practically all the soil of New England and the Middle States was divided into relatively small farms, owned by the freeholders who tilled them, the handful of great proprietors in the Hudson River Valley forming an exception of diminishing importance. Though embracing many families of seasoned stock and long monopolizing the politics of the section, the landed gentry of the South never had a capital of concentration comparable to Rome, Berlin, Paris, London, or Tokyo and after the Second American Revolution the whole class lay prostrate before victorious capitalism.

And yet, through the furious years of the commercial development that followed the Civil War, American agriculture, so little noticed in the writings of philosophers and economists, underwent a transformation hardly less dynamic than the revolution that overtook manufacturing and transportation; and remained at the end of the century a productive estate of the highest importance for the whole of American civilization. While the cities were growing like magic, the countryside was also growing in strength. The total population of the United States in 1850 was less than thirty millions; the first census of the twentieth century reported more than fifty millions living on farms or in villages sustained by agriculture.

America had not yet, like England, devoured her farms—drawn three-fourths of her people into industrial cities. Neither had her felicity become primarily contingent upon the casualties and caprices of foreign and imperial trade or in any respect dependent on the sale of gray shirt-

ings to savages in Africa or Brummagem trinkets to them that sit in darkness. Until near the end of the century, the domestic market maintained by agriculture, with farming people as great purchasers, absorbed practically all the products of American mills and mines.

In short, the expansion of agriculture almost paralleled the expansion of industry. During the era that lay between Lincoln's first election and the outbreak of the [first] World War, the mere increase in the number of farms was more than twice the total number of homesteads and plantations brought under cultivation between the landing of the Pilgrims and the victory of the Illinois rail-splitter at the polls. In round numbers, there were two million farms in the United States in 1860; fifty years afterward there were more than six million.

Comparatively speaking, the new farming homesteads added to the national heritage in the age of business enterprise were alone greater in number than all the industrial workers enrolled upon the books of the American Federation of Labor at the moment of its supremest strength. Expressed in terms of area, the additional farms brought under cultivation embraced over three hundred million acres of improved land or a dominion larger than the productive area of France and Germany combined. During that span of years the output of wheat rose from 173,000,000 bushels to nearly 700,000,000 bushels—one-sixth the total crop of the world.

Frequently overlooked by those who imagined that prosperity and power were the fruits of urban genius alone, agriculture in reality furnished the nutriment for flourishing industry and profoundly altered the relations of the United States with the countries of the Old World. Produce from the farms supplied huge quantities of freight for the railways, thus becoming one of the main supports for that important branch of American capitalism. It fed the armies of factory workers and by a rising purchasing power steadily enlarged the demand for the commodities they manufactured. It yielded materials for domestic packing and canning industries and tonnage for fleets of merchant vessels in the seven seas. A heavy element in the discharge of American debts to European capitalists, it thus aided in the rapid promotion of economic independence for the United States.

While heaping its produce higher and higher, American agriculture underwent a triple revolution no less Sibylline in its social implications than the conquest of manufacture by science and the machine. First of all, this era of triumphant progress in agriculture witnessed the dissolution of the slave-owning aristocracy—a landed estate—with a correlative influence on Negroes, white farmers, southern economy, and national politics. Next, it saw the long process of colonization and settlement opened at Jamestown in 1607 brought to a close by the exhaustion of the arable land on the far frontier with its sharp repercussion on labor, farm values, tenantry, and migration. Finally, this era marked the absorption of agri-

culture into the industrial vortex, endlessly sustained by capitalism, science, and machinery.

By this triple revolution, basic problems of population, food supply, and social policy were raised for the consideration of economists and statesmen. At the end of the epoch the protests of the agrarian or the discontented laborer could no longer be silenced by the command to go West and exploit the fertility of fresh soil. Within less than a hundred years after Jefferson's death, his "republic of free and independent farmers" had come to the end of its rope and it was far from clear by whose hands the soil of America would be tilled at the close of another century. The experience of Rome, France, Germany, Denmark, England, Italy, and China began to have an import for those who searched the future.

In order of time, the agricultural revolution in the South occupied first place and it displayed the most spectacular features.

Working for three hundred and sixty thousand slave owners of varying fortunes were about four million slaves. These bondmen were not only chattels; they were Negroes whose original ancestors had been imported from the forests of Africa. Whether handicapped or not by innate disabilities for life in America, as frequently argued, they certainly had never been subjected to any such cultural discipline as the European peasant or artisan and they seldom had been inspired through opportunity, property, and competition to raise themselves in the economic scale by industry and thrift. Whether bond or free, they were poorly equipped for developing prosperity on the land.

Outnumbering the slave owners and their chattels were the free farmers of the South whose families constituted at least two-thirds of the total white population. Of this group, the majority, industrious and self-respecting, lived in the broad belt of upland that stretched all round the coastal plain; and though deficient in formal education, these sturdy tillers of the soil showed capacity for raising their standard of living. Hanging on the lower ranges of the yeomen, but usually widely separated from them in cultural equipment, were the "poor whites," despised alike by master and slave. Scattered over barren pinelands and in mountain notches they waged a spiritless battle for existence against poverty and the hookworm. Economically futile, the poor whites were politically as negligible as the indentured servants of colonial times, from whom a large part had descended.

When the curtain was rung down at Appomattox all the parties to the southern triangle were forced to adapt themselves to novel conditions of life and labor. The planters, burdened by debt, restricted in their enterprises by lack of capital, and stripped, for the most part, of their complaisant labor supply, such as it was, had to devise other methods of cultivation than those they had practiced—or forsake agriculture completely for business, industry or the professions. Some who chose the first of these alternatives tried to hold their domains intact by employing their former slaves as wage earners to till the soil, but this was a strange rela-

tion both for masters and servants and only the most skillful managers could make it very productive. Other planters sought to keep their estates together by resorting to the practice of renting; dividing their land into convenient plots, they now leased it to white farmers or freedmen, receiving in return either cash or a share of the produce.

Since money was scarce, the "cropping" system was generally the method chosen. In that case the planter furnished the land and often a part of the capital while the tenant supplied the labor and occasionally some of the equipment; at the end of the year the fruits of the combination were divided according to the terms of the contract. In this fashion a tenant or cropper economy with its social implications supplanted tillage by slaves throughout immense areas formerly occupied by unified plantations under superior direction. Moreover, since the Negro or poor white seldom had any money in hand, he was usually under the necessity of receiving an advance of capital from his landlord and was thus tied to his patron by a chain of debts that never could be broken, unscrupulous landowners often taking advantage of both poverty and ignorance of bookkeeping and law.

Tested by results, none of the methods adopted by the planters was remarkably efficient. In truth the War had brought to a head a long-impending crisis in southern economy as well as the conflict between the sections of the country—an economy based on the exploitation of virgin soil by slave labor that was already staggering under heavy burdens when the Second American Revolution struck it a mortal blow.

Unwilling to cope with the hazards of agriculture in the new conditions, a large number of planters surrendered in despair and went into business or industry. Selling their estates on the auction block, often at ruinous prices, to capitalists who felt competent to make the wage or renting system work or disposing of their property in small plots to the white farmers on their borders, these planters turned high abilities once devoted to agriculture to the service of business enterprise their ancestors had so despised. Moreover, a large number of the planters, particularly the younger generation, abandoning their estates, moved from the South to northern cities, particularly the Democratic stronghold of New York, where they helped to give direction and tone to business and society.

No doubt the general course of economic affairs was unfavorable to the Negro as a farmer. The changing technique of agriculture in an age of machinery and science baffled the men and women of the colored race as well as their untutored white neighbors. Familiar with only two or three staple crops, limited in their skill to the primitive tillage of plow and hoe, they clung with pathetic devotion to tradition. They had raised three-fourths of all the cotton grown in the days of slavery, they knew how to plant, cultivate, and harvest it, they found it a commodity for which they could always get some cash at the end of the season, and they kept loyally in the way of their ancestors.

But they had not advanced very far in their freedom when they encountered formidable obstacles to continued and easy progress, namely,

exhaustion of the soil, necessity for scientific fertilization, the ravages of the boll weevil, and the competition of Texas cotton culture under the stimulus of other labor, particularly Mexican. Though Booker T. Washington and his valiant assistants made heroic efforts to meet the novel problems by education and annual conferences, the direction of the current was against them. By the end of the century only one-half of the cotton crop was produced by Negro labor. Nor were the freedmen more fortunate in the higher mechanical pursuits. In slavery they had enjoyed relatively little opportunity to test their powers as artisans; and after emancipation lack of training, deficiency in aptitude, or the jealousy of white workers—or all three—prevented them from going far in the skilled trades. Given these realities, the inevitable drift of Negroes from the land and domestic employment was toward the lower ranges of industry; only four per cent of the Negroes were in the higher mechanical ranks thirty-five years after Lincoln's death.

If the mass of the colored population in the South took small notice of such matters, restive individuals made use of the discriminations to stir a resentment that reacted unfavorably on southern agricultural economy, especially as avenues of escape were now opening northward. The enormous growth of northern industry, the increasing demand for unskilled labor, the relatively high wages offered by business enterprise, and above all the curtailment of European and Asiatic immigration multiplied the opportunities available to that portion of the negro race energetic enough to cast aside the hoe and incur the risk of migration to the cities beyond the Ohio and the Potomac.

The velocity of this movement from the land was augmented after the [first] World War when negro soldiers, drafted into the "army of democracy," returned from camp and trench where, inspired by the lofty ideals of President Wilson, their Commander-in-chief, they had acquired sentiments that made them unwilling to wear with complacency the former badges of servitude. Moved by new theories and encouraged by active propaganda, multitudes of Negroes now chose the hard struggle of northern cities rather than the more leisurely and perhaps more healthful life on southern fields and in southern homes where reminders of fixed discriminations met them at every hand.

Whatever the interpretation of the southern tendencies, there was no question about the reality of the second phase in the triple agricultural revolution, namely, the final closing of the frontier, the disappearance of cheap or free land. By 1900, the outstanding characteristic of American development, colonization and settlement, was brought to a dead stop and American society finally reduced to the economic laws of older societies, a dénouement startling in its swiftness. In 1827, the Secretary of the Treasury had reported that "it would take five hundred years to settle the public domain"; after that declaration the state of Texas and the fruits of the Mexican War were added to the possessions of which he spoke.

And yet within the brief space of seventy years the impossible had

happened. In 1860, the free soilers voted themselves farms, to use the current phrase, and while their opponents in the South were engrossed in the war for southern independence, they legalized their expectations. In 1862, Congress passed the Homestead law and the Morrill Act assigning to each state a share of the public lands, proportioned to its representation in Congress, for the support of agricultural and mechanical education.

The rush for which preparation was thus made exceeded every estimate. Within thirty years after the enactment of the Homestead law all the choice arable land on the continental domain had been staked out and occupied. By 1890, according to the historians of the West, the frontier had disappeared; the federal government had no more rich farming land to give away. Even wide semi-arid plains where the buffalo and the cowboy once roamed at will were being swiftly enclosed by wire fences; dry farming was being introduced on lands once scorned by the pioneer; and a clamor for appropriations to irrigate the deserts was already raised in Washington. A grand drama had come to an end; the doors of a great economic theater were closing. The United States was at last beginning to encroach upon marginal land and to pass into a stage which Europe and the Orient had reached centuries before.

The shock of this stupendous climax was felt throughout America and indeed throughout the world. No longer was the native farmer to enjoy the advantage of mining virgin soil and underselling his competitors in the Old World working fields that had been tilled for ages. No longer could the wage earners of the eastern cities or the laborious peasants of other hemispheres look for freedom and a secure living on the ample domain of the United States. No longer were members of Congress to rise on the floor and advocate the settlement of the West by Orientals. The world's chief outlet for economic unrest was now shut and no political legerdemain could open it again. The frontier which had nourished the pioneering spirit and given such a peculiar flavor to the social order for three centuries had vanished forever; there were to be no more Boones, Houstons, and Frémonts; the long wagon trains of homeseekers had gone down over the western horizon for the last time.

And with the passing of romance slowly dawned an age of realism. The army of untrained and wasteful farmers who had prospered by raising huge crops on virgin soil, in spite of their methods, could never again take refuge from themselves by leaving the exhausted lands of their first settlements for new sections in the West. At last they had to face the science of farming and marketing; and the politicians who now spoke for them in Congress stood in the presence of economic problems that could no longer be exorcised by the cabalistic phrases of Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, or William Jennings Bryan. Whether they could acquire new habits and discover new modes of agriculture was hidden somewhere in the depths of the twentieth century.

The third phase of the revolution in agriculture was the subjection of the farmer to the processes of capitalist economy—a movement acceler-

ated by the destruction of the slave plantation and the exhaustion of free land on the frontier. A striking characteristic of the old farming unit had been its capacity for self-sufficiency—an ideal that was never fully realized, of course, but none the less gave a decided bent to rural life. Bread came from the corn and wheat fields; milk, butter, cheese, and meat from the pasture; clothing from the backs of the growing flock; wood from the forest; sugar from the maple grove; and leather from the neighboring tanyard. Horses and oxen raised on the farm furnished the motor power and a few simple and inexpensive tools made up the mechanical equipment. Of the annual produce a certain amount was sold to bring in cash for current expenses including taxes and some was exchanged at the village store for necessities not made at home. The essence of that system, like the economy of the middle ages, was production for use rather than for exchange or profit and the psychology of that mode of life inhered in all its transactions.

Into this order so often idealized by the sentimentalist, the American inventor and manufacturer thrust their instruments with ruthless might. Their reaper had started a revolution on the land before the Civil War and the range of its coming empire had been indicated by the establishment of the McCormick works in Chicago. But that crude affair, which merely cut the grain and left it unbound in piles, was superseded in the seventies and eighties by the automatic self-binder and later, in the Far West, by a machine that cut, threshed, and bagged wheat ready for market all in a single operation. In 1870, the chilled steel plow, light and durable, was made available at a low cost to farmers long accustomed to the heavy, back-breaking implement of ancient memories. Swift in succession came mechanical corn planters and wheat drills that drove from the fields the men who dropped or sowed grain by hand to the song of the lark. Corn huskers, shellers, riding plows, hay loaders, potato diggers, tractors, gas engines, and other prime devices of the inventor made a change in the cultivation of the soil scarcely less profound than that wrought by the spinning jenny, the loom, and the blast furnace in the methods of manufacture. The man or woman with a hoe, bowed by the weight of centuries, now mounted a tractor and drove the furrow with the mechanical ease of the motorist. If, unlike the industrial operative, the farmer worked alone in the open country, still the automobile, telephone, and radio now gave him quick communication with the market, bank, and grange. Agriculture of the hoe and spade was reduced to a subordinate position in national economy.

Supplemented by other factors, the introduction of machinery made capital almost as important to the farmer as to the manufacturer. Formerly agricultural implements were simple and cheap, often home-made; for a thousand years the heavy hoe had served the Italian peasant; the ax, hoe, plow, and scythe had met most of the needs of the American farmer for two centuries. Then suddenly the bewildering variety of novel and expensive machinery was pressed upon him. He was urged to lay aside his

scythe and cradle, which cost but a few dollars and lasted a lifetime, to buy in its place a self-binder which cost twenty times as much, was in need of constant repair, and wore out in three or four years of hard usage even if not left out in the rain and snow to rust and rot, as it often was. And as a matter of fact the farmer had no choice. The price of his grain in the market being fixed by the cost of production on the most fertile and best-equipped farms, he was compelled to buy machinery or to work for somebody who could, just as the handicraftsman had been at the start of the industrial revolution. Consequently the value of farm implements and machines per acre of land almost doubled between 1890 and 1910.

To the financial problems raised by the inventors were added economic difficulties springing from the rise in land values, especially after the closing of the frontier. So in the strategy of its advance, farming, like manufacturing, called for more and more capital, an ever larger investment to keep pace with competition—more debts and a closer reliance on banks and bankers. Swiftly and silently it became capitalistic in nature and spirit without at the same time acquiring the social technology which capitalism had evolved to marshal its forces, command governments, break into foreign markets, scale debts by facile bankruptcy, and engage the services of experts in production, promotion, and sales.

A second capitalist tendency in agriculture was the drift toward specialization in crops—a drift aided by the introduction of machinery, the stimulus of business enterprise, and the pressure of competition. In this run of things, King Cotton was not only restored to his throne, but was given a still greater monopoly in southern rural economy than he had enjoyed in earlier days. According to the returns of 1866, the cotton crop was reckoned at less than a million bales; five decades later it had risen to more than ten million bales; and cotton culture had encroached on the fields devoted to other southern staples.

In the process of concentration the live-stock industry, once widely scattered on the farms and plantations of the seaboard and middle west, fixed a seat of empire in the Missouri Valley. Sustained by immense energies and huge accumulations of capital, the cotton, corn, wheat, fruit, dairy, and live-stock industries now loomed like giants on the field of national enterprise. Now American farmers, dependent upon one or two specialties and forced to buy large quantities of supplies at stores, found their personal fortunes, like those of manufacturers and capitalists, linked with the caprices and casualties of domestic and foreign trade, though not yet primarily dependent on them. An epoch had come to an end and the iron gates were locked. Industrial capitalists were organized to make their own prices; industrial workers were organized to fix wages; whereas farmers, with the exception of a few powerful groups, were still incorrigible individualists at the mercy of the market. Throughout wide areas, the independent, self-sufficient farm unit of Lincoln's era had become a specialized concern producing for profit, forced to employ large capital in the form of machinery and fertilizers, compelled to compete with

European agriculture on more equal terms, and obliged to carry the weight of an increment in land values which had mounted with the years. With energetic members of the younger generation escaping to the cities to share in capitalist enterprise, with new racial stocks occupying ancestral homesteads, with a remorseless competition determining the prices of produce, with industrial capitalists and industrial workers compactly united to dictate terms on manufactured commodities, the economy and culture of historic American farming were crumbling into ruins.

In the economic changes on the land were implicit new attitudes toward the state and society. It is true that farmers had figured largely in politics from the earliest time in America, but mainly as a negative and dissolving force.

Casting about for methods of improving their economic status, agrarian leaders decided at last to learn lessons from dynamic capitalism itself —to attempt a control of prices through the union of producers on the land and to make a positive use of the engine of the state in the promotion of their interests. Under their direction the National Grange, founded in 1867, flourished, languished, and flourished again; at the end of half a century it could boast of a "powerful organization of farmers, active in thirty-three states, with its own press, its own body of organizers, its own lecturers, its own literature, poems, music, and traditions."

As in the labor movement there were special and general tendencies. While the industrial workers of the trades were drawing together in craft unions, wheat, cotton, and fruit growers also strove to stabilize production and control prices through the agency of organization. Though many of these efforts proved futile, others achieved permanent results. For example, a local association of orange growers appeared in California in 1888; it soon was followed by a district organization; in 1905 a federation was brought to pass; and in the course of a few years the California Fruit Growers' Association became as effective in its peculiar sphere as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in its domain.

Besides drawing together in unions and displaying an increasing consciousness of solidarity, farmers revealed a changing attitude toward the state—a resolve to use the government for group designs. As is so often the case in history, the idea had long preceded the deed. George Washington, that practical farmer and persistent experimenter, urged, in his annual message to Congress in 1796, a federal appropriation to stimulate enterprise and experiment in agriculture, to draw to the national center the results of individual skill and observation, and to spread the collected information far and wide throughout the nation. But the seed sowed by Washington fell on barren ground.

Nothing of note was done until the swelling tide of farmers enrolled under the new Republican pennant swept into Washington in the train of Abraham Lincoln. While the manufacturers were then getting their share of the Chicago bargain in tariffs and other specific aids, representatives of the farmers, going beyond the terms of the Homestead Act which

merely threw open to the plow more bare land, carried through Congress that very same year a measure creating the bureau of agriculture—and also the Morrill law dedicating an immense area of the public domain to education in the agricultural and mechanical arts.

The constitutional barrier now being forced, the course of federal farm legislation widened, slowly at first because many, who favored protective tariffs for industries, shrank from "class measures" in favor of agriculture. In 1884, the bureau of animal industry was organized and given a regulatory power over important branches of rural economy. Three years later Congress, by the Hatch Act, provided for the establishment of experiment stations in each of the once sovereign states. Two years more passed and the bureau of agriculture became a Department raised to Cabinet rank.

The agrarian drive was now on in earnest. It furnished a great deal of the momentum behind the passage of the federal interstate commerce law of 1887 aimed at the control of common carriers. Its power was reflected in the rural free delivery act of McKinley's administration, the irrigation act of 1902, the farm credits legislation of the Wilson-Harding régimes, the coöperative marketing act of silent normalcy—all of which bore the impress of the agricultural solidarity. In the states as well as in the federal sphere, swelling pages of the statute books and mounting appropriations for boards and departments of agriculture recorded the insurgency of agrarian leaders. Before the twentieth century was well out on its course, farmers, while rejecting the doctrines of socialism, were, like all other powerful groups, in practice making use of the government to promote collective advantages and to force other interests into acceptable lines of action. Though the fickle tides of populism flowed and ebbed, the volume of farm legislation and the activities of administrative agencies showed no signs of retreat. Agriculture had passed out of the age of mere uproarious protest into the age of collective effort and constructive measures. That too was something to be observed by those who searched for omens.

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